Saturday Review

April 19, 1969 50¢

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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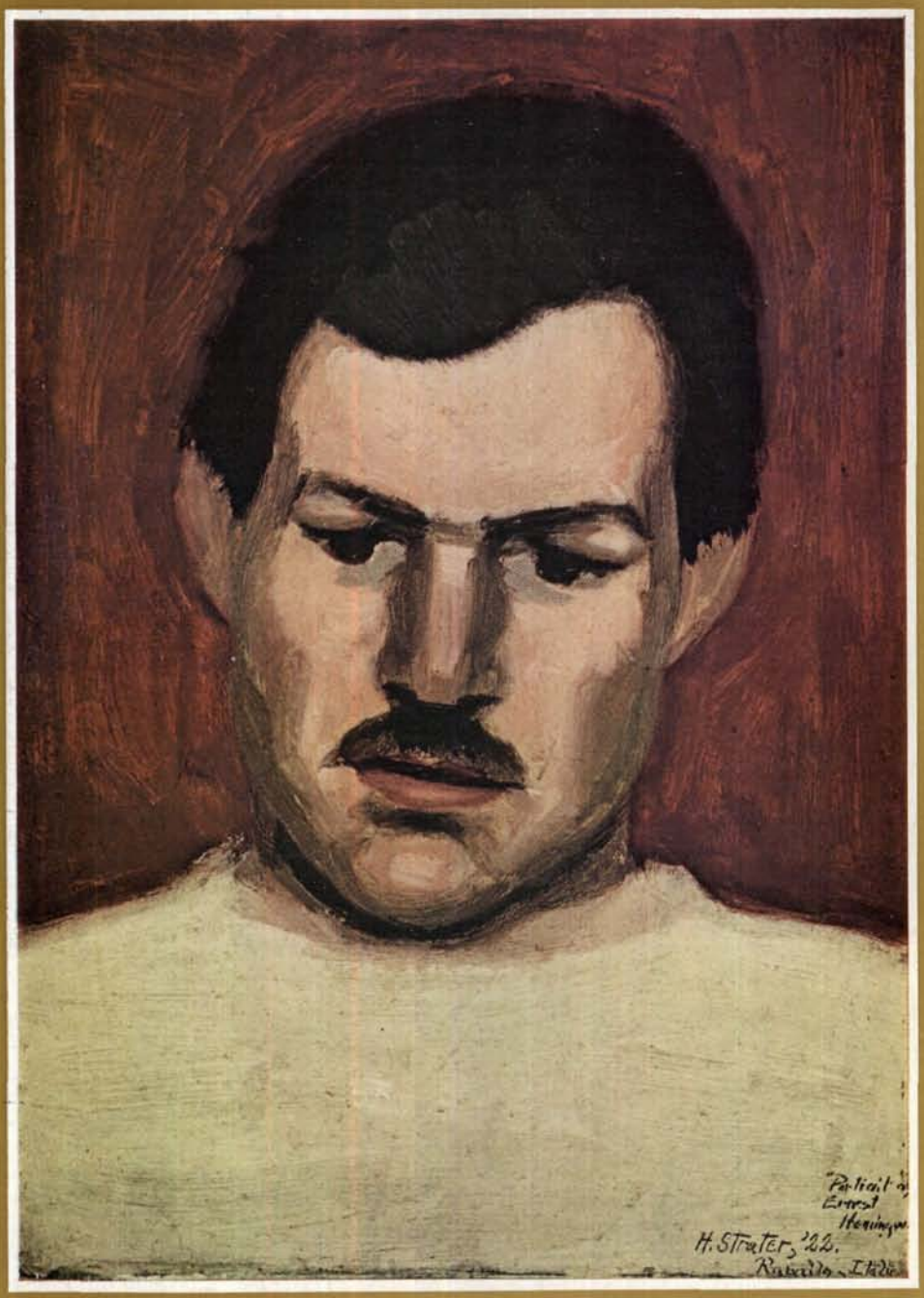

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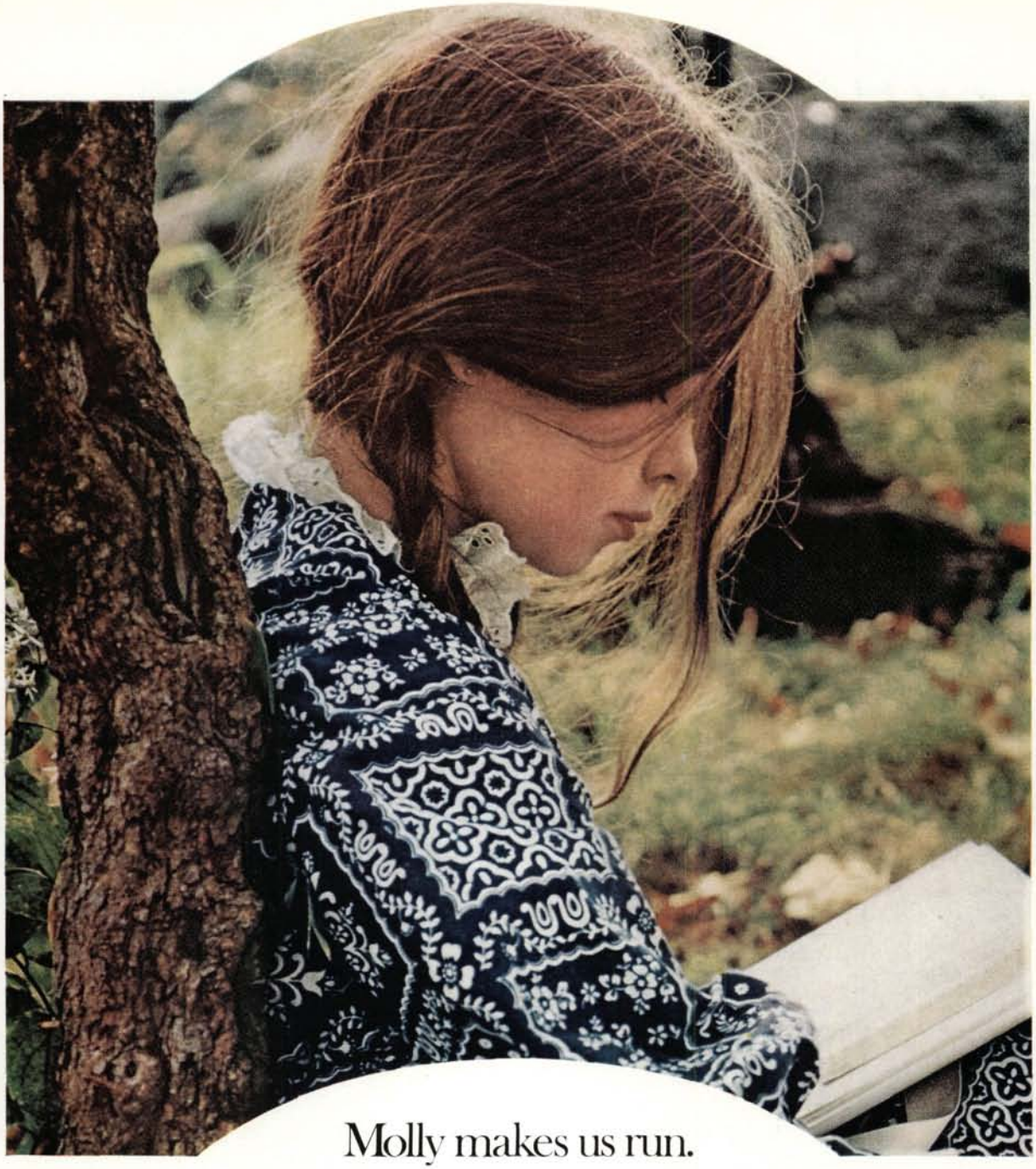

Molly makes us run.

The Bell System has had to run to stay ahead of the high-speed nanosecond world that Molly was born into. In just the 11 short years of Molly's lifetime, our business has more than doubled in size.

And our nationwide phone network will continue to grow.

Day after day, an avalanche of new innovations—new ideas, new products and services—rolls onto our network. Pictures and diagrams and heartbeats and voices are switched instantly over it from anywhere to any of 110 million telephones and telecommunications devices.

As we continue to innovate, the network will be able to do more things for more people. For instance, we're getting ready to provide you with Picturephone® service, connect you with library or teaching sources, or let you talk directly with your bank's computer by Touch-Tone® telephone.

This growing versatility and flexibility stimulates still more growth and more innovation in both services and equipment. Our network thus becomes both the cause and effect of better communications.

Growth in population, growth in human communications, growth in machine calling, all of these things, indicate that the job of universal communications will more than double in the next ten years alone.

Our job is to stay ahead of the demanding, breathtaking, incredible world Molly is growing up in. Today we're getting ready for Molly's 21st birthday.

YOUR ANYWHERE ANY THING ANY TIME AT&T NETWORK

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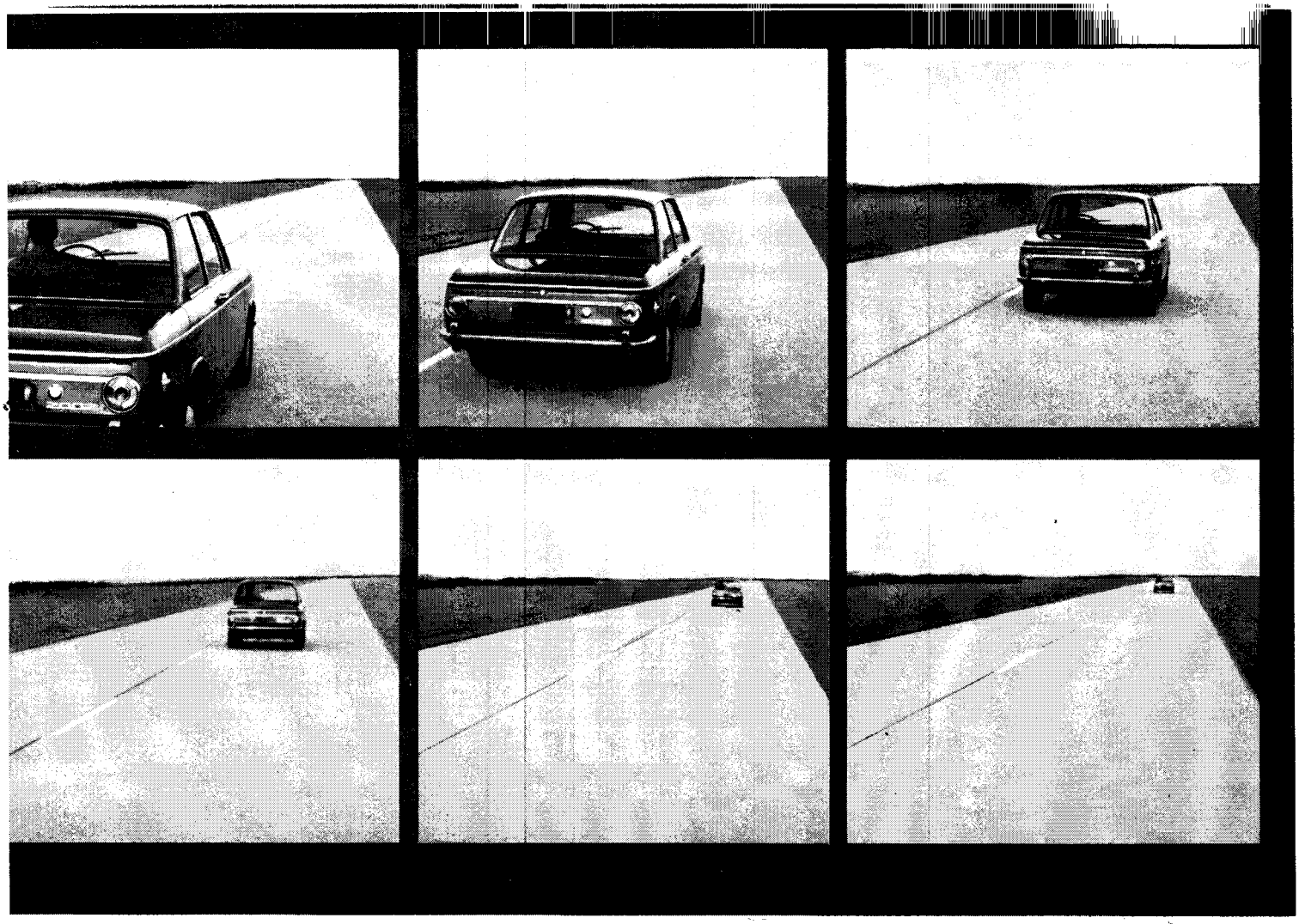

Can a BMW really cruise at 100 mph?

A lot of Americans have found that hard to accept. Oh, they realize a BMW can top 100, all right, but *cruise* at that speed?

Well, the fact is that on European highways, where there are often no speed limits, many BMW owners cover the miles at that pace for hours on end.

You see, a BMW is rather a different automotive concept from what you may be used to. At Germany's famed Bavarian Motor Works, where we've been building fine cars for almost 50 years, we have just one objective in mind: to build one of the best cars in the world, and to build it to sell for under $3,000.

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Can a BMW really cruise at 100 mph? It can indeed. And it can also give you a lot of other qualities you didn't think possible.

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Bavarian Motor Works

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The magazine most carefully read by editors is *Publishers' Weekly*, the book trade journal, in whose pages may be found early reviews of forthcoming books, gossip about the constant movement of people among publishers, and information about what the competition is up to.

In recent years the liveliest pages of *PW* have been those written by Lavinia Russ, a lively sexagenarian, whose specialty is children's books, and whose reviews and articles on this area of publishing are, considering their subject, extraordinarily amusing and readable.

Before she came to the magazine, Mrs. Russ worked at Scribner's Book Store, and her book has the real inside information on what it's like on the other side of the book counter. It also includes accounts of writing books, lecturing on them and promoting them on television, as well as a couple of wonderful articles on Louisa May Alcott and E. Nesbit, and a long and useful list of recommended books for children.

I know it sounds like an "inside" book for the trade, but, believe me, it's no more just for booksellers than Jean Kerr's *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (which it marvelously resembles) was just for parents of twins.

THE GIRL ON THE FLOOR WILL HELP YOU is a book about people, and most of all about the author herself, a wise, witty and wonderful person, with an eye for a phrase and a pretty wit, which is directed mostly at herself. As the man who wrote the jacket copy remarked, it's a book about children which even W. C. Fields would have enjoyed.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE GIRL ON THE FLOOR WILL HELP YOU ($4.50), by Lavinia Russ, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 673 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

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Cover portrait painted from life by Henry Strater in 1922.

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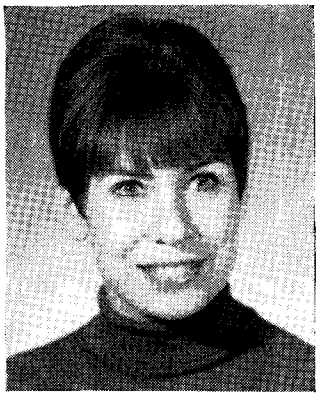
"Silas Marner's Gold Found!"

That's the headline from a recent creative teaching project which made *Silas Marner* a bit easier for high school sophomores to appreciate. Donna Lubow, an English teacher at Maine South High School in Park Ridge, Illinois, came up with the idea.



Mrs. Lubow Maine South High School Park Ridge, Illinois

"The idea was involvement . . ."

"Teaching Silas Marner was a problem because it was difficult to get the kids involved. My idea was to have the students feel what it was like to live in the time and setting of the novel. So I decided that we'd make a newspaper of Silas' day—an imaginary *Raveloe Town Crier*. With news, editorials, and fun things like sports pages, letters to the editors, lovelorn columns, even comics. And every article would tie in with the events in the story.

***"Silas Marner* became fun . . ."**

"The kids loved it. And they absorbed the story beautifully. They became so involved, on some days they even volunteered to stay late to work on the paper. A few girls typed masters, which I ran off on our duplicating machine. My "journalists" and I then stapled the six or seven pages into newspapers which we proudly handed out to all English students. (And I made sure my English Department Chairman received one as well!)

"The semester's high point . . ."

"Looking back, I can see it was the semester's high point in student enthusiasm. I've used similar newspaper assignments since, and I've found each new group has responded to them with the same excitement. You should have seen our *Julius Caesar* paper. Now *that* was a real collector's issue!"

If you would like a copy of the students' "Raveloe Town Crier" write to A. B. Dick Company, 5700 W. Touhy Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. 60648

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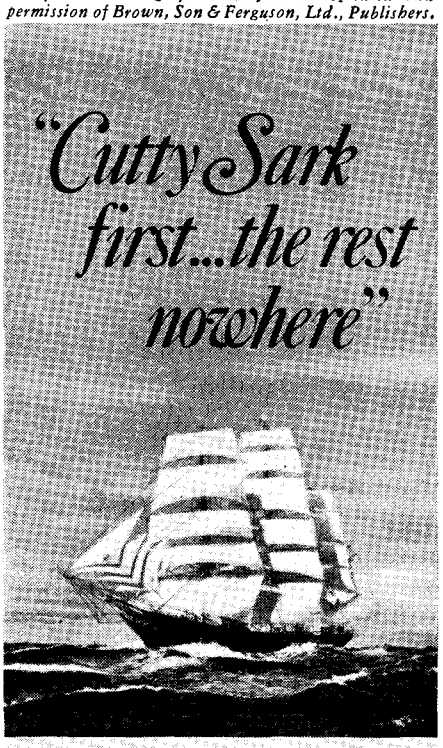

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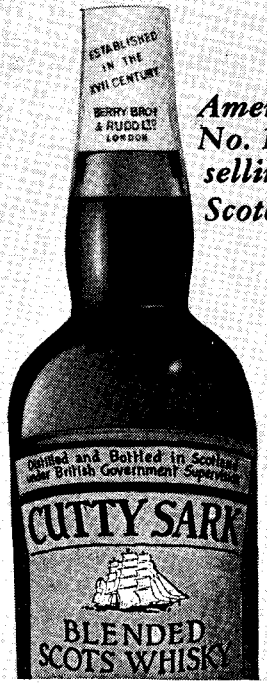
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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Ignoramus Igitur
(A hymn to adult education)

I'm a gentleman of the old school
Whose wife goes to the New School.
She studies there so ardently
She never will get through school.

She's up on Dostoevsky
And Wagnerian librettos,
Also "Alexander Nevsky"
And how to cool our ghettos.

Be it Fra Filippo Lippi
Or the Breughels (Pop and Sonny)
Or the hang-ups of the hippie
Or why Balzac wrote for money

There's no topic she's not steeped in,
Not a trend she hasn't followed,
Not a book she hasn't peeped in
Or a fact she hasn't swallowed.

Such a flood of erudition
Has dismayed and rather
frightened me.
I mourn my lost position,
When she fed me, not
enlightened me.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

The Talls and the Shorts

PARADING can inspire championship blunders. Recently, as I watched a cluster of postal workers whirl into a premature right turn and march smartly off to dismemberment against a fire truck, my palms dampened with memories of one action-packed cavalcade in the south of Texas.

Ninety formation mates and I are poised at fidgety attention on an Air Force parade ground arrayed with twenty units of trainee jet mechanics. Within seconds the band will play and all will tramp around the field, down a long macadam runway, and past a reviewing stand sagging with his magniloquence the general and assorted clipboard-bearers. Beside our unit, shimmering from lacquered boot-tips to mirrored sunglasses and hissing reminders to for Chrizzake put our left feet on the ground when the base drum goes boom, stands squat, florid Technical Sergeant Morris Beauregard.

Having rammed this swarm of louts through similar performances, Beauregard should realize that we will be lucky to have any feet on the ground when the base drum goes boom. This is a very fast unit. As always, we will be pursuing Stephen Margolis, our tall, compulsively swift pacesetter in the first row, whom no amount of measured drum-flogging or hysteria from Beauregard ever seems to fetter for one complete parade.

A sprint by the excitable Margolis is the perfect catalyst for our unit's shortness of leg. Behind three rows of quite large trainees scuffle twelve rows of quite small. As the talls are sinking on a stride of 36 inches, the shorts are too often rising to advance 28 inches. From a block of men marching steadily with shoulders back and heads high, the unit becomes an undulating wad of ground-watchers. To get back in step and settled, we must then execute, on cue from Beauregard, a curious skipping maneuver, much like that done in the Mexican hat dance.

It is with few illusions, then, that our unit reacts to the band's first rendering, a shrill "On Wisconsin." Margolis lurches away, accelerates sharply, and soon has us pounding along at the heels of the next formation. Beauregard, momentarily preoccupied with a uniform infraction on a short, shrieks an alarm, braking the talls, jamming our middle ranks, and necessitating our first skipping foot change of the parade.

Down the field we buck and thrash. The band blares, the unit bounces, and the situation goes from uncomfortable to "the most pitiful sorriest," as the general's major will word it in his reprimand. Then, from above a crescendo in "Semper Fidelis," comes yet another of Beauregard's admonishments about the drum. Margolis synchronizes and within a few booms, we are all back in step. Boom, right, boom . . . boom, right, boom. Shoulders straighten, torsos stabilize, eyes lift.

Nobody sees the gopher hole. Sixteen formations have passed over it without a stumble. But wait, here comes our own Stanley Ziegler. One second Ziegler is marching, the next he is flat on his face. Two other shorts go sprawling. Another tries to hurdle the imbroglio but skids on take-off and lands sitting on Ziegler.

Beauregard is seeing but not believing. It is left to a short in the last row to assess and sum up. "Clean it up, fill in!" he instructs. Sound tactical thinking. The four fallen shorts disentangle and hobble off the field. That cleans it up. Into the gap side-step and backpedal eight eager shorts.

Meanwhile, back at the front, Margolis and the talls have reached the runway and are strutting alone de-

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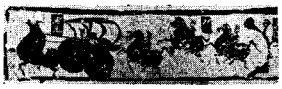

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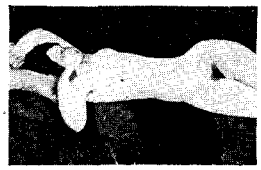

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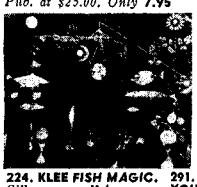

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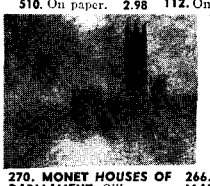

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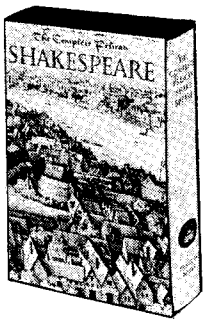

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lightedly, their left feet meshed with the booms of "El Capitan." But the sounds of crashing bodies rearward snap the euphoria. It is an overpowering distraction. Margolis swivels repeatedly to gape in amazement, and as his eyes grow bigger, his steps grow longer and faster. Soon we are blistering down the macadam, arms flailing, seats swishing. Beauregard scoots alongside the talls and guarantees decapitation to all who don't "come back here, goddammit." Margolis slackens.

There is still the matter of step. Margolis is in step with Margolis and those few talls with the reflexes to stay with him. The shorts and the remainder of the talls are performing a medley of strides, most of them falling between Margolis and the drum. "Chaayange step, huh!" rages Beauregard. Everybody skips. That obviously doesn't solve anything. "From here forward," he rants, "chaayange step, huh!" The talls skip, putting the laggards closer to Margolis but further from the drum. Not waiting for Beauregard, the shorts skip. We all skip again, and then again, tra la.

The formation is now within 40 yards of the reviewers, and we can see the lightning bolts of their cap visors. His magniloquence is snapping something to the major. Nor is the moment lost on the band. Gathering one last gust, the players explode with perhaps the loudest "America the Beautiful" heard since the day they pinned the third oak leaf cluster on Jimmy Doolittle's air medal.

And here come the amber waves of grain. We must do something, as they say. We have to stop skipping, that's for damn sure. The formation assumes a heaving jounce. Abreast of the stand, Beauregard signals eyes right. We look at the general. The general looks at us. The parade is over. We crash land in an apple orchard, disband, and steal away in small groups. The general's major sprints off after Beauregard, who sprints off after Margolis. Margolis just sprints off.

—Peter M. Nichols.

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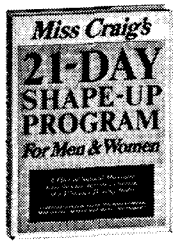

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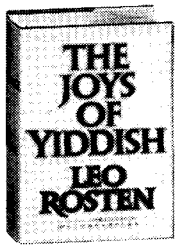

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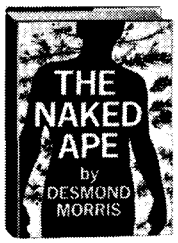

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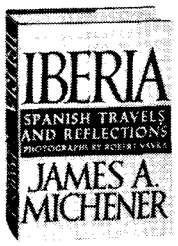

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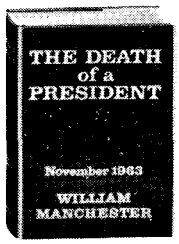

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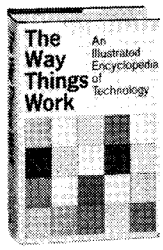

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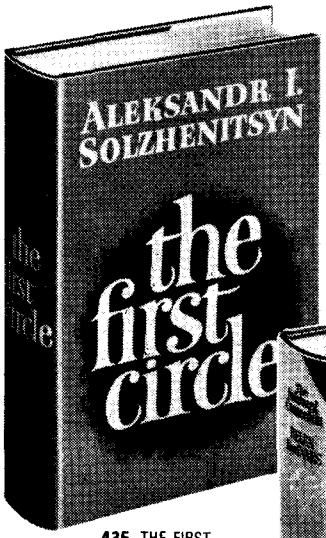

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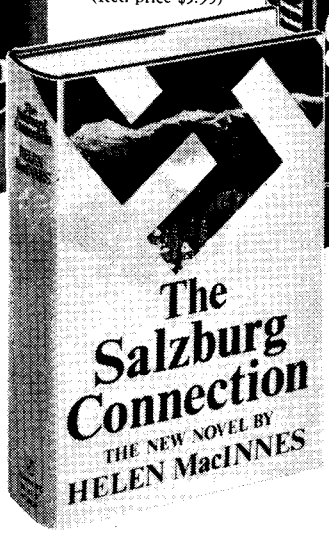

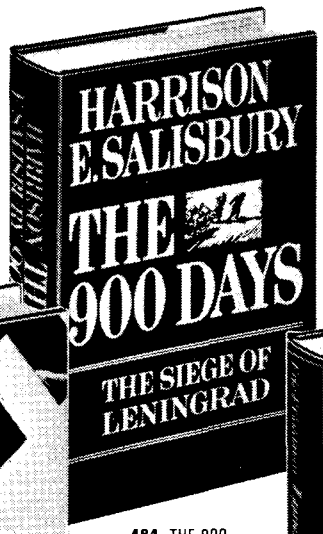

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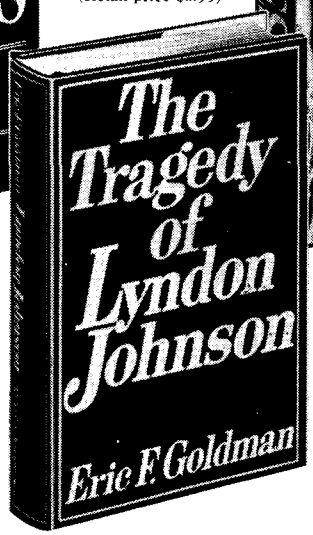

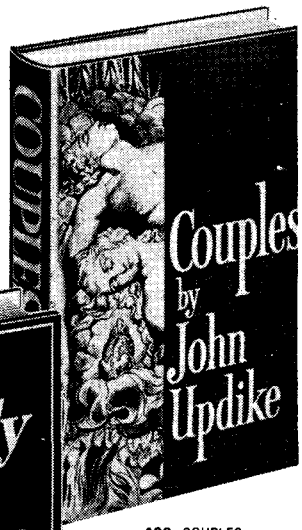

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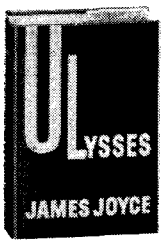

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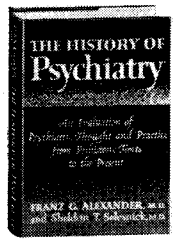

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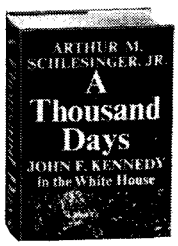

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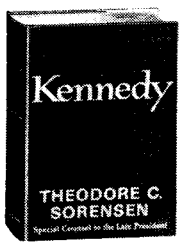

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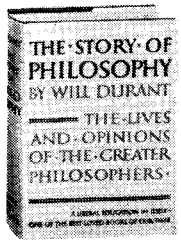

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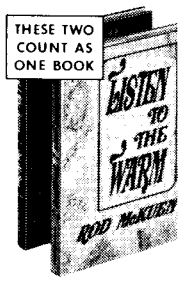

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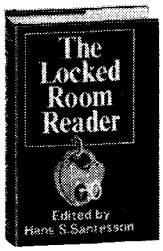

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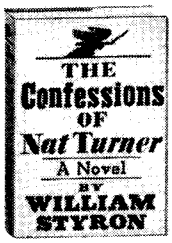

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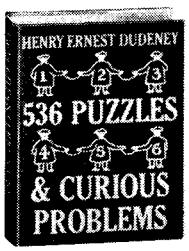

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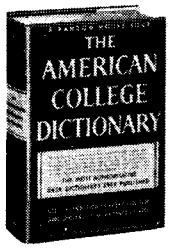

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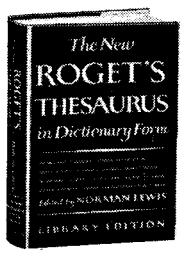

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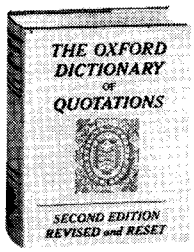

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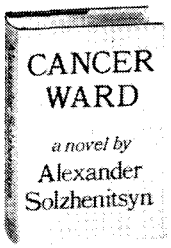

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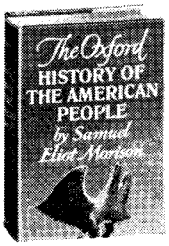

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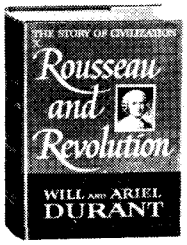

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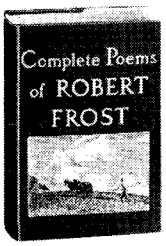

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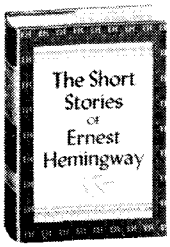

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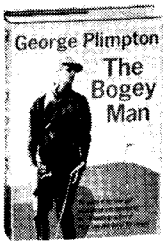

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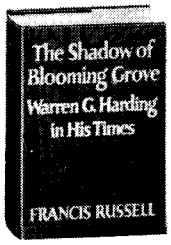

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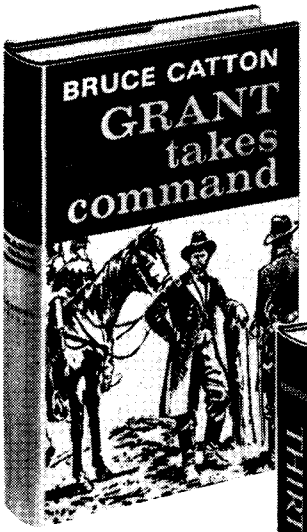
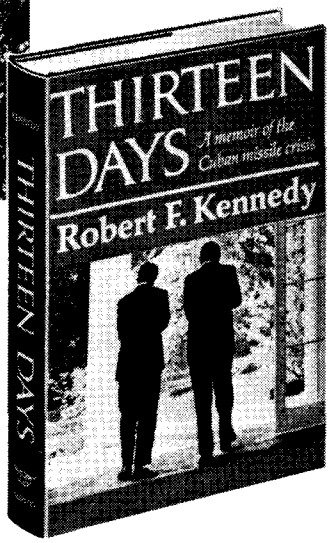


271. GRANT TAKES COMMAND *by* BRUCE CATTON Maps (Retail price $10)



447. THIRTEEN DAYS A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis *by* ROBERT F. KENNEDY (Retail price $5.50)

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing**, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends**. Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their retail prices—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes now available. This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, **$465,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.**

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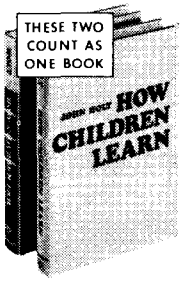
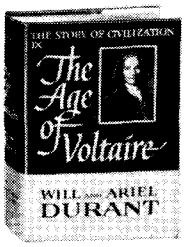
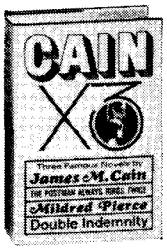


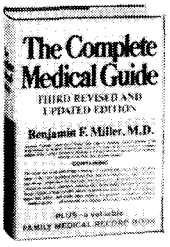
200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total $9.45)



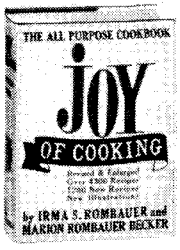
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price $12)



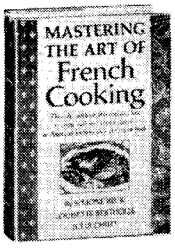
125. CAIN X 3 Three novels *by* JAMES M. CAIN *Introduction by* TOM WOLFE (Retail price $6.95)



140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd revised ed. Illus. (Ret. price $9.95)



161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illustrated (Retail price $6.95)



580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING. BECK, BERTHOLLE, CHILD Illustrated (Retail price $10)

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Man Alive

FROM COAST TO COAST our landscape is picturesquely dotted with large patches of real estate bursting in colorful profusion of hyacinth blue, carnation red, lilac purple, shamrock green, calla lily white, and chrysanthemum yellow.

And above this gay, polychromatic effulgence, the air is permeated with fumes of the no-knock octane that once propelled these used cars across the highways of our country.

This is not going to be a piece on Used Car Lots. Those of you who have been paying attention may recall that last week we took up the study of our new social order, where those who are under the age of thirty refuse to talk to anyone over thirty.

This week we take up the plight of men who have by some secret alchemy reached sixty-five without loss of efficiency, enthusiasm, vigor, cerebration, or marbles. They are suddenly unemployable.

So it becomes obvious that as the number of sixty-five-year-old retirements accelerates, our country's landscape from coast to coast will very soon be dotted with Used Man Lots.

It has become the fashion in management, as well as in the labor unions, that when a man reaches sixty-five he is automatically and involuntarily retired. Through, finished, kaput, here's your watch, what's your hurry, and see you around some time, old man.

But now, since the under-thirties seem to have decided to forego learning in favor of a life spent in protest and demonstration for the basic freedom of badgering a dean, industry and labor will one day be hard-put to fill the ranks of knowledgeable men needed so desperately in modern business.

Personnel managers will then be off to the Used Man Lots. And where once a buyer looked over the retreads of a Used Car Lot and kicked a tire, he will now look over an old gentleman and kick his shins.

"What's the mileage on this one?"

"Oh, he's been here about five months," replies the Used Man Dealer. "Came in the day after last Christmas—December 26, just like the tag says."

"How fast can he start in cold weather?"

"Remember that Lindsay snow we had? He was out here every day, off and away."

"Got a later model I can see?"

"Yeh, here's one over here. His boss dropped him off only yesterday. One day after he reached sixty-five. Good as new."

"Well, I don't know. In my business I need someone who moves fast—who can stay in the race. And trustworthy. Is he a churchgoer? And have you got one like this in any other color?"

"Hold it, mister. Used Man Lots don't go for that race, creed, and color discrimination."

"He doesn't even have a rearview mirror."

"Yeh, I asked him about that. Said he was only interested in where he's going. Not where he's been."

"And the horn doesn't work."

"That's another thing he told me. Just doesn't like to blow it."

No, no, no. Tear that all up. The subject is too much with us for lame, contrived comedy routines. Poignant letters come fluttering onto this desk too often—as part of this letter from Mr. E. E. Pearson of Philadelphia indicates:

"It is the 'shotgun' nature of current retirement programs which is the worst evil. . . . As the sweep-second hand goes from 11:59 through 12:00 midnight on the date of their sixty-fifth birthdays, men suddenly become 'surplus.' Their fund of information gained through decades of practical experience becomes instantly devalued to zero. The traumatic shock is beyond description. Nor is there any really effective way to prepare for it. . . . Frankly, I suspect that we are involved in a lost cause."

Not at all, Mr. Pearson. Latest insurance statistics lend credence to your cause. Today, a man-child at age one may be expected to live to be sixty-nine. A man who reaches fifty can live to seventy-six. A man of sixty can make seventy-nine. And a man of sixty-five may anticipate living to eighty-one.

Thus, a man involuntarily retired at sixty-five finds himself with sixteen years of life ahead, most of which constitute a loss of valuable manpower. This is the energy, the efficiency, thrown into the junk pile. Or, if you will, into the Used Man Lot.

Even a tree is not retired before its sap has run its course. Is man that much less a creation? If it is true that we are all God's Children, isn't it also true that we are all God's Old Folks?

Five of the world's seven great Sherries carry the name Duff Gordon.

Cream Sherry: After-dinner perfection. The ideal complement to a fine meal.

Club Dry Amontillado: A truly noble aperitif. Superb at cocktails or with the soup.

Nina: A fuller-bodied luncheon Sherry, still dry and fresh as a Spring day.

Pinta Cocktail Sherry: Unbelievably dry. The taste, like the color, is of sunshine.

No. 28: A golden rich, full-bodied, moderately sweet Sherry to be enjoyed any time.

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FOLLOW US.

Like most motorists you probably have several navigational guides in your glove (map) compartment. Rand McNally produces millions of these road maps every year. Accurate, legible and continually updated, they have proven valuable guides to generations of travellers. Given away free by the major oil companies at most of their service stations, you may take them for granted, but they are a truly important public service. **Rand McNally,** Publishers, Book Manufacturers, Map Makers.

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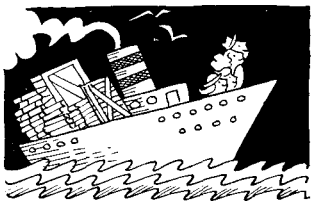
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Twenty years ago, Frederick A. Praeger, then age thirty-three, was casting about New York wondering just what the future held for him and whether he could influence it in any way. Born and schooled in Vienna, he had fled to the United States in 1938. He had ground lenses in Virginia, combed the beaches in Florida, sold jewelry in Iowa, and clerked in a drugstore where he had survived by drinking five milk shakes a day. During World War II, he had been trained in military intelligence and had returned to Europe as an interpreter, interrogator, writer, editor (also poker player). He had been wounded, had been given a battlefield commission, and had had several hundred German troops surrender to him. After the war, he had spent some time as chief of the publications branch of the American military government's information control department, before returning to the States in 1948.

So here he was, asking a friend what to do. "Why don't you become a publisher?" the friend suggested. "Take the fall announcement number of the British *Bookseller*, write to the publishers there, and ask them for reprint rights for an American edition of any books that interest you." That was the birth of the house of Praeger. With $9,000, mostly borrowed, Fred Praeger went into business in a one-room office on West 40th Street, where he himself repainted furni-



ture, fixed typewriters, and organized stock shelves. Following his own tastes, he developed his lists, apparently seeking an in-between world of publishing, doing neither trade nor textbooks, but scholarly titles, and counting on a dependable library market. The first two books that Praeger brought out, as a result of his letters to British firms, were *Law of the United Nations* and *International Law and Human Rights*. Not what you'd read for laughs, but nevertheless two books that are now considered classics in their categories. Praeger's influence on the list is indicated by the 1969 catalogue, which includes titles on such matters as General Giap's tactics, Roman Imperial coins, and shanties and sailors' songs.

Praeger's energy and ideas usually outran the resources available. In ten years, the firm's turnover was $1,000,000, but in 1960 the company for the fourth time had to borrow money to implement new projects. In 1966, the problem of capital was solved when Praeger sold his holdings to the Encyclopaedia Britannica for $2,500,000, remaining as president of the firm he had founded. But last fall, he surprised the publishing world by announcing that he was walking out.

The question was whether Praeger could suddenly just stop doing what was his life. The answer, of course, is no, and he has now made it known that he will re-enter the publishing business in Austria, having bought an interest in the huge Fritz Molden Printing and Publishing Company. In July, Fred and Heloise Praeger and their two young daughters will move lock, stock, and barrel to Vienna. They will take with them their books, their valuable wooden sculptures, and their huge (7 x 10 feet) Dzubas painting (hinged in the middle for moving).

On one wall of his apartment are many medals he earned as a schoolboy athlete. They will hang again in Vienna, where he won them. Praeger is still physically fit. He jogs every day on the roof of his apartment house. He owns sweat suits from seven different countries. His barbells lie on the closet floor. "I've already cased the city," he says of his new home. "There's a track field and tennis court nearby. One thing I've got to watch out for, though. Vienna is the pastry capital of the world."

Last year, I quoted the author-publisher of the Nancy Drew books to the effect that the characters in the series don't carry guns. Carolyn Wember, age eleven, of Detroit, begs to differ. As evidence she quotes the first paragraph in Chapter 27 of *The Hidden Staircase*: "Nancy . . . removed her flashlight and pistol from their hiding places. The latter she examined very carefully to make sure it was loaded and ready for instant use." So there, Nancy Drew could be violent if necessary. (But sexy? No.)

One of the most unusual collaborations, and perhaps a unique one, has resulted in *The Black Ship* (Random

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Take 300 men and women. Strand them on an exotic island. Strip them of social pressure.

Introducing The Club Méditerranée Vacation.

It's more than a vacation, it's dropping out of society.

A Club Méditerranée village is isolated in a far-off land, with neither newspapers nor radios. But more important, it is philosophically remote.

The social pressures that inhibit an individual in the modern world do not exist in this one. There are no rules, no status, no social games. You feel free to act as you'd like to, not as you think you're supposed to.

Club Méditerranée's vacation concept has really caught on in Europe. In the last few years, over half a million Europeans have indulged themselves at our 34 villages around the world.

Money is a string of beads.

Even money, as you know it, is dispensed with. Instead you wear a necklace of pop-out beads. Which is only shortened for a drink at the bar. Everything else is free.

A bathing suit is your wardrobe.

Nowhere at the club is a bathing suit inappropriate. The bar, breakfast, even dinner if you like.

In this society, you can't tell what a man does for a living—if he has a lot of money, or a little. He's just a human being.

It's not a bad way of looking at people.

Food fit for a Roman orgy.

There is fish of every description, à la Parisienne or au Beurre. (Each village boasts a master French chef.) There are rare delicacies stuffed with other rare delicacies. Trays loaded with camembert, port-de-salut, brie. Armies of napoleons, éclairs, flambées. Mountains of freshly picked fruit.

Talk and laughter are in abundance, too. Eight people sit at each table. And since there's no permanent seating arrangement, you're always meeting someone new.

All the wine you can drink.

Food is never served without great pitchers of wine. In this carefree society it flows as freely as water. Perhaps because it's free.

No hand-clapping, whistle-blowing social directors.

No one at the club will try to push a good time down your throat. The G.O.'s ("gentils organisateurs") are there with expert instruction, if and when the spirit moves you.

Another pressure is alleviated because there is no social distinction made between the G.O.'s and the G.M.'s ("gentils membres"). Everyone eats, drinks, and dances together. It's one big happy family.

A tip is an insult.

It would be like trying to tip a friend for doing you a favor. So on this vacation, you won't have to spend time figuring out how much to tip who and when.

Free activities.

The activities include tennis, skiing (both kinds) sailing, swimming, deep-sea fishing, scuba diving, spear fishing, judo, yoga, bridge, volley ball. And every night there's dancing to live music under a billion stars.

You notice there are no asterisks lurking around. None of the "minimal charges" that you usually have to contend with on a vacation. Instruction is also free.

Our first club in the Caribbean.

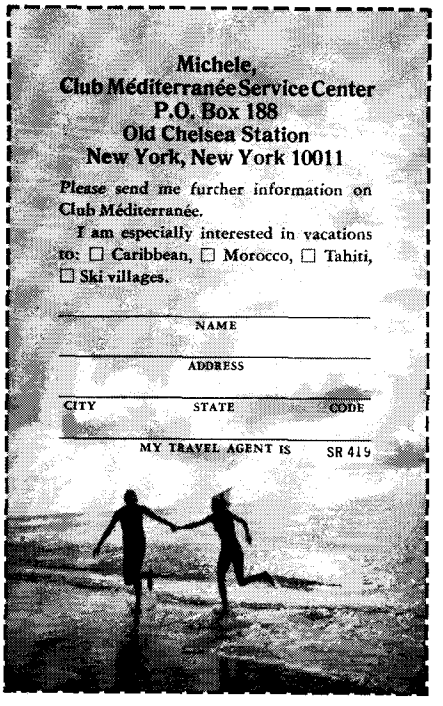
It's on the beautiful island of Guadeloupe It's our newest club and our very first in this part of the world. So Americans will now be able to drop out of society in just 4 hours.

Of course, our clubs everywhere are available to you. From lush Tahiti to sun-drenched Morocco to the snow-capped Alps (14 ski villages in all).

The incredibly low price.

Our prices include everything from the time you go to the time you get back.

Guadeloupe, 1 week for $310. 2 weeks for $459. (Includes round-trip jet economy fare from New York.)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Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you pour a drier drink in 1969, our 200th Anniversary year. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then any other way just wouldn't be cricket!

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"A book full of marvels...

. . . of delicate marvels, compassionate observations and—strangest of all—passionate denunciations. One hardly knows which to praise more, the precision of Miss Johnson's reporting or the fiery splendor of her anger, the brilliance of her word-pictures of the natural world of the bitterness and sorrow in her evocation of the human world—the American world."
—Edward Abbey, *The New York Times Book Review*

"Quite simply, this is a beautiful book. But it is a book about nature the way *Walden* is a book about nature. It should be read by everyone who still retains the capacity to feel anything except shock therapy."
—John Leonard, *The New York Times*

The Inland Island

by Josephine W. Johnson

Just published • $5 • Simon and Schuster

House) by Paul and Sheila Mandel. In 1965, Paul, then an editor of *Life*, was working on his second novel when, at the age of thirty-six, he died of cancer. Sheila, his wife, stayed home for a few months after that, just to be with the children, and decided to type what Paul had already written, which was about half the book. When that was done, she thought, "Why not write a few chapters myself and see what happens?"

That did it. Paul had left a sketchy outline of the plot, which was some help. *The Black Ship* is a World War II suspense novel with a naval background, including action on destroyers and the blowing up of boxcars. Mrs. Mandel somehow immersed herself in these matters, touring a destroyer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for instance. Eventually, she finished the book, and no editor at Random House was able to tell where Paul had left off and Sheila had begun.

"I can't explain how it happened," she admits. "I don't know if I have a style of my own." Reviews have called

it "entertaining" and "good"; the Reader's Digest book club liked *The Black Ship* enough to acquire it. The three young Mandel children are impressed by their mother's ability. One of them has been moved to write his own book, *A Field Guide to Common American Cookies.*

Sharps and Flats: Did you know that more than 200 occupations are directly mentioned or implied in the Bible? In *Beggar to King: All the Occupations of Biblical Times* (Doubleday), Walter Duckat has gathered them together for the first time. They include bodyguard, candymaker, counterfeiter, dream interpreter, mourner, prophet, tree surgeon, and weather forecaster.

► Using statistics to prove a point: The American Trucking Association advertises that truck drivers are safe drivers, because "although trucks account for more than 16 per cent of all the vehicles on the road, they represent less than 11 per cent of vehicles involved in acci-

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dents." The American Automobile Association, however, battling the truckers, writes, "Almost half of fatal or injurious interstate truck accidents also involved a car. For every truck driver who died in an accident, thirty-eight others died."

► New stunt at *Life* magazine offices is to take a picture of yourself on the copying machine. You lay your cheek on the glass, close your eyes, press the button, and out comes a crazy profile.

► The reception room for the offices of the American Cancer Society in New York has ash trays.

► There is a new facial cream on the market that makes you look younger, reports Arthur Godfrey. It gives you acne.

► In a class at a Midwest university, a faculty member tells me, they were discussing whether Michelangelo should have painted Adam without a navel. A coed said, "He did the right thing. Adam wouldn't have wanted to look different than everybody else."

► At a Madison Avenue art curio shop this sign is affixed to the door: SHOPLIFTERS STAY OUT—WE KNOW YOU BY SIGHT.

► Show me two young girls where Siamese cravats are made and I'll show you babes in tie land.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1827)

(EARL) SHORRIS:
THE BOOTS OF THE VIRGIN

He had read Hemingway; he knew. There would be danger: dark-eyed women, jealous men with long sideburns, bulls that knew Latin, windy afternoons in strange plazas, Mexican lettuce. But he had resolved that he would be a torero.

SOUPED-UP SUPER 8.

Movie cameras are somewhat like cars. You can settle for a stripped-down model, or you can go for the "loaded" one. The Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera is loaded with features. Just drop in a film cartridge and it's ready and raring to go.

Say you want to pick out a face in the crowd? Put the M9 in "zoom" and power your way in. Want to take in the broad view? Zoom back to wide angle. Want to speed the action, or slow it down? Take your pick of four shooting speeds—all the way from 12 to 32 frames per second! You get the right exposure with the through-the-lens CdS electric eye. And you'll always shoot what you see because you see through the super-sharp f/1.8 zoom lens, too. The sports-type finder lets you spot action outside the area you are filming.

The M9 has provisions to take single-frame exposure for animation, and for remote control operation. There is even a built-in battery checker.

See the souped-up Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera at your Kodak dealer's for less than $230.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera

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UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

One of its names is "Some Day."
The ever present,
never ending promise.
It starts in the green-
blue of earliest dawn.
Suddenly all of us are
in it, and it becomes
today.
With tasks.
With troubles.
With joys.
Old stories ended.
New stories begun.

Words about men
hunting men. About a people
in Africa starving.
Some say, "Let them."
Others, "Save them."
Somewhere freedom is lost.
Elsewhere, a man or
a nation steps toward it.
Every man
in his own day, sees
the world's day, too.
In print.
Our job is to erase
today's history.
To get ready for
"Some Day."
We make paper out of
paper.
Cleanse it of the
world's woes,
of the city burning,
and of the
Major League standings.
The ink,
the clay, the resins,
the binders
are washed away.

Left is the thread,
as clean, as new and even
more useful than when it
first came from the
trunk of a forest giant.
These threads
and fibers
were yesterday's headlines
and those of the
day before.
Now they are refined,
and refined again.
Freed of flaw.
Tamed.
Tractable.
Renewed.
They might, instead,
have been wasted
to symbolize a life
damaged or destroyed.
Or a worthy cause
made meaningless.
So can the thread and
fiber be lost.
But they can serve again
as part of the
thread of hope.
Fibers, lives,
causes and dreams.
All can be washed,
made whole again.
For "Some Day."
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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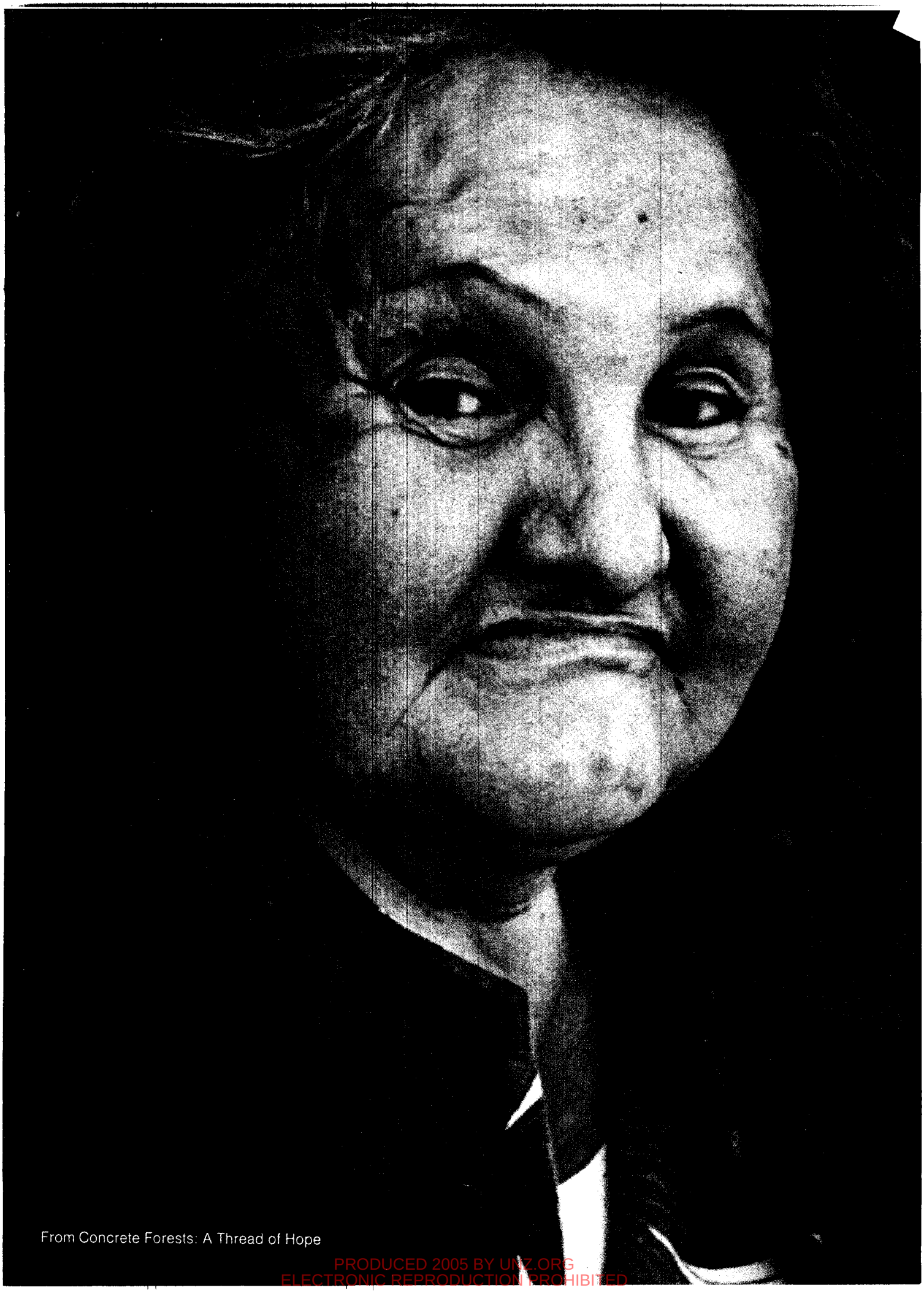

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

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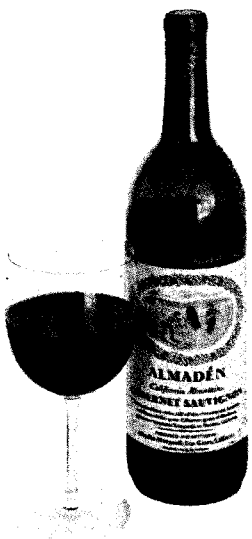

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Goethe

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE leading German poet of the first quarter of the twentieth century, Rainer Maria Rilke, was once leaning gracefully against the mantelpiece in a castle in Switzerland, while his devoted duchesses and countesses and other disciples were passionately discussing Goethe's *Faust*, a discussion in which he was taking no part whatever. One of them turned to him and asked, "How do you feel about *Faust*, Master?" He answered, "I have never been able to read more than a page of it."

On the other hand, Thomas Mann wrote several very long essays which he repeated again and again as speeches before enraptured audiences all over the world, and which can only be characterized as manifestoes of Goethe-worship—but for all the wrong reasons.

If Baudelaire was the greatest poet of the capitalist epoch, what was Goethe? He was the opposite, the greatest bourgeois ever to write poetry. Or perhaps the greatest poet of the business ethic. In English he is read only out of a grim sense of duty, or for a grade in a class in world literature. This is due to the appallingly bad—without exception—English translations. The nineteenth century translated the unearthly beauty of the verse of Aristophanes or Euripides into doggerel, because that era's donnish translators were incapable of either appreciating the Greek or of writing even passable verse. Goethe presents the translator with the opposite problem. Goethe wrote deliberate highbrow doggerel rhythms, yet he was capable at rare intervals of lyric music of a kind not heard in Germany since the end of the Middle Ages, the complete antithesis of the sterile, neoclassic formulas of the Enlightenment, as truly classic and musical as the best songs of Horace or Catullus.

Faust for our day resembles nothing so much as *Paradise Lost*. Goethe's Devil, like Milton's, seems to us far more than just the hero; he is a more moral individual than Faust, or Milton's God. Who today "believes in" Faust? The new ethics personified by Faust are evil and destructive, and the human organism rejects them with that hidden sense St. Thomas Aquinas said preserves cows from eating poison herbs.

"The love interest" in *Faust* is much like that in the plays and novels of England's recent Angry Young Men, whose heroes are torn between marrying a rich, gorgeous, decadent nymphomaniac of the sort readily available to all fascinating literary upstarts, or a *Hausfrau* of their own renounced caste, pretty, not yet too plump, smelling of fresh milk and soap, an artist at needlework, and a devoted slave. Whichever the new recruit to the bourgeoisie marries, it makes him angry.

Goethe spent his life trying to re-establish the declassed clerkly caste as being as essential to the bourgeoisie as it had once been to the aristocracy. He was under the absurd impression that this made him an aristocrat. What it made him was a bureaucrat. Small wonder those representatives of the clerkly class who repudiated the middle class from the beginning loathed Goethe.

Yet, Goethe is not all bad. He is the only major poet produced by the business ethic. Above all else he was, like Leonardo da Vinci and Marcel Duchamp, interested in making a work of art of himself. It is his autobiographical work which is not only most meaningful today and still readable, but which is his best: *Conversations with Eckermann*, *Dichtung und Warheit*, the writings of his Italian journey, and especially his erotic poems—the more erotic, the better.

Goethe, who seemed so Olympian, was in fact much like Zeus. He was crippled for life by an early betrayal of love. Like Wordsworth, it sterilized him; also like Wordsworth, "Better injustice than disorder" became Goethe's life motto, and for the same guilty reason. But *Faust* is a kind of immense psychoanalytic session. It is on the pure Idea of Order and the personification of love, the budding German *Hausfrau*, that injustice descends with its beautifully polished axe. Preaching the gospel of the middle class in its early youth, Goethe knew subconsciously a truth quite contrary to Lenin's famous dictum: "A ruling class can no longer rule when it can no longer love." Mephistopheles, the pure aristocrat of the *ancien régime*, may tirelessly preach Nietzsche's *gaia scienza*, the ecstatic love of "Life," but when Faust discovers that he is totally, hopelessly loveless, he begins his escape. So in today's newspapers, Faust's class is distinguished by its terrifying lovelessness, whether at a party of Andy Warhol's or a custody fight in a divorce court. Finally, Mephistopheles emerges as really the Devil; for what characterizes the Devil, so busily working away in hell, is his infinite frivolity.

But what is there on the other side? Notice, all through both parts of *Faust*, Mephistopheles's and Faust's mutual contempt for black magic, witches and warlocks, and even Mephistopheles's chic and sinister haberdashery, but most of all for the pact signed in blood. Says Mephistopheles, "He insists." God is satirized as The Great Accountant. Not for nothing did Spengler, that vastly rhetorical spellbinder for Faustian man, say that the *Zeitgeist* of the capitalist epoch would be impossible without double entry bookkeeping.

Yet, Goethe did become outwardly a self-made aristocrat and nobleman of the cloth, the hero of all German burghers to come after him. He really was in Weimar what Anselm had been to Charlemagne. He succeeded, he alone.

Although Goethe was a rancorous anti-democrat devoted to putting the new class directly into the hieratical vestments of the old, he never managed to be anything else but just middle-class. After he has destroyed young love, Faust finds salvation in draining marshes at the sacrifice of the lifelong old love of Baucis and Philemon. "Work! Work! Work!" runs like a refrain throughout *Faust*. Submission to the joy of the passing moment is the irredeemable sin. Today, we realize that this ethic is on the verge of destroying the species. *Faust*, as a moral tract, is as dangerous as the hydrogen bomb.

The intensely personal love poems based on folklore—as, of course, is *Faust* itself—lack one thing: "There is no wonder in those eyes." Just as German romantic music used folk songs but got rid of the *mana*, the supernatural glamour, by mechanically measuring time, so Goethe, modeling his verse on ballads and Mother Goose, and his plots on fairy tales, empties them of the effulgence of the uncanny foundations of being. The aristocrat and the peasant are rooted deep, not in the tillable earth, but in the chthonic underworld. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, certified public accountant of Weimar, could not understand that the crude manners of the peasant and the chivalric etiquette of the aristocrat were only the devices of a truce with chaos—not social disorder, but the chaos before Time, over which the Spirit brooded.

My mother used to say, "A snob is a person who mimics the manners of the class above him."

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Who Is Responsible for Campus Violence?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *During the past two years, SR has published a number of articles and editorials dealing with the crisis on campus and the new attitudes of youth. On the whole, those articles took the view that the ferment has sprung from valid causes and might not be without positive effects. This week we publish a dissenting view by Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University, author and editor of numerous books and articles, and a long-time contributor to these pages.*

By SIDNEY HOOK

WHEREVER American educators meet today, there is one theme of overriding concern that shadows their deliberations even when it is not on the agenda of discussion. This is the mounting wave of lawlessness, often cresting into violence, that has swept so many campuses. Shortly after the riotous events at the University of California at Berkeley in 1964, I predicted that in consequence of the faculty's refusal to condemn the student seizure of Sproul Hall, the administration building, American higher education would never be the same again, that a turning point had been reached in the pattern of its development. I confess, however, to surprise at the rapidity of the change, if not its direction, and by the escalation of the violence accompanying it.

Equally significant in determining the changing intellectual climate of our universities are some of the secondary consequences of the accelerating disorders. Among them are infectious, sometimes paralyzing, fear in administrative ranks lest their campuses erupt; confusion, bewilderment, and divided loyalties among faculties, together with some *Schaden-freude* over the humiliation of their administrations at the hands of disrespectful student militants; outright encouragement of student violence by disaffected, younger members of teaching staffs; sustained apathy among the majority of students whose education has been interrupted by radical activists; and the mixture of rage and disgust among the general public whose political repercussions already have been damaging to the cause of higher education.

In California, the indignation of citizens over campus violence has brought Governor Reagan to the peak of his popularity. More alarming, proposed bonds for educational expansion have been voted down. Of approximately 186,000 communications received to date by the trustees and colleges in the state system more than 98 per cent were against campus disruption. More than seventy separate bills, some of dubious wisdom, have been introduced in the Senate and Assembly to deal with disruption of campus activities by students and faculty. Similar bills are in the hoppers of other state legislatures, twenty in Wisconsin alone.

THE situation in the East, although not marked by the same degree of physical violence (arson, bombings, beatings), educationally is equally grave. Some recent incidents at New York University, and its sister institution in New York City, Columbia, mark the extent to which violence has invaded the university and rational disciplinary restraints have been eroded.

Last December, Nguyen Huu Chi, the Ambassador of South Vietnam, visited New York University as an invited guest speaker. At a given signal, members of the Students for a Democratic Society from NYU and Columbia invaded the hall, stormed the stage, physically assaulted the Ambassador, and completely disrupted the meeting. Thereupon, they proceeded to another floor, battered down the doors leading to the podium of a meeting-hall where James Reston, executive editor of *The New York Times*, was about to deliver the annual Homer Watts Lecture before an audience of 600 under the auspices of the Alumni Association. The rampaging students spurned an invitation from Mr. Reston to state their objections to what they thought he was going to say, and by threats of violence forced the cancellation of the meeting.

Two students were suspended pending action by the University Senate, and after a careful hearing, at which they refused to appear, were expelled in March. The leaders of the SDS publicly applauded the disruptions, declaring that they disapproved of the positions of the government of South Vietnam and *The New York Times* on the Vietnam war. Most shocking of all, nine members of the faculty at Washington Square in a letter to the student paper endorsed the breaking up of the meeting of the South Vietnamese Ambassador. Although they called the disruption of Mr. Reston's meeting "unfortunate" (as if it were an accident!), they strongly condemned President James M. Hester on the ground that, "we do not believe that the disruption of the Reston speech warrants suspension of the students." They had not a single word of forthright or vigorous criticism of the SDS attack on Chi. The effect of their letter can only be to incite further student violence. It is noteworthy that many meetings and rallies *in support* of the Vietcong and North Vietnam have been held without incident.

AT Columbia, Acting President Andrew W. Cordier had petitioned the courts through the Dean of the Law School to dismiss the criminal charges against the Columbia students arrested for serious offenses last spring. The court was assured that the University would apply appropriate disciplinary measures to those guilty. The cases were therefore dismissed. In December, a Columbia College disciplinary tribunal of two teachers—one of them an instructor serving as chairman—two students, and an administrator decided to impose no penalties on the students whatsoever, despite the fact that the students proudly admitted violating University regulations and, to boot, denied the authority of the tribunal to judge them. This incredible decision was taken in order "to re-establish student relationship to the

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university." These students had won complete amnesty for actions that had been deemed worthy of criminal prosecution when they had occurred. Twice hearings in the Law School were violently disrupted by invading SDS students, and the faculty members of the panel were insulted with gutter obscenities. No one even dared to suggest that disciplinary action be taken against this new wave of disruption. The administrators and many of the faculty of Columbia University for months were deeply distraught. It appeared to some observers as if the University petition to have the criminal charges dropped against the students was a ruse by the administration to ingratiate itself with the militant students, to prove its "good will" toward them and, in this way, buy some campus peace. If so, the strategy failed. It provoked only contempt, jeers, and a stream of foul, four-letter epithets from the militants who held out for complete amnesty from the outset.

Encouraged by the amnesty, the Columbia SDS, with aid from outsiders, began to disrupt classes; a leaflet was distributed to justify such "classroom intervention." In some instances, students tore the notes out of their teachers' hands; in others, they shouted them down. By December, according to one source, as many as thirteen "interventions" had been perpetrated. No action was taken either by the faculty or by the administration. An inquiry from an education editor, who had gotten wind of the situation, went unanswered. No one on campus would talk for publication.

Their appetites whetted by the complaisance or timidity of their victims, the students of the SDS escalated the scale of their disruptions. *The Columbia Spectator* of February 27 reported that "Members of the SDS yesterday interrupted nearly forty classes in six University buildings."

FINALLY, on March 10, a public statement in response to these outrages was issued by a hundred, mostly senior, professors. In it they declared that the University had an obligation to defend itself against hooliganism. Referring to the policy of amnesty, they criticized the abandonment of disciplinary proceedings for previous serious infractions. President Cordier immediately rushed to endorse the statement taking care, at the same time, to minimize the number of class disruptions, but failing to explain why he had remained silent about the breaking up of classes in December, although he was aware of it, and why he had welcomed the abandonment of disciplinary proceedings.

Punitive legislation, either federal or state, would be undesirable in this situation for many reasons. It would tie the Government too closely to campus events and discipline at a time when a section of the academic community believes that governmental presence is already too obtrusive. Further, the effectiveness of such legislation would depend upon the cooperation of administration and faculty in enforcing it. Most important, existing statutes of the University, and the criminal law, already provide sufficient penalties (suspension, expulsion, fines, and jail for trespassing and assault) to meet disruption, if they were enforced.

Why have they not been enforced? Why has the defense of faculties against these brazen attempts to violate their academic freedom, not only by disrup-

"Without law, the university is a sitting duck...."

The two statements below by university presidents take on added significance in view of the following circumstances: Harris Wofford, onetime special assistant to President Kennedy on civil rights, was arrested in Chicago last August for participating in a silent march protesting police brutality at the Democratic Convention. He has insisted on a trial by jury. One of the character witnesses who will testify on his behalf is the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh of Notre Dame.

THERE SEEMS to be a current myth that university members are not responsible to the law, and that somehow the law is the enemy, particularly those whom society has constituted to uphold and enforce the law. I would like to insist that all of us are responsible to the duly constituted laws of this university community and to all of the laws of the land. There is no other guarantee of civilization versus the jungle or mob rule, here or elsewhere.

If someone invades your home, do you dialogue with him or call the law? Without the law, the university is a sitting duck for any small group from outside or inside that wishes to destroy it, to incapacitate it, to terrorize it at whim. The argument goes—or has gone—invoke the law and you lose the university community. My only response is that without the law you may well lose the university—and, beyond that, the larger society that supports it and that is most deeply wounded when law is no longer respected, bringing an end to everyone's most cherished rights.

THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.
President,
University of Notre Dame.

WHEN THE President of Cornell is assaulted physically by a student and the rule of two-by-fours takes over the public platform, which is what happened in Ithaca recently, those of us who protested lawless police violence in Selma and in Chicago have a duty to act just as promptly and strongly against lawless student violence. When necessary, as it was at Cornell, we must be prepared to enforce the rule of reason, by university action, by court injunction, and even by criminal prosecution of those who turn to force. That is unfortunate but not frightening.

What we should fear and the students should learn to fear is the temptation to try to decide issues by force. Persuasion is our profession, and we should know—as we hope the destructive minority will learn—that the old law of an eye for an eye leaves everyone blind.

So we must not surrender to force—that would truly be the treason of the intellectuals. We must argue against and stand against those demands that seem unreasonable and wrong, and propose alternatives that make sense. We must find the ways to turn destruction into dialogue, confrontation into education, heat into light.

HARRIS WOFFORD, JR.,
President,
N.Y. State University College,
Old Westbury.

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tion, but by demands to control the content and personnel of instruction, been so feeble and long-delayed? Why, as one professor observed who had helped the Berkeley rebels triumph in 1964, have administrations and faculties behaved like buffalos being shot, "looking on with interest when another of their number goes down, without seriously thinking, that they may be next"?

Although the major causes of student unrest are outside the universities (Vietnam, the urban crisis, the black revolution) and cannot be solved by them alone, the way in which unrest is expressed, whether creatively or violently, can be influenced by the ideas and attitudes brought to it. This is particularly true today. For although comparatively few institutions have been the scene of violent demonstrations as serious as those at Columbia, Berkeley, and San Francisco State, there is hardly a college or university in the country in which there is not some marked uneasiness, some movement among students toward direct action on the verge of exploding into sit-downs, sit-ins, and other forms of mass violations of rules and regulations suddenly discovered to be as silly, anachronistic, or authoritarian as some of them undoubtedly are. But what struck me about the mood of the students in scores of colleges I visited is that even when these rules and regulations were *not* being enforced, and student conduct was as free and uninhibited as on campuses not subject to these objectionable rules, there was an insistence on their abolition—despite evidence that the formal abolition was likely to stir up a hornet's nest among alumni or townsfolk or state legislatures. This testified partly to student impatience with the "hypocrisy" of tolerating laws that were not being enforced, but even more to the presence of a desire to precipate a showdown with authority, to be where the action is, to have the nation's television cameras focused on the local scene and on the local leaders of dissent. One of the undoubted effects of the kind of coverage given campus disorders by the mass media in their alleged desire merely to report these occurrences is to encourage them by exaggerating their scope and glorifying the heroes of the moment.

Frenzy and excitement among student bodies have always been contagious. Last year, events on some campuses, even chants and slogans, broadcast at once, had a direct influence on happenings on other campuses. That is why the universities of this country are in this "all together," and why capitulation to extremism anywhere weakens resistance to extremism everywhere.

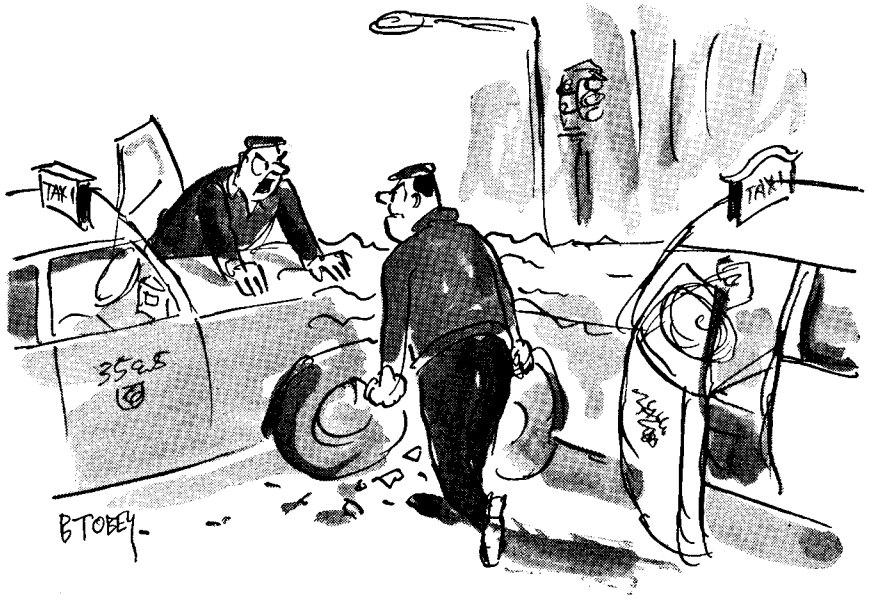
To an already volatile situation must be added the Students for a Democratic Society, an explosive element which claims tens of thousands of militant activists in hundreds of chapters. The SDS is an openly social revolutionary organization, dedicated not to educational reform wherever needed, but to a strategy of politicalization of a university by the tactics of physically violent confrontation. Its operating maxim could well be, "the bloodier the confrontation, the better for our cause, and the worse for the Establishment." Its presence is sufficient to convert a situation in which problems exist into a permanent educational crisis. The members of the SDS are ideologically confused but they constitute a hard, fanatical core of highly politicalized individuals among student bodies, extremely skillful in the arts of generating conflicts and disruption through agitation and manipulation of mass organizations. They and their congeners among the New Left, including their faculty allies, would be hard to contain by wise and enlightened administrators and faculties. Unfortunately, these traits have not been conspicuously in evidence even in places where one would expect them. This is suggested by the fact that the worst excesses on our campuses have occurred at the most liberal institutions. The University of California, San Francisco State College, the University of Colorado, Roosevelt College, Columbia University, and New York University—these read like the beginning of a roll call of the centers of intellectual dissent, experiment, and even educational permissiveness in American life. Events on these campuses, as well as at Swarthmore and Oberlin, reveal the absurdity of the claim that the student revolution has been the consequence of dissatisfaction with the educational curriculum.

Educational changes are often desirable, but it was not a failure to introduce them that provoked the recent outbreaks of student violence, or encouraged continuance of these outbreaks. Much more warranted, as an explanation of the failure to meet the initial challenge of student disruption and to stem its growth, is a mistaken theory of liberalism, a reliance upon what I call *ritualistic* rather than realistic liberalism—a doctrinaire view which does not recognize the difference between belief or doctrine and behavior, and which refuses to grasp the fact, obvious in law and common sense, that incitement to violence is a form of behavior. It is a view which does not realize that although order is possible without justice, justice is impossible without order.

The realistic liberal outlook in education cannot be strictly identified with the liberal outlook in politics because the academic community cannot be equated with the political community. Although we may recognize the autonomy of the academic community, such autonomy cannot be complete since the political community in many ways underwrites its operation. But what both communities have in common is the centrality of the notion of due process.

Due process in the political community is spelled out in terms of specific mechanisms through which, out of the clash of public opinions, public policy is forged. Where due process is violated, consent is coerced, and cannot be freely given. The unlimited spectrum of ideas remains unabridged in the political community up to the point of advocacy, but not to the point of violent action or the incitement of violence. The forces of the state, the whole apparatus of restraint and punishment, enter the scene where the freedom of choice of the citizenry is threatened by extralegal activity.

Due process in the academic commu-



"Oh, yeah? Well, it just so happens that I, too, am a moonlighting cop!"

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nity is reliant upon the process of rationality. It cannot be the same as due process in the political community as far as the *mechanisms* of determining the outcome of rational activity. For what controls the nature and direction of due process in the academic community is derived from its educational goal —the effective pursuit, discovery, publication, and teaching of the truth. In the political community all men are equal as citizens not only as participants in, and contributors to, the political process, but as voters and decision-makers on the primary level. Not so in the academic community. What qualifies a man to enjoy equal human or political rights does not qualify him to teach equally with others or even to study equally on every level. There is an authoritative, *not* authoritarian, aspect of the process of teaching and learning that depends not upon the person or power of the teacher, but upon the authority of his knowledge, the cogency of his method, the scope and depth of his experience. But whatever the differences in the power of making decisions flowing from legitimate differences in educational authority, there is an equality of learners, whether of teachers or students, in the rational processes by which knowledge is won, methods developed, and experience enriched.

In a liberal educational regimen, everything is subject to the rule of reason, and all are equals as questioners and participants. Whoever interferes with academic due process either by violence or threat of violence places himself outside the academic community, and incurs the sanctions appropriate to the gravity of his offense from censure to suspension to expulsion. The peculiar deficiency of the ritualistic liberal educational establishments is the failure to meet violations of rational due process with appropriate sanctions or to meet them in a timely and intelligent manner. There is a tendency to close an eye to expressions of lawless behavior on the part of students who, in the name of freedom, deprive their fellow students of the freedom to pursue their studies. It is as if the liberal administration sought to appease the challenge to its continued existence by treating such incidents as if they had never happened.

There is no panacea that can be applied to all situations. It is not a question of a hard line or a soft line, but of an intelligent line. It is easy to give advice from hindsight, to be wise and cocksure after the event. But it is always helpful for the faculty to promulgate in advance fair guidelines for action, so that students will know what to expect. In general, no negotiations should be conducted under threat of coercion, or when administrators or faculty are held captive. In general, no amnesty for lawlessness or violence should be offered. In general, organizations that refuse to accept disciplinary principles worked out by official representatives of the student body and faculty should be denied recognition and the use of university facilities.

"Gee, Debbie, I've grown a lot in the last two years, but I still don't think I'm mature enough to get married."

As a rule, it is the first step which is *not* taken that costs so much. Both at Berkeley and Columbia, failure to act decisively at the first disruption of university functions undoubtedly contributed to the students' expectation that they could escalate their lawlessness with impunity. Sometimes the attempt to retrieve a failure to meet student disruption promptly and fairly results in a greater failure.

WHEN student defiance of reasonable rules and regulations is pointedly and continuously ignored, and then subsequently disciplined, the consequence may be worse than if the first infraction had been totally amnestied. Unnecessary delay in initiating the disciplinary measures, however mild, incurred by the infraction of rules, can make it appear to large numbers of the uninformed that these students are the innocent victims of vindictive and gratuitous punishment.

The fourth and largest illegal trespass at Berkeley—the seizure of Sproul Hall —came as a consequence of the summons to four student leaders to appear before the Disciplinary Committee several weeks after they had committed the violations for which they were being called to account. There was a similar situation at Columbia. The first action which presaged the events of 1968 occurred in 1965 when students forcibly prevented the NROTC award ceremony. In 1967, "the administration canceled the ceremony citing insufficient time to prepare against violence" (*The Cox Report*). Violence seemed to pay off. A handful of students had forced their will on the University at the cost of seven letters of censure. After the ban on indoor demonstrations had been promulgated at Columbia – both because it interfered with the teaching of classes and because of the dangers of violence between opposing groups of demonstrating students—it was not enforced on three important occasions where it was clearly violated. When the ban was finally invoked, it seemed to many who were unaware of the past history of student provocation and university restraint that the disciplinary action, even if feeble, was arbitrary. It is widely believed, even by some of the SDS members, that if the Columbia University authorities had moved vigorously to enforce existing regulations against the lawless trespass and destruction of property by the small group that sparked the seizure of buildings on the first day, subsequent developments would have been avoided. For campus sentiment was overwhelmingly hostile to the student rebels at the outset.

The ironical aspect of the situation is that despite the liberal character of the institutions in question, a false view of what it means to be liberal seems to provoke or to exacerbate disturbances on the campus. In certain faculty quarters especially, it is believed that the very nature of a liberal educational community necessitates, independent of any student action, an absolute taboo against physical or police sanctions. At a large

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UMF and the Future

NATIONAL Library Week is a good time to contemplate a new invention that may have the greatest effect on the transmission and utilization of knowledge since the development of movable type. The new invention goes by the name of Ultramicrofiche (UMF).

Through UMF it is now possible to compress a full-length book onto a single celluloid sheet not much larger than the library catalogue card on which the book is now listed. The device, developed by the National Cash Register Company, is able to miniaturize a printed page so that it occupies a space less than an eighth of an inch long. This means that 2,000 pages can be reproduced on a transparency smaller than the average book page. A special viewing machine enables the reader to bring the miniaturized page up to its original size, or one even larger.

UMF is not just a superior form of microfilm. In fact, UMF is as far beyond microfilm as the microscope is beyond the magnifying glass. Its implications are literally beyond calculation. The greatest single advantage, of course, is represented by the universalization of knowledge that UMF makes possible. The world's finest collections may now become as widely accessible as their owners are willing to permit. The special collections of the U.S. Library of Congress or of the Vatican, for example, can now be put on UMF at relatively low cost and become part of the inventory of libraries throughout the world. The annals of human experience no longer need be compartmentalized or cloistered. Any university or community will be able to give its users prime access to original sources or documents that until now were too scarce or fragile even for scholarly use.

Apart from this primary value, UMF will revolutionize the physical form of the library. The relentless enemy of every library has been shortage of space. Space is finite but the products of the printing press are infinite and remorseless. Individual items published each year—books, booklets, documents, newspapers, magazines—run into the hundreds of thousands.

Today, however, there is the realistic prospect that the library will be able to keep up with the torrential flow. UMF will make it possible to store the contents of, say, 250,000 books in drawers approximately the same size as those now containing the catalogue cards. This means that new libraries can be built at a fraction of the cost of present designs. They can be smaller, more intimate. More space can be allotted to video or recording equipment, or research rooms. Lecture halls, fully equipped with projection units or electronic aids, will occupy some of the space now given to the reserve stacks. In every sense, the library will become the communications center.

The imagination doesn't have to stretch too far to visualize a total systems approach to research that can be made available by the library. Let us suppose that a graduate student wants a complete research work-up on the subject of medical services in village areas of Pakistan. At his library, he finds a master console on which he dials his question. The console is attached to a series of electronic devices including a computer, a UMF finder and viewer, a video unit, and a print-out device. The computer receives and classifies the request and delivers a print-out containing relevant bibliographic data. Each item has its own code number.

The student will choose those items best serving his purpose, using the computer dial to specify his choice of materials. For example, he may wish to see a half-dozen listings in the Encyclopaedia Britannica dealing with historical or other background aspects of the subject. These will be furnished him either on UMF for immediate viewing or on a print-out, depending on his wishes. Or he may request, from the bibliography furnished him by the computer, a monograph on file at the University of Dacca in East Pakistan. Or there may be two chapters in a book about the Peace Corps in Pakistan that will offer relevant material. Or his bibliography may list a film dealing with a related subject produced by UNESCO. Again, the dial will activate the computer and the video screen will show the requested film.

None of this is fanciful. All the individual devices required to provide such integrated advantages are already in existence. What has not yet been done is to bring all the components together in functional combination. Also, a way must be found to remove social and political obstacles hindering their full development and use.

The most vital factor shaping the future of communications—or the future in general—is not our inventive capacity, but man's ability to create a context within which the essentials are brought together in effective combination and within which he can utilize productively those things he is able to make. Devising a product is not nearly so difficult as making a market for it. How to make new technology economically viable; how to relate different aspects or developments in technology to a total pattern; how to get adequate financing and still retain control; how to call the product to public attention without either over-exploitation or undue restraint—these are the key problems in connecting genuine ingenuity to the public good.

Even more important is a sense of purpose. Television is a miracle of communications beyond description—but there is nothing miraculous about the message. The images and the words deprive the device of splendor and make it seem more a public nuisance than the greatest communications medium in human history.

The new technology applied to books, as manifested and symbolized by UMF, carries with it the promise of a vast educational and cultural upgrading, not just for Americans but for all mankind. The prospect deserves tender care. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Collecting Your Money

THE SPECIAL SECTION "Taxes: The Collection and Distribution of Your Money" [*SR*, March 22] was a boon to the average tax-oriented citizen who longs for some definitive discussion of the horrendous revenue-collecting system in this country.

The statement that "the taxpayer has not been squeezed dry" is a pretty chilling one in terms of what little spendable money he now has.

MRS. S. V. Horton,
Lomita, Calif.

JOSEPH W. BARR'S article "Tax Reform: The Time Is Now" [*SR*, March 22] accurately reflects the widespread disenchantment with the current tax system. Mr. Barr may also be prophetic when he writes: "We face now the possibility of a taxpayer revolt if we do not soon make major reforms in our income taxes."

But I am surprised that he omits from his list of reasons for possible revolt one of the main objections to big taxes: the huge cost of military hardware, particularly the continued buildup of nuclear weapons.

Our nation and others have many needs for which we would ungrudgingly pay taxes, but we object to paying for excessive armaments.

MR. AND MRS. BERNARD PORZAK,
Racine, Wis.

JOSEPH BARR'S ARTICLE is an example of the timidity and conservatism that has dominated public discussion of tax reform for twenty-five years. He lists the principal reasons for inequity in the present tax system: the tax treatment of capital gains, about which he proposes to do nothing; the tax exemption of state securities, about which he proposes to do nothing; unlimited charitable deductions, about which he proposes to do nothing; farm losses, about which he proposes to do nothing; depletion allowances, about which he proposes to do nothing; and allocation of deductions against capital gains, about which he proposes to do nothing.

LEONARD A. RAPPING,
Professor of Economics,
Carnegie-Mellon University,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WALTER W. HELLER'S excellent article "Should the Government Share Its Tax Take?" containing his recommendation that federal taxes should be shared with states and communities, would be even more forceful if he had emphasized the factor of bringing responsibility and accountability closer to home where the voters can have more immediate influence.

The fiscal arguments he cites are telling, but seem to circle the primary issue of doing everything possible to make government and its services more responsible to people.

BRIAN O'CONNELL,
New York, N.Y.

WALTER HELLER writes: "The taxpayer's will to pay taxes may be exhausted, but his capacity is not." Every year a bigger stick, a smaller carrot.

MARSHALL HALL, JR.,
Pasadena, Calif.

Limiting the Complex

IT MAY BE that an irreversible step has been taken in regard to the ABM issue since Senator Jacob K. Javits's article "Can President Nixon Stop the Arms Race?" [*SR*, March 1] was published. Nevertheless, I want simply to express my concern over the continual dominant interest in government on the part of the military complex.

It remains clear that more concern must be expressed and action taken to limit the growth of the military-industrial complex, which is adversely affecting our quality of life and hindering solution of the imminent problems in our economy and cities.

DON MYRVIK,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Images and Realities

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S comments on "The Black Man's Image" were thought-provoking [TV-RADIO, March 22]. Television has been the greatest medium for promoting the single-image concept of the black man. In white America this has been a stereotype of an inferior human being.

To serve reality, then, television will have to go further than "upgrading" the image of the black man in plays that are thoroughly white-oriented. Television will have to fill in the gaps in the black man's reality which runs the whole range from the inferior image (which is one reality) to the black man as a superman (which is another reality).

The teleplay *Teacher, Teacher* erred by mixing realities. An extension of the black ex-Air Force captain played by Ossie Davis would have been convincing, for example, if he had been a teacher rather than a handyman. As an ex-Air Force captain handyman, the Uncle Tom image is greater than that of the original version of the play. The audience tends to view the character as an ex-uniformed "Tom" (which is a reality) and a symbolic "Tom the handyman," which, coupled with the ex-Air Force bit, is unrealistic and damn reactionary.

The televised version neither upgrades the image nor protects the stereotype, but aids in creating a stereotype of the new black man in the old Negro "bag." This is detrimental to black people psychologically and a risky tranquilizer for white people.

Ossie Davis's handyman is certainly not an improvement in the projection of the black male image on television. Both blacks and whites are aware that the old handyman image has always been a cover. What concerns whites is what is the contemporary black man like. The Ossie Davis handyman succeeds in feeding the white audience a new lie that they are more susceptible to.

Mr. Shayon's assumption that generally people of any color have no other function than maintaining the status quo through imagery is a dangerous one to apply to the black image currently being projected on television. There is a wealth of untapped material history that quite validly could feature black men as challengers of law and order resulting in the law being changed and the old order giving way. In addition, without filling in the gaps in the black man's reality, there is no true picture of the status quo.

J. ARTHUR JOHNSON,
Oxford, Pa.

"Group therapy hasn't helped me much, but I've certainly got the goods on a lot of people."

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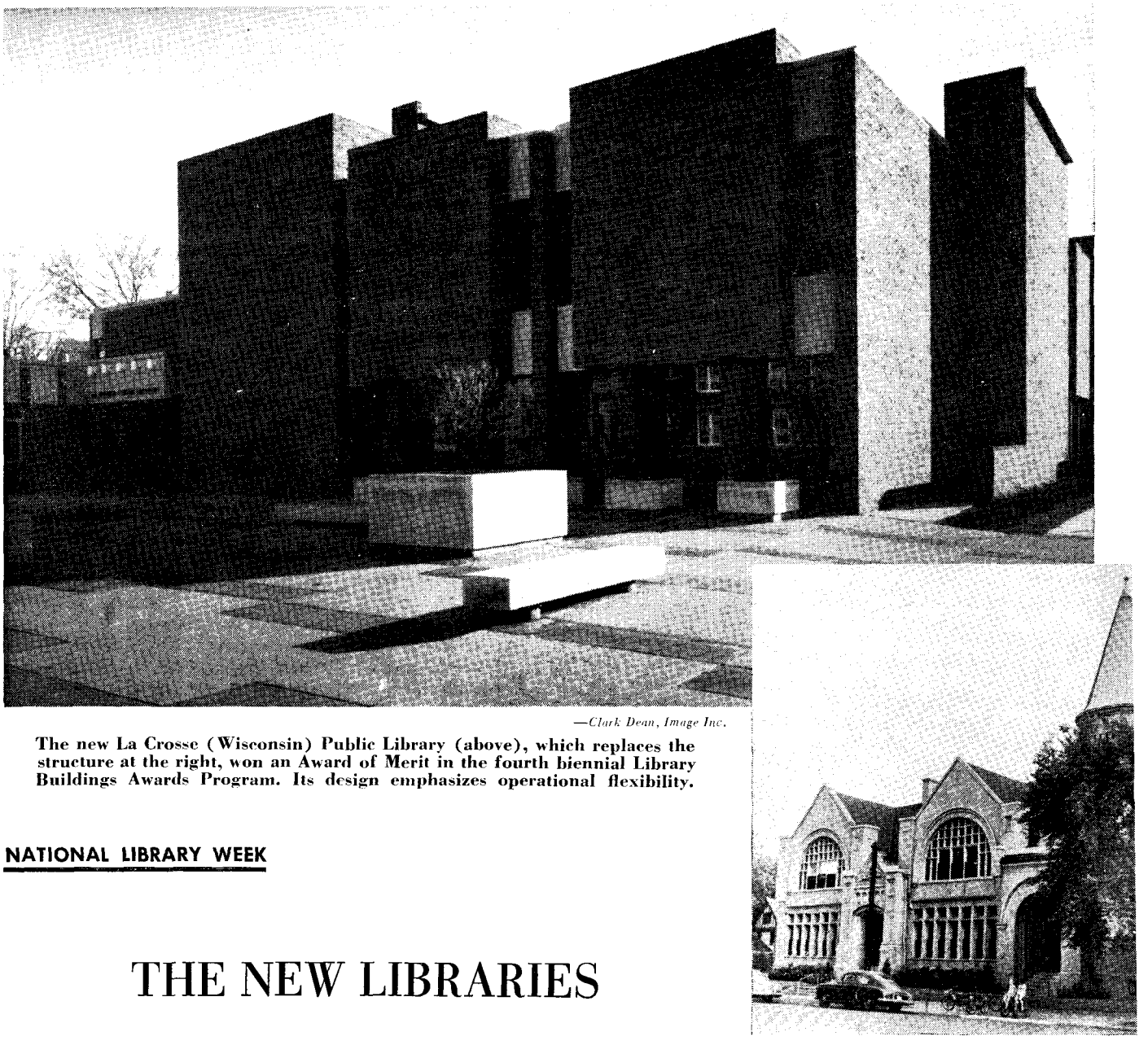

—*Clark Dean, Image Inc.*

The new La Crosse (Wisconsin) Public Library (above), which replaces the structure at the right, won an Award of Merit in the fourth biennial Library Buildings Awards Program. Its design emphasizes operational flexibility.

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

THE NEW LIBRARIES

By JEAN PROGNER

THIS time last year, during National Library Week, the American Institute of Architects, the American Library Association, and the National Book Committee revealed results of the fourth Library Buildings Awards Program, an architectural design competition sponsored biennially by the three groups. Three entries in the category of public libraries were chosen to receive Awards of Merit. Presumably, these buildings represented the best the nation could offer in public library design and planning; nevertheless, the jury considered none worthy of its highest form of recognition, the Honor Award.

Whether or not these new libraries deserve top honors, they certainly merit their share of public attention, for none of them is recognizable as belonging to the same breed of building that produced those granite-walled, marble-halled institutions most of us became acquainted with as children. How much, and why, has the local library changed in recent years? And why should a national jury of architects and librarians find, among the many new libraries offered for its consideration, several it considered "very good," but none it could call "outstanding"?

WHEN the old Carnegie libraries were built forty or fifty years ago, they were conceived as monuments both to civic and cultural pride and to the Carnegie family; they were designed to impress the public with the wealth and dignity of learning. By mid-century, a few of these buildings were still considered impressive as monuments by current architectural standards, but as working libraries they had become mausoleums. For use by human beings, they were downright uncomfortable. Growing collections left little room for chairs and tables; lighting levels were conducive to myopia; and the buildings themselves conspired against the silence that was demanded. Clicking heels, a whisper, or a book let fall would turn the most conscientious visitor into a self-conscious intruder. Such conditions contributed much to the impression that libraries were, first of all, for books, and, secondarily, for librarians, who served the books as priestesses jealously protecting their precious charges.

After the building boom created by the Carnegie donations, almost no libraries were built for nearly thirty years. But the cultural boom that is presently saturating our cities with building complexes devoted to the arts has swept the

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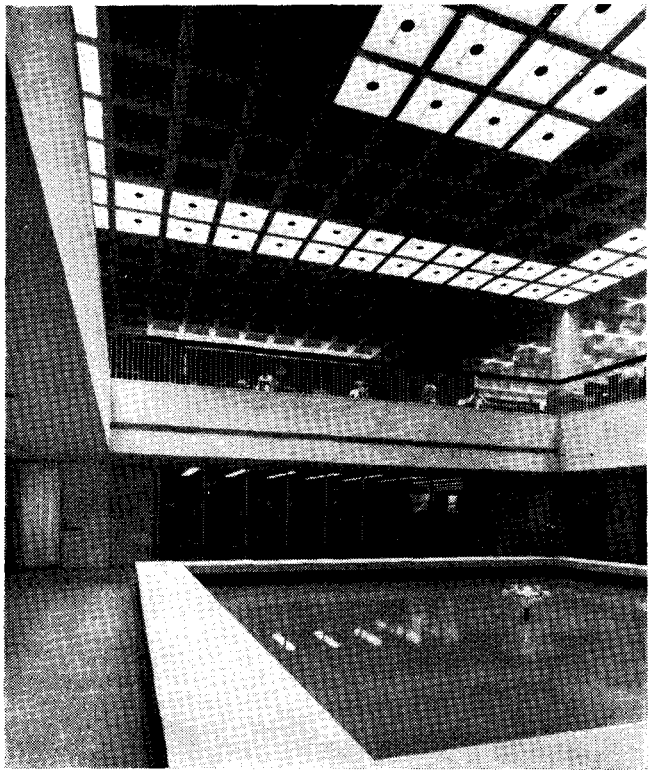
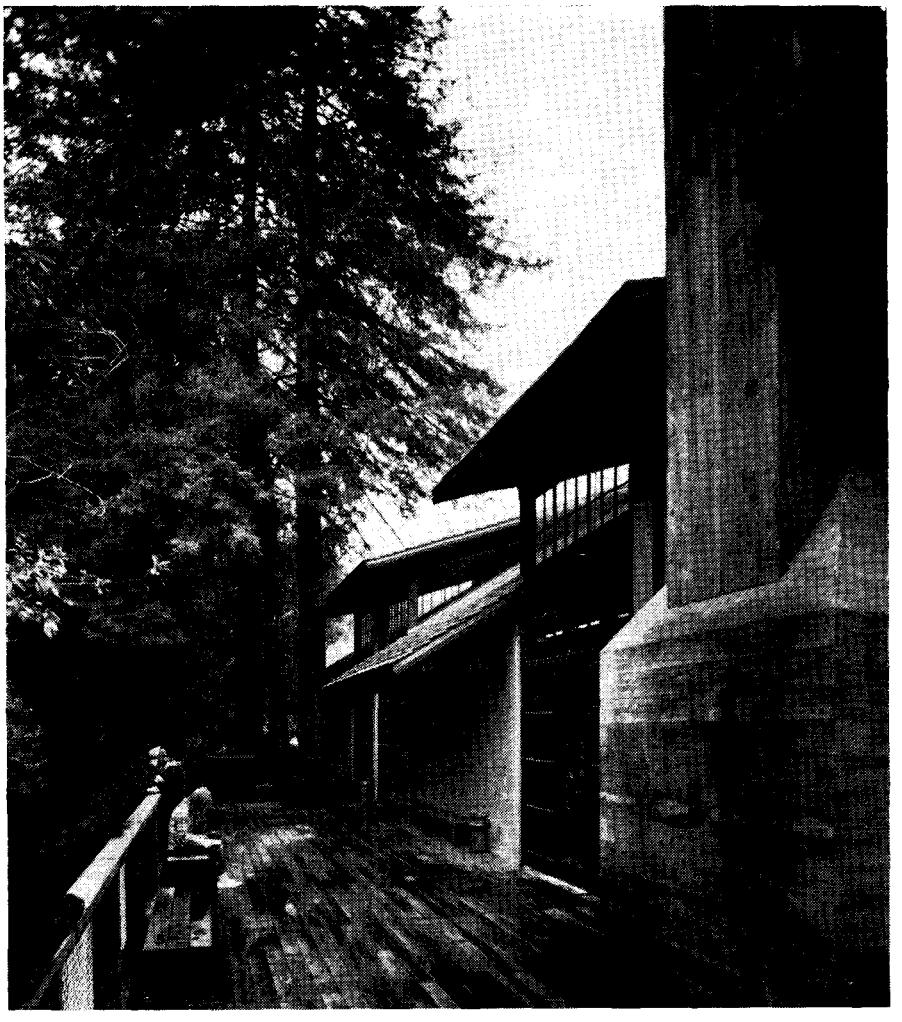
—*Bill Rothschild, Architectural Graphics.*

The students in the foreground above are sitting in a specially designed, carpeted amphitheater in the children's area of Plainfield (New Jersey) Public Library. When used for story-telling, drapes can be drawn around the section for privacy. The Mill Valley (California) Public Library below—a Merit Award winner—blends with its surroundings. To carry the wood theme even further, impressions left by the wooden forms were left to dry in the concrete at right.



—*Bill Rothschild, Architectural Graphics.*

The light source for this 50-foot reflecting pool in the center of the Plainfield Public Library is projected from a skylight 60 feet above. This view is toward the mezzanine.



public library along with it. (This time, too, there is a major source of financial support—the federal government, which provides money under the Library Services and Construction Act.) Unfortunately, when this second library boom got underway about ten years ago, there were few architects equipped, either through education or experience, to translate the requirements of a modern library program into structures that would be efficient and practical as well as esthetically pleasing. It was shortly after the new boom that the Library Buildings Awards Program was inaugurated, to encourage collaboration between library users and designers, and to raise design standards.

BY this time, the librarian was far ahead of the architect in thinking about the function and purpose of the library as a public institution and as a public building. Furthermore, librarians had revised their attitude toward their own profession. As architects, consultants, and librarians gained experience with these new attitudes, libraries ceased to be warehouses for books, and librarians were no longer guards. Instead, most of the new libraries are designed to work much like department stores, using all the display techniques of a good merchandiser. And the librarians' job is to make their wares as attractive and accessible to the public as possible.

Generally, this means situating the

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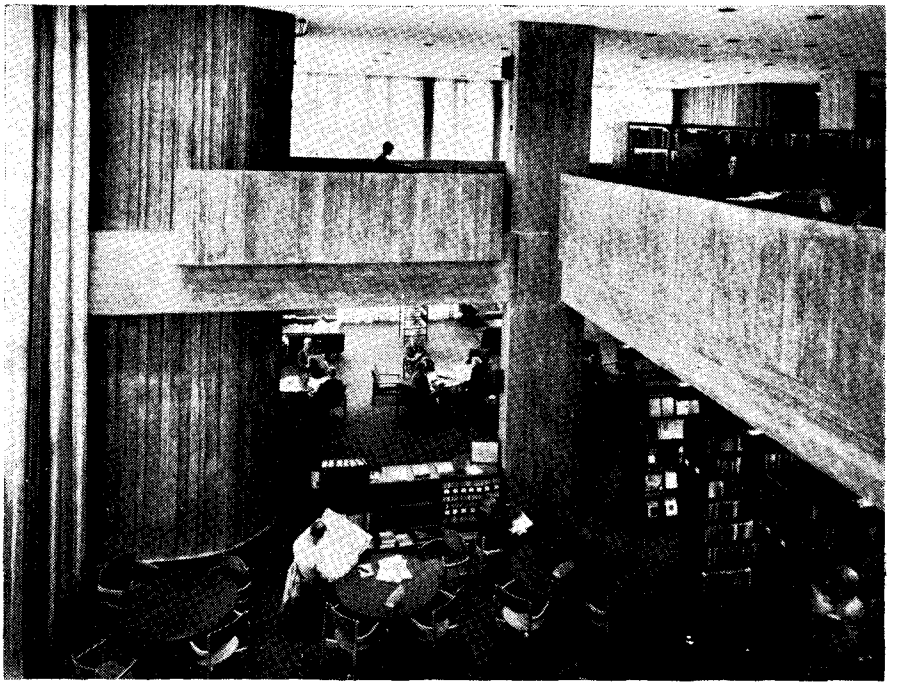
—*Photos by G. Wade Swicord.*

The piers and tower elements of the Orlando (Florida) Public Library (above and below) house service facilities, leaving the remainder of the space open. The building design will permit expansion to three times the present size.



building on a good commercial corner, so that office workers and shoppers can be lured in at lunchtime. It means installing comfortable, upholstered furniture and carpeting in all but the most heavily trafficked areas (not only for comfort, but to absorb sound in broad, open areas). Furnishings are often flexible, so that the space available can be adapted to changes in use, or to growing collections. Natural light is not shunned; large window areas and skylights are common. Often a glass-walled facade is designed to attract passersby for a closer look at the interior. For adults, there may be a lounge where smoking is permitted; children's facilities sometimes include a specially-designated storytelling area, and an outdoor court or terrace.

Certain planning assumptions, however, have not changed much since the Carnegie libraries were built. It is still considered wise to build a library downtown, where most people work, rather than in the suburbs, where many of them live. Mothers with cars and students who have no choice will be sure to find the library. And the building itself is still a focus for community pride, unique in appearance as well as function, although it need not be so imposing as to overwhelm the visitor. Undoubtedly, it is this sense of pride in cultural things that has led some municipalities to include the library in their plans for new civic and cultural centers, an unfortunate decision based on the faulty premise that those using the municipal courts, the city hall, or the concert hall will, at the same time, be inclined to stop in at the library, whereas those not drawn to other civic and cultural institutions will not be so inclined.

But civic pride expressed in a building is not a bad attribute. To progressive planning professionals, it means assurance that the community feels it owns this building designed to work for its members. Often, in large cities, the library serves as an educational facility, offering reading classes for illiterates or English courses for foreign language residents of the area. Special rooms are provided for this kind of activity, and special programs are designed to make the community aware of these additional services.

In ghetto areas, there is often a library branch, built and stocked in an earlier day, of which few residents are aware. Library staff members (in Brooklyn, for example) stop at street corners, attend meetings of community organizations, and solicit help from poverty agencies in making people aware of the library. They also work at expanding the branch's collection to include more foreign-language books, or paperbacks, which are less frightening, especially to teen-agers, than hard covers.

Sophisticated sound systems, stages, rooms for chamber music performances, and, above all, meeting and conference rooms have become part of the standard library building, too. Optimally, such facilities are designed so that they can be used by community groups after library hours, without requiring the entire library staff (and heating and lighting systems) to work overtime. Hopefully, this kind of planning makes the library a familiar place to everybody, provides much-needed activity space, and insures maximum use of an expensive building.

Libraries today are a great deal warmer and friendlier than they once were. But if library design has come a long way in the past decade, there are still few architectural firms that can combine intelligent and efficient planning with esthetic design of truly high quality. And this despite the fact that library board members and directors are among the most intelligent, best educated, most highly sophisticated, and therefore best clients an architect can hope to work with.

That is why, no doubt, the board of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Public Library interviewed seventy-two architects before it commissioned one, and why the jury for the Library Buildings Awards Program could find no entry worthy of an Honor Award and presented only Awards of Merit.

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GRANVILLE HICKS

Hemingway: The Complexities That Animated the Man

Although he early exhibited pathological attitudes and much of his life was disorganized, Hemingway permitted himself no license with respect to his writing.

OF SEVEN books about Ernest Hemingway and his writings that have appeared in recent months the most important is Carlos Baker's semi-official biography, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (Scribners, 697 pp., $10). In his foreword Baker describes the nature of his authority: "This biography was undertaken at the invitation of Charles Scribner, Jr., president of the publishing company which brought out all of Hemingway's major works from 1926 onwards. The work was carried on with the full knowledge and cooperation of Mary Welsh Hemingway, the author's widow and literary executor, who generously permitted the biographer to examine whatever documents he wished to see without attempting to influence his judgments or his interpretations." In addition to making use of the mass of material thus made available to him, including many unpublished manuscripts and thousands of letters, Baker studied relevant books, magazines, and newspapers, and interviewed or corresponded with scores of men and women who had known Hemingway. It is no wonder that the book took seven years.

There could never have been any question about Baker's scholarship, and he has done what was expected, a superb job of research. He has, moreover, organized his book in such a way that it can be enjoyed by the general reader and at the same time used by scholars: the notes, a hundred pages of them, are in the back of the book, out of the way, and yet are so arranged that one can readily discover the source of any statement. The writing is sound and unpretentious. There are fifty or so photographs, and the publisher has done well with type, binding, and dust jacket. It is an agreeable as well as valuable book to own.

As the subtitle indicates, the book is biography not criticism. Professor Baker published a critical study, *Hemingway*, in 1952, with a revised edition in 1963. Since he had already written about the work, he was free to concentrate on the life, and this proved to be an advantage. If ever an American writer was a public figure, it was Hemingway. Although he deplored the publicity he was given, he made it inevitable by performing what the Luce magazines call "newsworthy" deeds. The Hemingway legend, as Baker repeatedly shows, was in no small measure created by Hemingway himself. (Speaking of Malcolm Cowley's article on Hemingway that appeared in *Life* magazine in 1950, Baker says: "The interviews with Cowley had helped, however, to lay the groundwork for the perpetuation of the Hemingway legend.") Baker satisfies the reader's desire to separate truth from legend, and shows how fascinating, quite apart from the legend, the man was.

Baker's scholarship, as I have said, could be taken for granted, but I did have doubts on other grounds. When I reviewed Hemingway's last book, *A Moveable Feast* (*SR*, May 9, 1964), I commented on the nastiness

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with which he spoke of some of his one-time friends and benefactors, such as Ford Madox Ford, Gertrude Stein, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. This was by no means the first time that I had been made aware of disagreeable and unadmirable elements in Hemingway's character, but I had not taken in just how vain, envious, vindictive, quarrelsome, and untruthful he could be. I wondered whether Baker, indebted as he was to Mrs. Hemingway, might not find himself in the same predicament as William Manchester had been in when Mrs. Kennedy objected to his book about her husband. Mrs. Hemingway's attempt to prevent the publication of A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* was not reassuring.

I did both Baker and Mary Hemingway an injustice: he did not overlook nor try to palliate Hemingway's offensiveness, and she did not insist that he should. By the time he was sixteen, Baker notes, Hemingway had learned to box, "and there was a streak of the bully in his nature which began to emerge when he learned the power of his fists." He was extremely competitive and not a good loser. He liked to show off, and the stories he told his companions about his exploits were not always closely related to the truth.

Hemingway did not outgrow these traits; on the contrary, they grew stronger as he came into manhood and began his career as a writer. His second book, *The Torrents of Spring*, was a hateful attack on a man who had helped him and whom he had imitated, Sherwood Anderson. In *The Sun Also Rises* he ridiculed Harold Loeb, from whom he had received favors. (Baker seems to accept Loeb's account of their relationship in *The Way It Was* as true in essentials.) He quarreled, sometimes again and again, with such close friends as Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Archibald MacLeish, and Donald Ogden Stewart. He took nasty cracks at Faulkner and Wolfe and at Sinclair Lewis, who had praised him in his speech accepting the Nobel Prize. His ferocity was intensified in later years: "Nothing could match the vehemence with which he condemned James Jones, author of *From Here to Eternity*, for behaving like a 'whiner' and a 'Battle-Fatigue type.' He indulged himself further by describing Tom Wolfe as a one-book glandular giant with the guts of three mice, and Fitzgerald as a rummy and a liar with the inbred talent of a dishonest and easily frightened angel. He inveighed against the second chapter of Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* (which he never finished) by calling it 'poor cheese pretentiously wrapped.'" Many of his early stories belonged to what Baker calls "the literature of gossip," and he did not care whose feelings he hurt. It may be true that, as Somerset Maugham said, a writer cannot be a gentleman, but it appears that Hemingway frequently took pleasure in being a boor.

ALL this has to be said, but of course Hemingway's character had other sides. When he was in the right mood, he could be generous: a check for a thousand dollars to John Dos Passos when he was laid up with rheumatic fever, ship's fare for Ned Calmer, a one-man show of the etchings of Luis Quintanilla, and countless little acts of thoughtfulness on behalf of casual acquaintances. But his real gift to almost all who knew him was his vitality. In *Papa Hemingway* Hotchner records his first impression of the man he had gone to Cuba to see in 1948: "He stopped to talk to one of the musicians in fluent Spanish and something about him hit me—*enjoyment*: God, I thought, how he's enjoying himself! I had never seen anyone with such an aura of fun and well-being. He radiated it and everyone in the place responded." (Since Hotchner's veracity has been questioned by some people, it may be worth saying that Baker accepts him as a reliable witness on some important matters.) Along with Hemingway's grave preoccupation with death went a determination to get as much as possible out of every minute of life. When he was down, he was miserable and quite likely to make other people feel as low as he did, but when he was up, he was way, way up.

In the foreword Baker writes: "This is not a 'thesis' biography. Even though certain patterns of attitude and behavior emerge clearly from the mosaic of Hemingway's life, no one of them in itself exclusively dominates his psychological outlook or fully explains the nature and direction of his career as man and artist." This is true, but I think that Baker might profitably, both for himself and for his readers, have examined some of the patterns he speaks of. Philip Young did propose a thesis in his *Ernest Hemingway*, published in 1952, and reiterated it in *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration* in 1966. Reviewing the latter (*SR*, April 9, 1966), I wrote: "Young lays great emphasis on the importance of the nearly fatal wound Hemingway received in Italy in 1918. The psychological shock sustained on that occasion, Young maintains, conditioned Hemingway's view of life and was responsible for his preoccupation with death." Of course I agree with Baker that this doesn't explain everything, but perhaps it gives us a lead.

Surely there is a great deal that should be explained if explanation is possible. Of Hemingway's preoccupation with death there is abundant evidence in the novels and short stories as well as the biography. Then there are the accidents —"curious accidents," as Baker calls them with characteristic moderation. Not all of them, I am sure, are to be explained in terms of a death wish, but for some of them it is hard to think of any other explanation. There is also Hemingway's love of killing. Neither a hunter nor a fisherman, I am willing to take Hemingway's word for the excite-

—From "Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story."

Ernest Hemingway in the Red Cross Hospital in Milan, 1918—"His real gift . . . was his vitality."

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ment of shooting lions and catching marlin, but I am astonished by the scale on which he wrought destruction in the animal kingdom. The best of the blood sports, of course, was war, and he admitted that he had never been happier than during the campaign in France in 1944.

Fairly early in his career there were people who found Hemingway's attitudes on the pathological side. Alvah Bessie spoke of "that curious megalomania which others had noticed at times during Hemingway's visits to wartime Spain." Of the same period Baker observes: "Without being precisely beside himself, he continued to be petulant, quarrelsome, and almost pathologically suspicious all through the early months of 1938." In 1943 Martha Gellhorn, to whom he was then married, noted that "he was full of self-dramatization, much given to lying to her about his adventures, and almost neurotic in his conviction that life was stale and weary without manufactured glamour." In 1938 Max Perkins suggested in a letter to Hemingway that Tom Wolfe had "recently been behaving like a manic depressive"; apparently it never occurred to Hemingway that the same term might be applied to him. In the later years, especially after the airplane accidents in Africa in 1954, symptoms of mental disintegration were increasingly common.

Throughout all this, almost to the very end, the one thing in which Hemingway's belief never diminished was the importance of writing well. As a writer he was always disciplined, though so much of his life was disorganized. When he was working effectively, he could ignore pain and resist the temptations that beset him. He was competitive about his work, as about everything else, and talked of beating Flaubert or Tolstoy, but in his heart he knew that his standards were set by himself, and he did his damnedest to live up to them.

It is good that the writing of the biography was assigned to someone as level-headed and objective as Baker. He fully recognizes Hemingway's faults, but he doesn't get all worked up about them. He is a firm admirer of almost all that Hemingway wrote, but his admiration does not obscure his vision of the man. If I have any criticism of Baker, it is the no doubt unreasonable one that he is too detached. In life Hemingway rarely left people cold; they were either for him or against him, and often first one and then the other. If he had been less dispassionate, Baker might have given his readers, especially his young readers, a stronger sense of the passions Hemingway aroused is so many of his contemporaries.

As for the other six current books about him, one—Richard B. Hovey's

(*Continued on page* 43)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Satirized Society

I AM GRATEFUL FOR Granville Hicks's thoughtful discussion of my book *Novelists' America* [*SR*, Apr. 5] but I wish he had found more merit in my contention that novels provide useful source material for historians.

Whether we like it or not, the historian of 1999 may well be pondering over the recreations so minutely described in John Updike's *Couples*. For the historian to say that a work of imagination provides no evidence about the mores of the 1960s would be to neglect a potentially useful source. What the future historian ought to ask would be such questions as these: Exactly what sector of American society was Updike describing? What opportunities did he have for observation? What was his attitude toward his material? The future historian may well decide that the novel contains a large measure of satirical exaggeration, but this does not make its evidence worthless. Satire has no point unless there is something to be satirized. Fiction and fact are by no means identical, but fiction is usually rooted in some kind of fact, and this the historian can profitably try to dig out.

In short, I'm simply arguing that fiction is too valuable to be the private preserve of literary critics.

NELSON MANFRED BLAKE,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Meaningful Relationships

PROFESSOR EMORY M. THOMAS'S review of *The South and the Sectional Conflict*, by David M. Potter [*SR*, Apr. 5], left this reader dissatisfied. Mr. Thomas writes that Mr. Potter "argues convincingly that Brown failed as a Great White Savior because he had no meaningful relationships with the black people he sought to save." John Brown did lead into battle eighteen men, five of whom were blacks. Not a bad relationship and/or average.

Further, Professor Thomas writes that Potter discarded " 'bi-racialism' as a distinctive trait." If so, why was the full thrust of Southern law against slaves? Why were blacks assigned to perpetual servitude and not whites? Why were there laws against miscegenation and teaching slaves how to read? Why was the South so concerned with black insurrections and not with white insurrections? Of course, the free black man met prejudice, discrimination and segregation in the North. But can it be compared with what he faced in the South?

PETER OLSEN,
Jamaica, N.Y.

Confounding Chornovil's Quarrel

AS AN AMERICAN deeply interested in Soviet Ukrainian affairs, who read *The Chornovil Papers* in their original Ukrainian version when they were still underground and unpublished here in the U.S., please allow me to point out a monumental irony in your handling of the book in *SR* March 29.

Vyacheslav Chornovil's basic quarrel with Soviet authority is the right of Ukrainians to maintain their historic distinctness from the Russians in language and culture. The Ukrainian language, as any competent linguist will tell you, is as distinct from Russian as Portuguese is from Spanish. Reviewer Marvin Kalb touched specifically on this crucial matter in the review. Yet in the introductory paragraph *Saturday Review* states that *The Chornovil Papers* were "translated from the Russian."

Those four words of yours are *precisely* what Chornovil is fighting against, and what he went to jail for.

PATRICIA W. TARNAWSKY,
Pleasantville, N.Y.

ORCHIDS TO MARVIN KALB and *SR* on two counts: 1) an accurate and perceptive review, 2) a noteworthy first for *SR*—a review of a Ukrainian book.

An Oscar for Chornovil in the profiles of courage behind the Iron Curtain.

OLESKA DOWBUSH,
Battle Creek, Mich.

MARVIN KALB'S COMMENTS are absolutely correct.

JOSEPH ORYSHKEVICH,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Muscle of Insistence

PAUL E. ZINNER in his essay "A Nation Violated" [*SR*, Mar. 29] says the U.S. "missed a golden opportunity in not insisting on Soviet withdrawal." He should explain what he means by "insisting." Perhaps, as a professor of political science, he knows of some means of insistence short of war, or does he really think we should have added a war in Czechoslovakia to our war woes in Vietnam?

SYBIL RAMSING,
Easton, Pa.

Complaints and Complaints

GRANTED THAT IN *Portnoy's Complaint* [*SR*, Feb. 22] Philip Roth capitalized on the "spilling of his guts" to Dr. Spilvogel. Granted also that he had an eye on the best-seller list in his explicit descriptions of depraved sex. Underneath it all, though, he made some very good points about "hang-ups" that a Jewish boy encounters in growing up. I still remember Barbara, my twelve-year-old, blue-eyed blonde *shikseh*.

ELLIOT N. SCHUBERT,
Skokie, Ill.

IF IT IS ASKED, "Does an artist like Philip Roth not have the right to express himself?" then it could be answered, "Yes, he has

(*Continued on page* 82)

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The Victorious Clarets

Lafite: The Story of Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, *by Cyril Ray (Stein & Day. 162 pp. $6.95), explores the history of the noblest of the Bordeaux wines and that of its competitor, Mouton-Rothschild—the properties, respectively, of the French and English heads of the famous banking family. Creighton Churchill, the son of the American novelist Winston Churchill, is a member of the State Department Wine Committee and the author of "Notebook for the Wines of France" and "The World of Wines."*

By CREIGHTON CHURCHILL

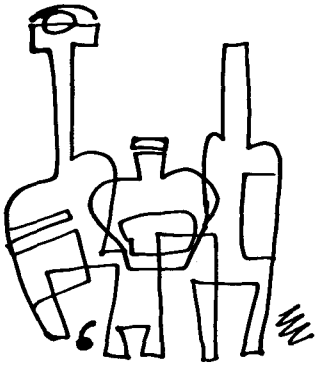
MOST CONNOISSEURS AGREE that there are fifteen or so classic wines of the world which may, without question, be called truly great—as the French say, *hors classe*. Spread over three countries, they are: Château Lafite-Rothschild, Margaux, Latour, Haut Brion, Mouton-Rothschild, Cheval Blanc, Ausone, Pétrus and d'Yquem in Bordeaux; Chambertin, Romanée-Conti and Montrachet in Burgundy; Schloss Johannisberg on the Rhine and Bernkastler Doktor on the Moselle; and, lastly, Hungarian Tokay. For the most part, these lofty giants of viticulture are dissimilar enough to limit argument about them more to a matter of personal preference than to outright comparison.

Only the first five, in fact—all Bordeaux "clarets" from neighboring vineyards of the Médoc or nearby Graves—continue to be subjected to never-ending oenophilic hairsplitting; and no doubt will be as long as their grapes are pressed. Latour is the heaviest, the most masculine and long-lived; Margaux is delicate and feminine; Haut Brion is full but hardest when young; Mouton is more like Latour; Lafite, the most fragrant, is considered to combine some of the best attributes of them all. And so on.

Words about wines, their comparative rankings and merits, often have a way of losing themselves in hopeless abstractions, eluding the layman. Yet when the hairsplittings involve a rivalry between branches of Europe's greatest banking family, as recounted in Cyril Ray's *Lafite: The Story of Château Lafite-Rothschild*, considerable yeast is added to the ferment. Additionally, any intimate discussion of these giants is probably more pertinent today than ever before, what with their best recent years now bringing from $15 to $25 a bottle on the current speculative market. Perhaps the cruelest irony of today's market is that many non-speculators, would-be wine lovers, are buying these wines to drink now. A great claret of a good year should not be touched for twenty years or more.

In 1853, two years before the famous 1855 classification of the wines of the Gironde, one of Bordeaux's greatest vineyards, Château Brane-Mouton, was purchased by Baron Nathaniel Rothschild. Nathaniel was the English-born son of one of the five brothers who, about half a century earlier, had left their Frankfurt ghetto, each to make his own individual spectacular fortune in as many different countries. Partially paralyzed in a hunting accident in England, Nathaniel retired from banking to become a proud, not to say aggressive landowner in the Médoc. Not only was he bent on improving the wines of the freshly rechristened Château Mouton-Rothschild; he also sanguinely assumed the cudgels of an ancient contest between Mouton and the adjacent Château Lafite, at the time nominally owned by the head of a British bank covering for a bankrupt Dutchman. For years nearly every evaluation of wines circulated in Bordeaux had rated Lafite (both qualitatively and commercially) ahead of Mouton and three close runners-up. Baron Nathaniel had faith in his new vineyard and set his mind on changing things.

THE Classification of 1855—the list that is still official today and continues to be a prime source of discussion, dispute, even acrimony—was prepared at the request of Napoleon III, who wanted to show off France's finest at his forthcoming Paris Exposition. Informal classifications had been made before, but the compilation of an official one was a touchy matter, a responsibility calculated to lose friends and make enemies.



The Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce, to which the Emperor assigned the task, logically wanted no part of it, nor did anyone else. Thus the Chamber evasively passed the buck to the *courtiers* of the *Bourse*—the accountants who handled all local financial transactions relating to wines.

It is highly doubtful if these men of finance—few of them connoisseurs or experts—bothered much with tasting the submitted samples. Selecting sixty-one vineyards of the Médoc and one of neighboring Graves (Château Haut-Brion), which they divided into five categories or *crus*, they based their list realistically on the prices the wines had brought on the open market over the years. This led to Lafite's being ranked at the top, with Margaux, Latour and Haut-Brion following. Mouton was a close fifth, but for some inexplicable reason the *courtiers* drew a line after the first four, designating them as *Premiers Crus*, and placing Mouton at the top of the *Seconds*. Baron Nathaniel was incensed: to his way of thinking the classification obviously had not been made on the basis of merit. Aping Rohan's *"Roi ne peux, Prince ne veux,"* he forthwith ordered new labels bearing the motto: *"Premier ne puis; second ne daigne; Mouton suis!"* (I can't be first; second I spurn; I am Mouton!")

THE flush of Nathaniel's fury hardly had time to pale before, seemingly, fresh insult was added to injury. Although many a writer has made hay out of the Rothschild rivalry, it has never been established that such was the motive of Baron James, head of the French branch of the family (and both brother-in-law and uncle of Nathaniel), when he decided to acquire Lafite. The Dutchman had died, and the English bank put the Château up at auction in 1868.

James never went to Lafite, either before or after the purchase; nor was he a connoisseur of wines. Mr. Ray tells the story of how James once sought to enliven an evening with a despondent Heine. Digging into his cellar again and again for something that might cheer his friend, the last (and presumably best) bottle produced was a Lacrima Christi, a minor wine from the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Heine gloomily remarked, "Do you know why this wine is called Lacrima Christi? These are Christ's tears, because he weeps at the sight of two wicked Jews drinking such a precious wine." The poet, too, evidently lacked a certain sophistication in wines.

In all probability James's craving for Lafite owed to his being the avid collector that he was, as well as an astute investor. With the wine now indelibly established as the finest of Bordeaux and perhaps of all France (Burgundy was far less in circulation in that day, espe-

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cially in England), Lafite was logically both a good investment and a collector's item, provided one could afford it. James had only to outwit a syndicate of Bordeaux merchants which had been formed to stave off outside or "foreign" ownership of its greatest vineyard; he ended by pocketing the prize for five million francs.

Even so, it was a staggering sum for that day, only two comparable prices in the world of wines having ever approached it: once when the Prince of Conti snatched that minuscule Burgundian jewel, the vineyard of Romanée-Conti, from under the nose of Mme. de Pompadour; on another occasion when four casks of 1847 Château d'Yquem were bought by the Tsar's brother for the equivalent of $10,000. As proof that the investment in Lafite was high, it is significant that the venture earned no dividend for its first eighty years, even though the wines have consistently brought the highest prices for Bordeaux. It is 1959 Lafite that today is selling for $25 a bottle.

Needless to say, the present owners of the two vineyards are still Rothschild descendants, but the rivalry of old has settled down. After a hundred years Lafite now rests more firmly than ever on its unassailable peak; and though Baron Philippe of Mouton vows that his life's ambition is to see his wine made a *Premier Cru*, he has no ideas about storming the heights, as did his ancestor Nathaniel.

IT must be added that Mr. Ray's rambling but highly readable book is not written in defense of Lafite, none being needed. But in subtly pointing out that most of the agitators who would change the classification are the disgruntled have-nots who would settle for selling their wines on prestige rather than on intrinsic value, Mr. Ray does the wine-drinking public a distinct service. Actually, there are few *Bordelais* who feel that with one or two exceptions (such as Château Beychevelle, a most undeserved *Quatrième Cru*) the 1855 classification could be much improved. Wines are basically the result of soils and exposures. The skill of man enters the picture for better or worse (sometimes bettering the price). Yet man's skill, being transient and temporal, is no criterion for changing the list. More sensibly, consider, as Mr. Ray suggests, all the classified *crus* of the Médoc as members of the same noble family, and seek out one's favorites by tempering taste with pocketbook. For many of us this is sound advice. It has the same refreshingly practical ring as the counsel of Baron Elie, today's proprietor of Lafite, when he attacks wine snobbery in general: "The best way to treat and drink claret is to pull out the cork and lap it up."

Glimpses of the Gaels

***Conamara Man**, by Seamus Ridge (Prentice-Hall. 207 pp. $5.95), depicts a vanished way of life in turn-of-the-century Ireland. W. H. A. Williams, who lectures in American history at University College, Dublin, is Irish correspondent for the Baltimore Sun.*

By W. H. A. WILLIAMS

THE WESTERN COAST of Ireland is broken into a series of jagged peninsulas grasping at the Atlantic like granite fingers seeking to pull the island into further isolation. Yet from these fingers has flowed much of Ireland's vitality. Over the century since the Great Famine the bulk of the island's emigrants were from the once-overcrowded West, and with these people went much of the native language. Today only pockets of Gaelic-speaking communities remain. Although most of them are now bilingual, it is still difficult for the non-Gaelic-speaker to penetrate the folk culture they so tenuously preserve. *Conamara Man* provides a unique glimpse of this way of life as it was half a century ago.

Séamus Moc Con Lomaine, or Seamus Ridge, was born around 1900 in the Irish-speaking community of Muighinis (pronounced Mweenish), an island in that portion of County Galway rather loosely termed Connemara (Ridge uses an older spelling). He wrote several works in Gaelic, but this posthumous collection of anecdotes and reminiscences is, I believe, his only book in English.

It presents a peculiar problem. In *Conamara Man* Mr. Ridge attempts to render into English the rhythms and metaphors of the Gaelic language. This has been tried before by such writers as Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and John Millington Synge, who, while not native speakers of Gaelic, were skilled artists in English. With Mr. Ridge, however, the brogue is on the other foot. For him English is a second language; he uses it accurately enough, but his idiom is too "genteel" and lacking in spontaneity to keep up with his Irish imagination, and this results occasionally in such greeting-card clichés as "The lark with her trilling sweet melody soars on high in the clear blue heavens." Moreover, Mr. Ridge's English lacks the subtlety necessary to convey the mood of the Gaelic. His translations are frequently too literal, giving his style a precious, Synge-song quality, charming perhaps but not to be taken very seriously.

Fortunately, there is no question about the authenticity of Ridge's material or his ability to make the people and events he describes come vividly alive. The bulk of *Conamara Man* comprises dozens of miniature portraits of the islanders as they work and play, love and marry, live and die.

The book provides a fascinating pic-

"I have deep perceptive thoughts, but I can't get them into sentences."

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ture of the peculiar mingling of ancient pre-Christian customs with Catholicism. A newly-built house may be blessed by a priest, but before a single spade of earth is turned, the foundations must be marked out with piles of stones for three consecutive nights, in case the site lies across a Fairy Trail. If the stones are disturbed, the house must be constructed elsewhere.

This mixture of paganism and Catholicism is perhaps responsible for the almost casual balancing of life and death in Gaelic society. The old Irish wake may seem macabre to the outsider, but it represents an adjustment to death that is in many ways much healthier than ours. The presence of the corpse does not inhibit the mourners from telling stories, singing songs, and even dancing (not to mention kicking up an odd row) in order to while away the long vigil. Yet as soon as the weird *Ochones*—the lamentations of the keeners—begin, the mood of genuine grief returns with profound force.

The Conamara folk live in an easy and intimate relationship with the deepest mysteries of life—too easy at times to please the priests. One of the funniest sections of Ridge's book concerns the custom of holding "Stations" or saying mass in private homes. One female enthusiast, in her eagerness to be first in line for confession, was tripped up by a fishnet and, with her petticoats over her head, revealed far more than spiritual zeal to the priest. In the ensuing confusion the holy water was spilled and it was only with great difficulty that order was restored.

Such ructions are never far below the surface of even the most solemn occasion. The majority of the incidents Ridge describes, however, are more low-keyed. Like the traditional *seanachaidhe,* or storyteller, he knows that the charm of a tale lies in the telling, not in the punch line.

Conamara Man ends with the author's decision to emigrate to America, following the road of hundreds of thousands of his compatriots who left their mountains, lakes, seas, and skies for the grim tenements and teeming sidewalks of Boston, New York, and Chicago. In that terrible transformation from countryman to industrial worker in foreign cities the Gaelic language was lost and Gaelic folkways degenerated into the sentimental, tinseled trappings of Irish-Americana.

If one reads *Conamara Man* with this in mind one can sense the pathos behind its pages. The essential Irish experience has been one of leave-taking, loss, falling away, accompanied by a desperate effort at remembrance. Much of the life Mr. Ridge has recalled for us is gone. What remains, having somehow survived into the twentieth century, will hardly last until the twenty-first.

Hawk of Israel

Moshe Dayan: A Biography, *by Naphtali Lau-Lavie (Hartmore House. 223 pp. $4.95), traces the impact of this warrior on Middle East events. Gertrude Samuels, who has often covered Israel as a staff writer for The New York Times, wrote two books about it, the latest of which is "The Secret of Gonen."*

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

THE SABRAS OF ISRAEL, who comprise a sort of élite generation among the Jews of the world, have lived since birth with the realities of the Middle East. Named for the local cactus, they speak and act with the passion and conviction of those born to the land and language—and many have been cactus-thorny in the side of older and not always wiser men. The most colorful and controversial of these Sabra leaders is the world-famous, one-eyed warrior, Moshe Dayan.

Grandson of a Ukrainian rabbi, a farmer, archealogist, and statesman, Dayan is, above all, the central character and brilliant military commander who, in June 1967, unified a country grown angry and alarmed by the hesitancy in high places, and helped Israel to another dramatic, lightning victory in the Six-Day War. The daring and decisiveness of the "hawk of Israel," as Dayan has been called, are ingrained in this fifty-four-year-old general, who likes to say that Israel's foreign policy is easy to understand: it is "to live." Live Israel did, with Dayan's aid during its three gravest trials—the 1948 War of Independence; the 1956 Sinai Campaign, which, with David Ben-Gurion, he helped to mastermind and win in five days; and the Six-Day War.

Dayan had been groomed by Ben-Gurion to be his political heir, for the young Sabra's charisma and strategy strongly appealed to the forceful nature of "B-G," now in retirement in Kibbutz Sde Boker. But the dream continues to be frustrated by the political realities. Much of that is brought out in this restrained, factual biography by Naphtali Lau-Lavie, political correspondent for the Tel Aviv daily, *Ha'aretz.* Born in Kibbutz Degania in the swampy Jordan Valley, Moshe Dayan was named after a member of the communal farm who had been murdered by Arab marauders. From early youth Dayan knew both sword and ploughshare—at the age of twelve, he was in the self-defense organization, Haganah; at eighteen he was grooming recruits; at twenty-two he was aide-de-camp to Captain Orde Wingate, a British Army intelligence officer who was training Jewish commandos. From Wingate (who later died in Burma fighting the Japanese) Dayan learned the techniques for which he became renowned—swift mobility and the sharp thrusts into the saboteur bases before the enemy could attack.

At agricultural school he met his future wife, Ruth Schwarz, the daughter of a Jerusalem lawyer, and after a London honeymoon the couple farmed at the cooperative settlement Nahalal. British pressure on the Haganah resulted in Dayan's being sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Acre. But after two years—during which he learned Arabic dialects and perfected his English—he was released to help the British against the Vichy French forces collaborating with Hitler in Syria and Lebanon. Dayan's unit actually guided the Allied forces into Lebanon. It was during a battle in this area, as he stood on the roof of a police station, that Moshe Dayan lost his eye: he raised his field-glasses in search of enemy snipers and a bullet hit the left lens, driving it into his eye socket. The black eye-patch quickly became as famous as Churchill's cigar and B-G's foaming white hair.

Lau-Lavie obviously admires Dayan as a national hero but he is not comfortable with his subject, and unfortunately lacks the style that would bring this colorful, complex human being—a loner, a charmer of women, as well as a warrior —to life. The rather dry journalistic cataloguing of places and events of Dayan's careers falls short of the vivid, striking, even unnerving recollections of Moshe Dayan that millions of television viewers in the West must already have at firsthand. For example, Dayan is a witty, articulate, straightforward man who speaks his mind—but there are few direct quotes attributed to him (or anyone else) to flesh the general out as a living, human being.

At one point the author writes of Dayan's submitting a "poetically" written, colorfully detailed report of a particularly tough operation—but fails to document the item with citations from it. Again, after the general's return from Vietnam, where he went as a foreign correspondent, the author reports that Dayan "had much to say on the subject" —but we were not told what. All is paraphrase. (Dayan's own frank book, *Diary of the Sinai Campaign,* is helpful in revealing his mind.)

The extraordinary groundswell for the appointment of Moshe Dayan as Defense Minister forced the old guard to quit its in-fighting and call him back into office in that terrible week of June 1967—yet fewer than a dozen pages sketch this historical event and the Six-Day War itself. I was astonished to find

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that U Thant is not even mentioned, though the Secretary-General was under heavy criticism in Israel and abroad for removing the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) from the armistice line in the Gaza Strip and Sharm el Sheikh, an action that preceded—some believe brought on—the Six-Day War. David Ben-Gurion is one who thinks this.

In the array of pictures showing Dayan with his family and public figures, including Arabs and prime ministers, not one is of him with his beloved mentor, Ben-Gurion. The oversight is, at least, interesting.

Paragons

Jews, Justice and Judaism, *by Robert St. John (Doubleday 390 pp. $6.95), stresses the egalitarianism of the Jews since antiquity. Robert J. Milch, an editor for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is the author of "How to Be an American Jew," to be published next month by Thomas Yoseloff.*

By ROBERT J. MILCH

A USEFUL WORK ON THE JEWS in America might take several forms: it could be a comprehensive narrative of the origins and development of the Jewish community in this country; or it could be an analysis of the role Jews have played, for good or ill, in the evolution of American society; or it could be a look inside American Jewry, showing how Jews and Judaism have responded to their American environment, and why distinctive changes in the fabric of Jewish life have occurred here.

Unfortunately, *Jews, Justice and Judaism*, by Robert St. John, successfully manages none of these things, and as a result, though well written and often interesting, particularly in its colorful account of the early centuries of American Jewish history, it is a book of little value, marred by defects both of content and of viewpoint.

First, there are numerous factual errors, some admittedly minor, revealing that the author's grasp, despite his many previous writings on Jewish subjects, is not equal to his ambition, as is also indicated by the meager list of sources listed in his bibliography. To cite only one example: In almost every European country Christian ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages and later initiated or condoned the censorship and burning of the Talmud and other Jewish texts; it is simply untrue to assert, as St. John does, that non-Jews never interfered with Jewish Talmud study.

Even more serious are a number of curious omissions. A capsule biography of Morris Hillquit, for instance, does not mention that he was one of the foremost leaders of the American Socialist Party. A biography of David Dubinsky does not mention his part in founding the Liberal Party. A superficial account of Conservative and Reform Judaism hardly comes near explaining the origins of these major American Jewish denominations, while Orthodox Judaism, Jewish socialism, Jewish secularism, and an ethnic conception of Jewish peoplehood, especially in its connection with Zionism, are almost ignored, except as peculiar aberrations among newly arrived immigrants. For that matter, there is no mention at all of the problems confronting the present-day American Jewish community and of the terrible banality that characterizes so much of middle-class Jewish private and institutional life. Partly, it would seem, that is all to be explained by St. John's theory of what the Jewish people are and how they ought to be described, a theory that he supports even to the extent of twisting evidence, as in his distortion of an anecdote from the Midrash on Lamentations to demonstrate the antiquity of Jewish advocacy of racial equality.

Robert St. John is certainly a friend of the Jews, but he seems to think that the Jewish people are a kind of non-sectarian fellowship of freethinkers and intellectuals who down through the ages, despite adversity, have dedicated themselves to the sole task of keeping the Democratic Way alive. Using criteria inferred from this book, one might conclude that Thomas Jefferson was a Jew but one couldn't be too sure about, say, Israel Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Hassidism. In this light St. John's claim that the Jews were fighting McCarthyism a thousand years ago, whatever that means, is not surprising, nor is his apparent assertion that quasi-democratic guarantees of free speech in ancient Israel protected the right of the prophets to preach unpopular doctrines, which is demonstrably false, and, moreover, an illegitimate application to the past of a relatively modern ideological concept.

Had this work been written by a Jewish author it would, very likely, be described as complacent and self-serving, and its bland picture of Judaism would be castigated as unnecessarily defensive. In short, it would be seen as typifying a genre of Jewish literature more familiar a few decades ago, when some Jews eagerly sought to prove that they did not differ in any significant way from other Americans, except in being more fervently American, and implied that they were, in fact, not Jews at all, as the word Jew had been known for centuries, but a "purified" new breed perhaps best described by a term like "Americans of the Mosaic persuasion." In this connection it is worth repeating St. John's comment on the arrival in the United States in the 1930s of numerous German-Jewish scientists and intellectuals: ". . . *these* immigrants could not possibly be a source of embarrassment for anyone."

St. John's eulogy of the Jews is warm and admiring but it is not history. However well intended, his treatment of the Jews as paragons does little honor to their diversity as individuals and to their humanness. He glosses over Jewish failings, for reasons I am sure that are both high-minded and wrong; does not discuss much that is good in the Jewish achievement; and seems blind to the full dimensions of the Jewish genius. Without implying that Jewish standards of law and justice and Jewish contributions to American jurisprudence and egalitarianism are any less than what St. John shows them to be, it is not carping to suggest that there is more to the Jewish people than he ever hints at, and that the real Jewish experience is much, much richer than anything in his pages.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GERMANGLISH

Each of the missing words is the German for the word at its left, as well as an English equivalent of the word at its right (for example—*left*: LINK: *connection*). Dora M. Hertz sends us this workout from Mannheim-Feudenheim, W. Germany. *Antworten* on page 75.

shop	_____	burdened	skirt	_____	boulder
burden	_____	final	good	_____	intestine
beer	_____	coffin stand	letter	_____	short
light	_____	underworld	has	_____	headgear
am	_____	container	lay	_____	linger
eleven	_____	sprite	day	_____	label

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A Milestone for Children's Books

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

YES, OF COURSE you all know by now that the National Book Committee has established an award for a children's book and that the first winner was Meindert DeJong for *Journey from Peppermint Street* (Harper & Row, $4.50; *SR*, Nov. 9). It is a small news item to most readers, but to those of us who are in love with children's books it is a milestone.

For years there had been discussion of the possibility of a prize that would admit children's books as a part of the national literature, supplementing—rather than competing with—the distinction conferred by the Newbery and Caldecott awards. It was, therefore, with a shock of pleasure but not surprise that I learned of this addition to the National Book Awards. Along with the eminent poet John Ciardi and Virginia Haviland, head of the children's book section of the Library of Congress, I received an invitation to judge the candidates for the honor.

Our way was made smooth by the indefatigable organizational ability of the committee's executive director, Peter Jennison, and by the executive director of the Children's Book Council, John Donovan. The award was to be given for "a children's book by a U.S. citizen, originated in the U.S. and published in the calendar year 1968." The judges were to select a book whose distinctiveness of thought or spirit was reflected in its literary expression; there were no limitations of genre or of reading level. Publishers submitted titles, although we were free to choose others, and a prolific correspondence ensued, of which the Xerox Corporation was the immediate beneficiary. By the time Virginia Haviland and I met in Washington in January for a conference call with John Ciardi, we were ready to pick the finalists—not without rueful thoughts about other books.

Came the dawn. Like the other NBA judges, we met in New York to arrive at a final choice, and were asked to compose a citation for the winner. Deep thinking, furious scribbling. Each of us made the same comments, we discovered, but there was no question about whose version to use. (Maybe writers write better?) John Ciardi said, in part, "Mr. DeJong has the gift of summoning child-marvelous experiences to his narrative, yet of containing them in his sure sense of childhood."

The citation was read by John Lorenz, Deputy Librarian of Congress and master of ceremonies for the occasion, on March 12, as Meindert DeJong joined the six other NBA winners on the stage of Philharmonic Hall. He didn't say so, but when he went to Europe to receive the Hans Christian Andersen Medal, an international award, it was a visit to Wierum, his birthplace in the Netherlands, that inspired *Journey from Peppermint Street*. What Mr. DeJong did say was, "Certainly, in terms of adult experience, the child's world and the world of children's literature are limited worlds. But it is in that very limitation that the writer for children finds his joy and his challenge and his untrammeled creativity." Quoting Braque, he added, "Limitation of means determines style, engenders form and new form, and gives impulse to creativity."

NOW that children's literature has gained a new kind of national recognition and has received long-merited status, one hopes that someday there may be a prize for children's poetry or for biography for young people. It was gratifying to see the cordiality with which the other finalists (Lloyd Alexander, Patricia Clapp, Esther Hautzig, and Milton Meltzer) congratulated Meindert DeJong and to recognize the pride expressed by many editors both in the establishment of the award and in its first recipient.

"What's left?" Maurice Sendak, who has illustrated many of DeJong's books, teased the winner. "Poor man, you've already won this, and the Newbery, and the Andersen." "Happens every seven years," said the ebullient DeJong, and shoved a paper napkin over. "Give me my first drawing lesson—there's still the Caldecott."

The Birth of Sunset's Kittens. *By Carla Stevens. Photographs by Leonard Stevens. Scott.* 44 *pp.* $3.95. Especially good for the child who has never seen the wonderful process of animal birth, this simple, accurate book depicts the beginning of life for four wet, bedraggled kittens. The illustrations show the mother cat tenderly caring for her litter, while the text explains with neither sentimentality nor coyness what is happening; the young have been in the uterus, they emerge in the amniotic sac, the cat grooms them and disposes of the afterbirth. In some of the photographs an absorbed child is watching, but the pictures are unposed. An excellent job of straightforward treatment. Ages 5-8.

The Fish from Japan. *By Elizabeth K. Cooper. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Disbelief needn't be suspended here, but a small sagging of the credulity barrier will help. Would a classroom full of children really think an empty glass jar had a fish in it? They do think so, because they convince themselves that the fish from Japan which Harvey had been promised by an uncle is in the jar. Harvey, who had expected a real fish and received a paper kite, calmly foists the fraud in a moment of inspiration; the teacher, with knowing eye and understanding heart, says nothing. The story has a bubbling humor, the children couldn't be more real, and the handling of an imaginative child's stretching of the truth is tactful. Ages 5-8.

Jake. *By Tamara Kitt. Illustrated by Brinton Turkle. Abelard-Schuman.* 40 *pp.* $3.75. Although the more familiar versions of the Epaminondas story are in a flowing style that is better for reading aloud and for storytelling, this adaptation for the beginning reader is not without appeal. Aided by the engaging illustrations, the book has a sprightly humor, and the rhyming text is shown in balloons. Jake, sent by his mother on various errands to his granny, takes literally every instruction that mother gives. Scolded for squashing a cake and told he should have carried it on his head, the agreeable little animal, a skunk brings back some butter the next time. On his head, and completely melted. This can be read aloud to very young children, but is primarily for ages 6-7.

George Washington's Breakfast. *By Jean Fritz. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Coward-McCann.* 44 *pp.* $3.75. You wouldn't think it was possible to make a story about the problems of historical research interesting, much less funny, but Jean Fritz does it. As Washington's namesake, George is bent on acquiring all the information he can about his hero. He asks his grandmother what G.W. ate for breakfast. "Search me," says that sprightly lady. "That was before my time." But she agrees to cook a Washingtonian breakfast if George can find out what it comprised. The whole family and the local librarian get involved, and eventually Grandma gets stuck with making a reasonable facsimile of hoecakes—in the fireplace. The historical details are precise, the style is yeasty, the illustrations are lively, and Grandma is a living doll. Ages 7-10.

A Girl Called Al. *By Constance C. Greene. Illustrated by Byron Barton. Viking.* 127 *pp.* $3.95. "Al is a little on the fat side, which is why I didn't like her at first . . . Al says she doesn't love her mother that much . . . She has a very high I.Q., she says . . . She's not my mother's cup of tea, whatever that means." The friendship between two seventh-grade girls is cemented by their common admiration for Mr. Richards, the assistant superintendent of the building and a man to add to your list of Unforgettable Characters. Blossoming in the warmth of Mr. Richards's grandfatherly kindness, Al begins to relax the rigid defenses she has erected. The writing style is delightful, the characterization deft, and the

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story is permeated with an amused understanding of just exactly what it is that little girls are made of. Ages 8-10.

Plants That Eat Animals. *By Linna Bentley. Illustrated by Colin Threadgall. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. In the prolific and diversified plant world, there are only twelve carnivorous plants, and they are described in fascinating detail in a sturdy book that is simply written and neatly organized. The illustrations show, in dramatic detail, the functioning of the baited traps and the first steps in the plants' digestion of the insects or small animals that have been lured by color or nectar. A list of botanical gardens where such plants may be seen is appended. Ages 8-10.

The Roe Deer. *By Astrid Bergman Sucksdorff. Translated from the Swedish by Alan Tapsell. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 50 *pp.* $3.50. Black-and-white photographs of the graceful roe deer capture important moments in the life cycle: the summer battling of the bucks, the courtship ritual, the birth of the fawns, and the mother's tender, watchful care of her young. The writing is straightforward and factual, but the pictures of dappled woodlands and charming fawns, stilt-legged, gentle, and luminous of eye, make this a poem in prose. Ages 8-10.

One to Grow On. *By Jean Little. Illustrated by Jerry Lazare. Little, Brown.* 140 *pp.* $4.50. The trouble with Janie Chisholm was that she told lies. She resented the fact that the members of her family doubted her word even though she knew they had a right to do so. It wasn't till she met another girl who was a habitual liar that Janie realized how unhappy Lisa made those around her, and she tried to change her own ways. Janie's big step towards maturity came, however, while she was on vacation and her hostess brought Lisa for a surprise birthday visit. Facing the necessity to accept the flaws in another person, Janie displayed a new understanding and charity. The story flows easily, and the characterization and relationships are especially vivid in the depiction of shifting allegiance in Janie's circle of friends and in the warm, realistic family scenes. Ages 9-11.

The Trojan Horse. *By James Reeves. Illustrated by Krystyna Turska. Watts.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. What was the marvelous giant horse that the Greeks had left on the beach? Surely it was an offering to Athena, an exchange for a safe voyage home? The Greek spy, Sinon, convinces the Trojans that to have the horse within their walls will mean victory when the Greeks return. That is the way Ilias remembers the beginning of Troy's downfall, a tragedy that happened when he was ten. The personal narrative gives the familiar story an awful immediacy, and the author's rugged, spare, eloquent style accords with the tale. The illustrations are superb in the use of color, striking in composition, and powerful in mood. Ages 8-10.

The Weathermonger. *By Peter Dickinson. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 216 *pp.* $4.95. Written, the author says, "for bright children who like adventures." *The Weathermonger* is, he notes, "a peculiar book." For bright children who like adventures, yes. Peculiar, no. It's a deft mixture of fantasy and realism, written with flair; the characters come alive and the plot has suspense and originality. Geoffrey, sixteen, is a weathermonger who cannot understand his own power but finds that he is regarded as a witch in an England that has somehow, five years in the future, reverted to medieval times. He escapes to France and is returned with his younger sister, to trace the source of the mysterious force that controls the country. Smash ending. Ages 10-13.

Black Jack. *By Leon Garfield. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. Pantheon.* 243 *pp.* $4.50. Once again Garfield brings back the rogues and rapscallions of England in 1750, in a romantic, swashbuckling tale that has a wonderfully vivacious villain, a pure Billy Budd for a hero, and a fey, mad girl who recovers her sanity in the warmth of a boy's love. Rattling around the countryside with a kindly quack, young Tolly and his haunted Belle are trapped and bedeviled by Black Jack. The characters and the dialect of the period have a Dickensian rotundity without being imitative; the pace is brisk, and the rich, rolling style is perfectly suited to the fascinating excesses of the pure adventure tale. Ages 11-14.

Goal!: My Life on Ice. *By Rod Gilbert with Stan Fischler and Hal Bock. Hawthorn.* 181 *pp.* $4.95. In the average sports autobiography, the heavy hand of the professional co-author is usually evident in the style and the tone of the writing, but this one has an unassuming, low-keyed manner that is pleasant if not distinguished. Gilbert's story is more dramatic than most because of his injuries—few hockey players return to professional competition after suffering a broken back. The book is also more diverse than most because it includes so much material concerning other players. An appended section gives, in lengthy detail, information about the game; there are basic rules for new fans and more intricate discussions of strategy for veterans. Ages 11 up.

The Many Ways of Seeing: An Introduction to the Pleasures of Art. *By Janet Gaylord Moore. World.* 141 *pp.* $7.95. An artist and staff member of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Janet Moore has produced a superlative book for young people and adults, describing with authoritative discernment the ways in which artists in all media use pattern, form, color, and line to interpret what they see and feel. She discusses techniques and media, art movements, the relationship of art to the society in which it exists, and intersperses her sage comments with suggestions to the reader for experimenting and for visiting museums. The reproductions, which are well chosen and well placed, are identified in an appendix; the bibliography is diversified and extensive. Ages 13 up.

What a Way to Run the Tribe: Selected Articles 1948-67. *By James Cameron. McGraw-Hill.* 347 *pp.* $6.95. Somehow or other, the author says, "these files do contrive to evoke a kind of snatched and crystallized impression of history leaking swiftly on. . . ." And in his observations of the feats and follies of men and nations during a distinguished journalistic career James Cameron does indeed evoke a massive sense of history. The articles are grouped: the United Kingdom, Europe, the Americas, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East; the comments are candid, knowledgeable, acute, often bitter, almost always humorous. The book would be profitable and enjoyable even if it were not written with a delightful urbanity, but it is an added pleasure to come across such courtly barbs as, "The BBC is . . . about the last repository of this kind of old-world fustian in which royal occurrences of numbing banality are defined with the exalted admiration that anyone else would save for a successful Disarmament Conference." For young adults.

The FBI in Our Open Society. *By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. Norton.* 400 *pp.* $6.95. Objective in tone but passionate in conviction, this is an intensive and extensive defense of the FBI and of J. Edgar Hoover, a book for which the Overstreets have been collecting material and examining documents for more than a decade. Their contention that derogatory books and articles on the Bureau have been misleading is substantiated by a scrupulous examination of files, tapes and official documents from which statements have been quoted out of context or in which hearsay evidence has been repeated as fact. The role of the FBI in civil rights, organized crime, and KKK activity is discussed in minute detail, as are the structure and operation of the Bureau. Almost tedious by its very weight and solemnity, the book is lightened by an occasional moment of acid humor, such as a reference to Attorney General Palmer as a man who "combined within his own person an overdose of the spirit of the times and a will to propel himself into the limelight as the very model of a modern anti-radical." For young adults.

—*From "Jake."*

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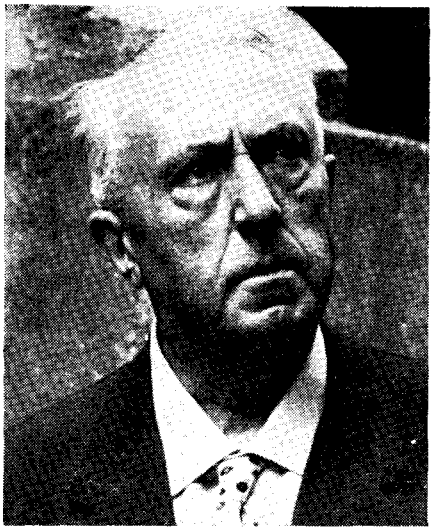
Demons in Graustark

Acquainted with Grief, *by Carlo Emilio Gadda, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Braziller. 244 pp. $6.95), caricatures the author and his Oedipus complex. Robert J. Clements is director of comparative literature at New York University's graduate school.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS


Carlo Emilio Gadda—"obscurity"

Carlo Gadda is living proof that a clever novelist can fail to achieve popular success without necessarily winning critical plaudits. Born in 1893, schooled as an engineer in his native Milan, after World War I he abandoned technology to write tales and novels that were always slightly in advance of his time. His original and difficult works elicited from critics such dubious adjectives as "macaronic," "grotesque," and "baroque." Almost as early as Svevo and Joyce he was composing psychological narratives. While at work on *Acquainted with Grief*, Gadda published in 1957 his best-known work, *Quer pasticciaccio bruto de Via Merulana* (translated into English as *That Awful Mess on Via Merulana*). Based on a *fait-divers* of 1927, it concerned the killing of a humble Roman woman, and delved into the sordid milieu in which she had lived. The moral bankruptcy of the *petit bourgeois* types whose testimony (in Roman dialect) to the police bulks out the novel illustrates how normally vicious people were even more degraded by the beginnings of fascism.

In *Acquainted with Grief (La Cognizione del dolore)*, finally published by Einaudi in 1963, Gadda once again obliges the reader to meet him on his own intellectual and moral terms. His world is inhabited this time not by the degenerate populace of a large metropolis but by the ignorant peasantry of a rural South American Graustark. Their habits, superstitions, and passions serve as a background to the minimal plot. Instead of the dialect of Trastevere these country bumpkins speak Spanish and a comic-relief "Keltic-Turkassian" idiom not to be found on any linguistic atlas. This allows Gadda to indulge his veritable mania for patois.

Gadda worked on this caricature of himself and his Oedipus complex until almost his seventieth year before he felt that it was ready for print. He and his now-deceased mother appear as Don Gonzalo, a moderately well-to-do *hacendado* in the country of Maradagàl, irascible, antisocial, fortyish, and living in seclusion, and the doting matriarch whom he mistreats and abuses. Through this thinly veiled autobiographical situation Gadda proceeds to expiate many failings: resentment of his mother, who was widowed young; sibling jealousy (Gadda's brother was killed in World War I); pride, and anger. Three other faults slowly emerge as Don Gonzalo is on occasion compared to the protagonists of Molière's *L'Avare, Le Misanthrope,* and *Le Malade imaginaire.* Just why Gadda felt called upon to exorcise these several demons in a novel we are not told. The third part, which culminates in the brutal slaying of the elderly mother, was never published in Italian, and William Weaver, his able translator, had to coax the manuscript from Gadda.

A few lackluster characters mill around the mother and son: a physician who would like to unload one of his marriageable daughters on Don Gonzalo, the night watchman Mahagones, who feigns deafness to collect a disability pension, the feudal landowner Trabatta, a marquis, and sundry peasants and rustic girls. The plot is absurdly simple: the tense, uneasy cohabitation of mother and son ends with the abrupt departure of Gonzalo and the ensuing murder of the Señora, unjust and pointless (Sartre would define it as *con*). It is almost an achievement of the absurd that although only two principals occupy most of the story, we never feel that we know them. The son rarely speaks in direct discourse; usually Gadda protectively summarizes what he said. The exorcising is timid. The point of Gidean sincerity is not reached.

It was no doubt this timidity that led Gadda to place his familial allegory not in Lombardy (the setting of his *Adalgisa*), but on the green continent where Gadda had once worked as a civil engineer. The book loses by this transplantation. The entire frame of reference is patently Italian, requiring redundant footnotes pointing out that Maradagàl is really Italy, Néa Keltiké is really Lombardy, Pastrufazio is really Milan, and so on. Some readers will be unwilling to meet Gadda on his eccentric terms. All

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the saints, peasants, churches, streets, beverages, cheeses, and historical references are Italian saints, peasants, churches, etc. Just as Gadda's hero Rabelais kept forgetting that his hero Gargantua was a giant, Gadda keeps forgetting that his Italians are South Americans.

Nor is Gadda's Spanish consistent phonetically or orthographically with real Spanish. The names of many secondary characters, like those manufactured by Gadda's contemporary Ugo Betti, seem to have been invented by a computer programmed in the Balkans. What a pity that Gadda's honesty did not lead him to make this into a fine Lombard novel.

There are other derelictions of the novelist's responsibilities. Grotesque caricature and playful hyperbole reduce the effectiveness and the irony. As mentioned above, Gadda is unwilling to accord to his characters their own freedom of speech. Not the least of his faults is his habit of obscurity. For example:

> If he the son ventured some word of reproach at that olfactory exhibition of the valerianates, formates, and caprylates of the Serruchón, God forbid! The peon's reflexes could be easily predicted; first of all a gesticular and facial mimicry of a distinctly hebephrenic character, accompanied by intestinal borborygms of a paleo-Celtic ventriloquy . . .

In any case, if the plot and the characters are not very intriguing, the author himself is. I suppose that's how Gadda wanted it, for he remains upstage throughout.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1341

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1341 will be found in the next issue.

JU JO MKUVDXVTJSDVL UX EZDU DS MKGMSOM XB UJRM DST RXSML GMXGYM EJYY WX JS XVTMV UX WMU OXRMUZJSW BXV SXUZJSW.

—VXNMVU YLST

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1340

We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbors.

—G. K. CHESTERTON.

Nature as Status

Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room, *by Janet Frame (Braziller, 248 pp. $5.95), concerns an English emigrant to New Zealand whose "return from the dead" makes him an object of fear and embarrassment to the normal world. Muriel Haynes is a free-lance critic.*

By MURIEL HAYNES

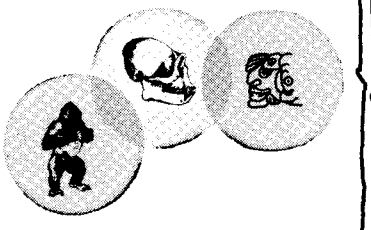
THE NEW ZEALAND NOVELIST Janet Frame is an obsessed mourner at the grave of the ancient mysteries that once linked the individual and his group in a tradition of man's oneness with the universe. Her latest book seems intended as a parable of our grievous separation from the mythic past. Yet its hold on the form is shaky; I find it more satisfying when read as an inquiry—by a compulsively directed poetic imagination—into the darkness that lies beneath our supposed enlightenment. Story is not so much sidestepped as skewed to serve the author's preoccupations: reversals of symbolic meaning; contradictions in our perception of what is real (sanity, health) and what is illusion (madness, disease); death in life and its opposite.

The narrative derives from a rite of initiation. The adventurer crosses the threshold into the unknown and returns, radically transformed, to be reborn. The modern world, however, does not "permit" the regenerative cycle to be completed. The voyager's new knowledge threatens a temporal society that exalts utility above all, and he is cast out, for he has lost material value. "Everything could be worked out in money . . . it seemed easier to give all the responsibility of living and dying over to money. It's so hard to keep judging, weighing, testing, valuing what is invisible."

The man rejected is Godfrey Rainbird, a young, altogether unremarkable Englishman, a clerk in a tourist office, who has already moved, quite literally, to the other side of the world. Ten years earlier he had emigrated from London to New Zealand in search of warmth, space, and the life of salutary ease offered by a land of benign climate and fair shares for all. One night he is struck down by a car on the highway and, through a medical error, pronounced dead. When he awakens in the mortuary thirty-six hours later, Godfrey finds himself neither hero nor miracle, but an acute embarrassment to the normal world and, as time passes, an object of fear and finally contempt. He lives on, cut off from the sun's glow, in an icy purgatory of psychic arrest and split consciousness. Gradually his sphere as wage-earner, father, and husband is usurped and his domain shrinks to that of a cripple's chair.

Miss Frame's attitude toward her

"The proper study of mankind is man..."
—Alexander Pope



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homeland shows traces of the resentment of the ousted proprietor. It is not just from New Zealand but everywhere that the gods have been routed, to be replaced by the banners of the secular, competitive nation-state described by Joseph Campbell, "where every last vestige of the human heritage of ritual, morality and art is in full decay." But, whereas Campbell looks ahead to envision the task of the future hero, Janet Frame is steeped in nostalgia and, in her grief for man's betrayal of his sustaining myths, tends to slight present social and cultural complexities (for science and technology cannot be banished).

The author, however, freshens the now-familiar theme of spiritual impoverishment and infantilism by the sweep and sharpness of her observations of this part of the world she knows so thoroughly. No detail escapes her regarding the endless perversity by which nature's beneficence, its unifying religious presence, has been corrupted through a cult of Philistine pleasure-seeking and chauvinism. The "Antipodean room" of her title, the open stretch of an underpopulated physical paradise, translates to the smug isolation of one's own "section," the graveyard of community. "Where are the people?" wonders Godfrey's sister, arriving for the first time in Dunedin after leaving congested London. Hills, the expanse of harbor and sky, no longer whisper of eternity, but are objects of status, possessive pride in a view. Forests, weather, the profusion of flowers cater to an arrogant sense of superiority. "A healthy outdoor life" is the true blessedness and tourism its profitable end-product.

I DWELL on this background because I find it more persuasive of Miss Frame's special view of the world and simply more interesting than the story she has placed against it. A parable must convince not just in its latent meaning, but on the objective level. Since *Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room* is necessarily set in the present day, its plot runs counter to certain logical expecta-

tions to which the times entitle us. The events are improbable. Like the characters, who are flatly symbolic, they are contrived to the author's purpose. So the pleasure to be found in this book is in another sense its handicap: the omnipresence of the author's voice conducting an insistent, ever-sifting, ever-shredding monologue. It is an essentially literary voice which speaks even for her characters, taking charge of their thoughts and dialogue, though Miss Frame has, and occasionally uses, gifts of mimicry. Sometimes this voice is brilliant, as in Godfrey's "icy spelling," an invention of ruefully comic puns. Then again it is just funny in a homely, everyday sort of way, as when Miss Frame rings changes on the word-traps that lie in wait for the conversationalist who tries to avoid allusions to death.

Still, in the end, even the virtuosity wears thin. The line between the serious and the self-parodic in such a feverishly driven work is dangerously fine. Miss Frame does not entirely surmount this risk.

Work for Rachmaninoff Hands: There was a time when Myles Clarkson was intent on a career as a concert pianist, but an unsuccessful debut caused him to put that dream behind them. Now he is a free-lance journalist. He, his wife Paula, and their child live in Greenwich Village, where the goings-on may be a bit weird, but not so weird as the events in Fred Mustard Stewart's novel, *The Mephisto Waltz* (Coward-McCann, $4.95).

Myles is hopeful of getting a major interview with Duncan Ely, a world-famous pianist who has never been famous for his friendliness to reporters, and succeeds beyond his wildest expectations when Duncan sees Myles's hands —"Rachmaninoff hands." Myles not only gets his interview, but he and Paula are taken up by Duncan Ely and his coldly beautiful daughter, Roxanne, and swept into their posh circle of celebrities. With Ely's encouragement Myles returns to the piano.

And then Duncan Ely dies. Paula begins to notice changes in her husband. He no longer recognizes their secret love-words; he doesn't go to sleep in the same position as before. Little things, but . . .

This is as far as any reviewer should take a reader through the intricate plot of this gripping ride into a world of Satanism and black magic. It is fair to tell you that the novel is nearly impossible to put down, and has a nasty ending that will leave you either shuddering or chuckling in wicked glee, depending on how you react to these things.

The idea of the black arts at work in sophisticated Manhattan, plus an innocent heroine forced to cope with the uncopeable, are bound to invite comparisons with *Rosemary's Baby*. Ira Levin has the edge; his story was deceptively simple in its construction and lean in its writing, with an innocence that ensnared the reader before tipping any of its mitt. *The Mephisto Waltz* is a bit more convoluted, and for a good part of the way the reader is at least a jump or two ahead of Paula. But when all is said and done this is a cracking good gothic tale, more than capable of standing on its own two cloven hooves, and that's what counts.

A last note: Obviously the spy cycle is over, and we are now off and running scared into the Satanic cycle. Which is just fine by this little warlock, if they're all as good as *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Mephisto Waltz*. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

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Hemingway

Continued from page 33

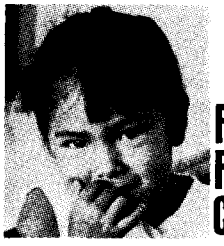
Hemingway: The Inward Terrain (University of Washington Press, $6.95)—is an examination of the whole body of Hemingway's work. *Ernest Hemingway and the Little Magazines*, by Nicholas Joost (Barre, $5.95), and *Hemingway's Nonfiction*, by Robert O. Stephens (University of North Carolina Press, $8.50), are specialized studies. *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "The Old Man and the Sea"* (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is a collection, edited by Katherine T. Jones, of essays for and against the last of Hemingway's novels. Two of the books are personal stories: Lloyd Arnold's *High on the Wild with Hemingway* (Caxton, $9.95) is a reminiscence of Sun Valley, with many photographs by the author; William Seward's *My Friend Ernest Hemingway* (Barnes, $4.50) lives up to the subtitle, "An Affectionate Reminiscence." Both are on the idolatrous side, and that is a good reason for mentioning them in a review that dwells on Hemingway's faults. William Seward, a professor of English at Old Dominion University (formerly William and Mary) corresponded with Hemingway for more than twenty years. In 1957 he traveled with Hemingway, who was bound by train for Florida, from Washington to Norfolk. Seward reports on their conversation on that trip and on the letters that preceded and followed. He sees Hemingway as a remarkably gentle and generous man, regards *A Moveable Feast* as an example of his generosity to his friends, and damns the critics, Philip Young in particular. After Hemingway's death he wrote the widow that he had never known "a man who inspired true affection like Ernest did."

Lloyd Arnold, who was on the public relations staff of Sun Valley, Idaho, knew Hemingway from 1939 to his death in 1961. He hunted and fished with him, caroused with him, and took pictures of him for use in publicizing Sun Valley. Although it is amateurishly written, the book is pleasant and heartening. Either Arnold saw Hemingway only in good times or he has chosen to forget the bad ones. In any case there were good times, even in the bitter last years, and it is gratifying to read about them.

An eighth book—scheduled for publication April 25th—is a critical biography by Jackson O. Benson, *Hemingway: The Writer's Art of Self-Defense* (University of Minnesota Press, $6.50).

PERHAPS it is always unfortunate for a writer to become a public figure. As Hemingway, Faulkner, and a hundred other authors have said again and again, the work is all that matters. But the public wants to know about writers as people, and, whatever the rights and wrongs of the matter, the mass media have made the invasion of privacy a profitable business. Even a man who genuinely shrank from publicity, as Faulkner did, was vulnerable, and Hemingway, who was ambivalent, didn't have a chance. That is why a careful, responsible book such as Baker's had to be written. Necessarily it exposes Hemingway's faults, but it also reveals his greatness. Perhaps there has never been a writer who was absorbed in so many non-literary activities, yet in spite of them he did his work. Thus he was a hero as well as a very fine novelist.

"If it turns us on, just think what it will do to people a millennium hence."



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***SR*'s Semi-Annual Reference Book Roundup**

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Britain That Was

WHEN THE FILM version of *Ulysses* was screened in Auckland, New Zealand, a primeval decree went out from those who guard the public weal in this remote and wistful little land: the film was to be seen only by segregated audiences. That wasn't to separate Maori from Pakeha (as the white man is known here), but male from female. Even husbands and wives had to attend separate showings.

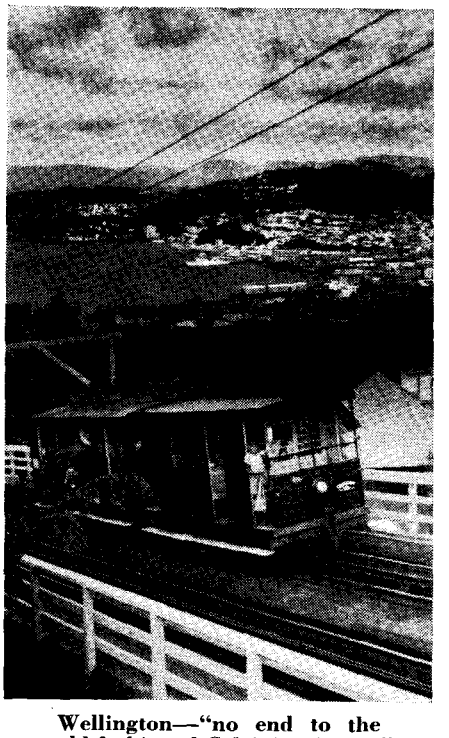
"We were one up on the Aussies at that," an Auckland newspaper editor told me when I expressed surprise at the edict. His eyes were mocking mine as he turned aside my astonishment. "*Ulysses* was banned entirely in Australia, you see, and the Aussies were slipping over here for a look-see. Hardly worth the commotion, I thought."

With that the matter was closed. In the sequestered culture of New Zealand, I inferred, it is acceptable to appraise an issue not so much on its merits as on comparative reactions in that colossus across the Tasman Sea. To the American visitor, it is a hilarious frame of reference. (When I flew into Sydney Airport a few days later, an Australian customs officer sought specific reassurance that no copy of *Playboy* lurked among my personal effects. The magazine is not allowed. I had nothing to show him but a tattered copy of *Newsweek* that I had stolen from a Pan Am jet en route from California. He seemed disappointed.)

The traffic in moviegoers from Australia to New Zealand during the run of *Ulysses* is not recorded, but it could scarcely have been a stampede. While Australia is New Zealand's closest neighbor, 1,333 miles of open sea separate Auckland and Sydney. In Sydney, I have talked to sophisticated world travelers who have never considered someday visiting New Zealand. A visit by any foreigner, in fact, seems to be regarded by New Zealanders as something of a national curiosity—almost as noteworthy as the extinction of the moa, that flightless bird that stood higher than a man, and the settlement of this 1,000-mile-long island nation by the mysterious Polynesian Maoris in their 70-foot double canoes. Even the settlers from England and their descendants sometimes wonder what they are doing in New Zealand. "Our presence," wrote Sylvia Ashton-Warner, "is irrelevant if not accidental."

Yet, is the novelty of tourism any reason for today's jet-jaded travelers to pass up New Zealand? Is it not, instead, grounds for enticement? In natural beauty, especially on New Zealand's alpine South Island, this unfamiliar land has more to offer the tourist in a smaller area than any other unspoiled place on earth. The visitor hears it claimed that New Zealand's charms have been discovered and that a quarter of a million people come each year for a look. But about one-third of them are neighbors from Australia, and even then one suspects that the figure—modest though it is—may be inflated. Las Vegas alone has counted that number of tourists within a six-week period; New Zealand can absorb far more visitors than it does now without any prospect of congestion. For the first time, in the past year or two, there have been adequate and even deluxe hotels, and a smattering of restaurants that do not dote solely on mutton and potatoes.

Just three or four years ago it was futile to seek a Scotch and soda past 6 in the evening, and one planned to be through dinner by 7 or 8 o'clock, or go hungry until breakfast. Brewery trusts owned hotels because in those days a hotel customer was a traveling man and a drinking man, and such ugly business went together. It had not occurred to New Zealanders that they might enjoy eating in a restaurant even though they were not out of town. But such terrors are now past, and it no longer takes an act of God to prevent your hotel maid from bursting in your room at 7 in the morning with tea and toast. The end of such quaintness is a blessing not only for the visitor but for New Zealanders. A liberalization of liquor laws in 1965 eliminated the infamous deadline known as the "6 o'clock swill," when homebound working people seemed dedicated to drinking as much of the fine New Zealand beer as their drowning organs could accommodate before the bars closed at the stroke of six. "I practically had to ride in the bus driver's lap," a pretty Auckland secretary told me, "to make it home safely to my flat." Passenger jet service came to New Zealand at about the same time as liquor reform—five or six years after it was familiar to much of the rest of the world.



Wellington—"no end to the old-fashioned Calvinist virtues."

These days Auckland appears to be the center of a slow-paced and highly socialized nation whose people cling to a way of life that I had thought was gone from this earth. The *Saturday Evening Post* could rise from its grave and be regarded here as avant-garde. It is Sunday every day. Over the radio in my hotel room came the syrupy strains of "I'll Be with You in Appleblossom Time," followed by "Red Sails in the Sunset." I tried to switch to television but there is only one channel and it doesn't come on until mid-afternoon. *Perry Mason* is prime-time viewing. These are the lonely latitudes. Chile is 6,000 miles to the east, and the Asian continent lies the same distance to the north. California is farther away. New Zealand rises from a wilderness of sea.

So the clock is turned back, and there seems no end to the old-fashioned Calvinist virtues that burst forth in Auckland. During my visit, the *New Zealand Herald* carried a plea for public investment in low-interest municipal bonds. The appeal was to civic pride in helping finance local government. It has been a long time since anyone read anything like that in the *Wall Street Journal*. Newspapers, of course, shed light on other facets of this paradoxical society. Immigration by black or Asiatic people is banned almost without exception. The whole city seemed to be preparing to turn out for a Billy Graham crusade in February. An editorial grudgingly conceded the need to allot more funds to educate the Maoris, whom the English immigrants have dealt with in a generally more enlightened manner than Americans have shown toward their Indians.

There are national lotteries (the Golden Kiwi, named for New Zealand's nocturnal bird, is one), and bookmakers are licensed and taxed. Much of the resultant income goes toward making showplaces of the racetracks that the

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Attachez vos ceintures, S.V.P.

(Translation) Fasten your seat belts.

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Hire a horse-drawn calèche and visit the historic Plains of Abraham. Or take a walking tour of the Lower Town. Wear comfortable shoes (cobblestones!).

French Canada doesn't begin and end with the Province of Québec, either. You find French Canada in tiny Acadian fishing villages around Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, which was settled by French colonists before 1650.

Wherever you land up here, even in English-speaking parts of Canada, you'll discover some hint of our Frenchness. We'll never lose it. It's what makes us different.

It's one of the reasons you're coming up to see us.

D'accord?

Aerial view of Montréal. If you look at the top of the picture (across the St. Lawrence River) you'll see Ile Sainte-Hélène (site of Expo '67). Want more information about the city, the province of Québec, or French-Canadian life, history, and culture? All you have to do is ask.

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How long will we waste the most precious raw material this republic possesses?

How long *can* we waste the most precious raw material this republic possesses?

Good schools with good teachers and good facilities build good citizens.

And that's the stuff of which democracy is made.

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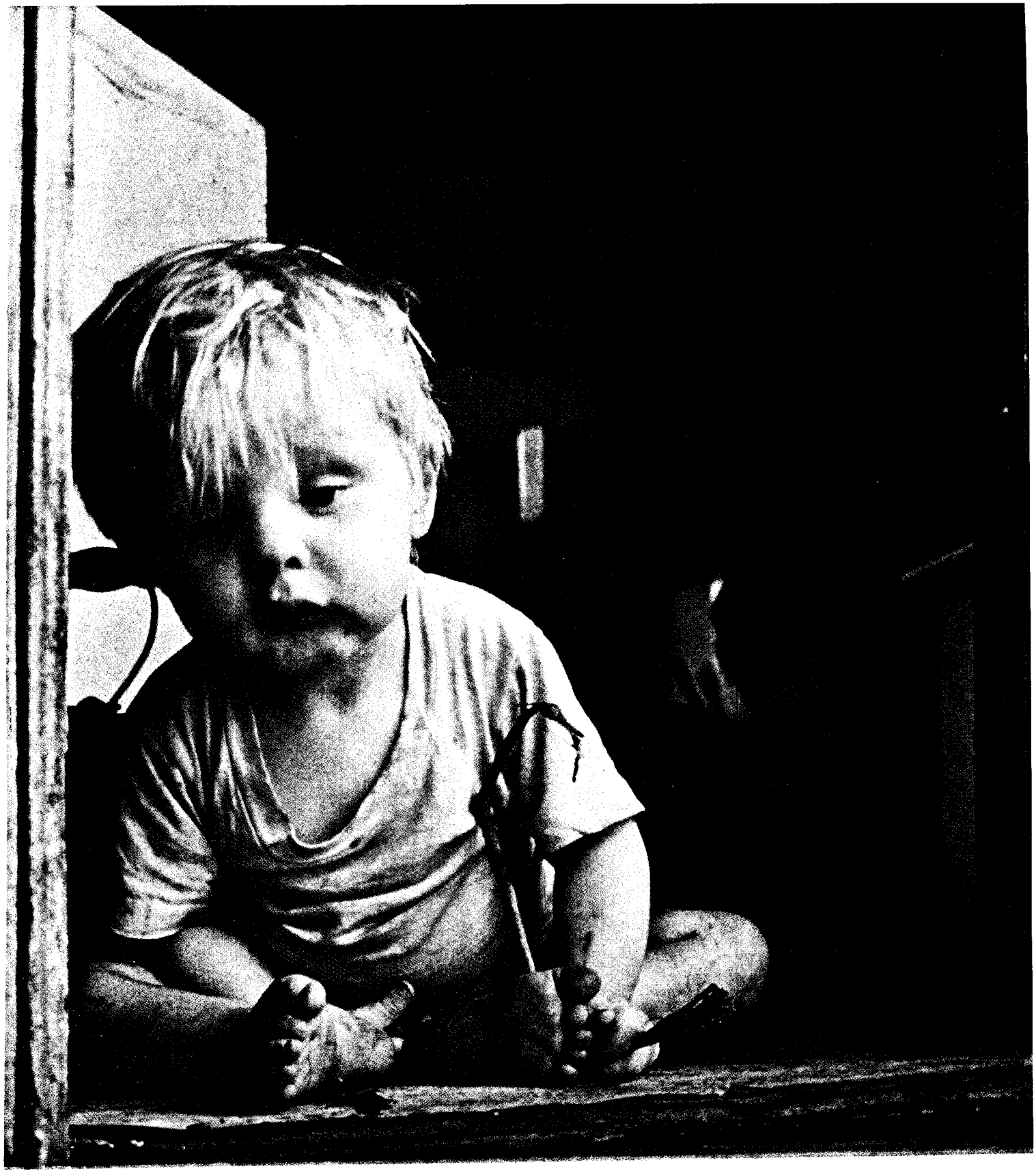

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Heidi wouldn't lie.

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New Zealanders adore. A visit to Auckland's beflowered Ellerslie track is at least as obligatory—if one is to satisfy his local hosts—as to spend a few hours among the incomparable Maori artifacts of the War Memorial Museum, or to drive up to the volcanic crater of Mount Eden and see the city sprawling across the eight-mile isthmus between the harbors of Waitemata and Manukau. There is nothing inspired about Auckland's architecture, and the finest residential areas have the look of an entrenched, Midwest, middle-class neighborhood. But Aucklanders love parks, beaches, and open space, and their devotion to such facets of urban living make their city more beautiful than most. On its land edges Auckland gives way to rolling green pastures and stone walls and a dairy industry that suggests how its settlers turned a primitive wilderness into one of the world's leading suppliers of food. Butter is 29 cents a pound and milk is a nickel a pint. (But do not be misled; an annual salary of $6,000 is regarded as admirable. Inflation has not yet bowled over New Zealand.)

In Auckland there are fruit vendors and used-vehicle concerns. Sporting goods stores feature tramping equipment for hikers. On a seemingly endless number of lawns, little ladies in white bonnets and grandmother dresses can be seen bowling. White stripes are painted down the middle of sidewalks and pedestrians keep to the left. New Zealanders don't even drive aggressively; their idea of a 5 o'clock traffic jam would bring a jubilant all-clear signal over any Los Angeles "sigalert" broadcast. Fashions shown in women's shops are painfully reminiscent of those from the days soon after World War II. A New Zealand edition of *Vogue* bravely emerges each three months. It is possible to buy reasonably recent phonograph recordings, but they are sold in shops that prominently display the placard of the fox terrier listening at the loud-speaker horn—and they wear the sign of His Master's Voice (NZ) Ltd.

Yet, there are arrests of young people for drug abuse, and the installation in New Zealand of an Omega world-wide navigational guidance station (largely with U.S. funds) was presumed to be thwarted by student demonstrations. A few daring Auckland girls appear on the streets in mini-skirts (they wear them admirably), and women now turn up in pubs that were long strictly the domain of men. Change is on its way. Still, no one seems to work very hard, and pressure is almost unknown. "I adore New York," an Auckland career girl told me, "because it's so exciting. But I do love to get back home. We may not be very sophisticated but it's a comfortable life."

That comfort envelops the visitor. New Zealanders may be the kindliest hosts that tourists can find anywhere. They are contented people riding out the storm in a secluded corner of the world. A visitor may think to himself that America was like this before World War I. There is still time here, and the mannerliness of the natives reflects it.

My camera, afflicted by the humidity of a preceding visit in French Polynesia, failed to recuperate in the crisp New Zealand summertime of February. A young bellman at my hotel dropped his chores, invited me into a hotel courtesy car, and drove me about Auckland until we found a repairman who thought he could handle the job.

I remember seeing a New York friend approach the tobacco counter of the Hotel Inter-Continental Auckland almost a year after he had participated in the hotel's opening ceremonies. He hesitated, staring at several unfamiliar cigarette labels.

"It's been so long, I can't remember what I smoke down here," he said, mostly to himself.

"You smoke these, sir," came a sweet voice from behind the counter. A salesgirl held out a pack of local cigarettes. "I sold you several packs just after the hotel opened." He lit one doubtfully, and only then was able to confirm her extraordinary recall.

If the visitor elicits such single-minded attention in Auckland, the metropolis of New Zealand, then as any traveler knows, he may expect even more memorable hospitality in the untrod countryside. But there's the rub, especially for the American visitor. It is difficult to find time to spend there. New Zealand is almost three times as far from New York as New York is from Western Europe—about 9,500 miles—and so it becomes a brief stop on a South Pacific holiday that usually includes Australia and the Fijis, Tahiti, or Samoa. Such distances and so many stops cannot be accommodated satisfactorily within the three to four weeks that most travelers allow themselves. Yet the cost of simply getting to the South Pacific is still substantial, and one naturally wants to sample a bit of this and that. I gave myself less than a week in New Zealand on my recent visit, and left vowing to return. I didn't visit the magnificent South Island, whose lakes and mile-deep fjords are compared to those of Norway, whose mountains are said to be as noble as the Alps, and whose glaciers drop down to the edge of sun-drenched orchards beside the sea. I only peeked at the glowworm grotto of Waitomo, and sped past the geysers and blow-holes of Waiotapu, a down-under Yellowstone. My only day on one of New Zealand's deservedly famed beaches was at Takapuna, about as distant from Auckland as Jones Beach is from Manhattan—but with a wild, uncluttered sweep about it and an Oriental-style cottage hotel above it in a sacred Maori grove of stocky pohutukawa trees.

"You're a bloody strange one," a new Kiwi friend told me on the way to the airport. "In two hours I could take you to a lake where the warden insists you throw back any trout under 15 inches long. We could take a plane south and be skiing on Mount Cook in another couple of hours. We could go offshore and bring aboard an 800-pound marlin. In the hills tomorrow you'd be shooting sambur deer and wild pigs and wallabies whether you knew what they were or not. You've just come and you're hopping on. You must take at least two or three weeks to get a sniff of what we're doing."

I will not take a gun or rod when I return, for these are things I don't care about. But I will go back to savor the beauty that was put here on the edge of the world, and to ponder again the perspective of this brave little antique England, dropped down by historical accident on the other side of the world from a changing motherland whose people see in New Zealand little more than a nostalgic caricature of the Britain that was.

—NEIL MORGAN.

Neil Morgan, a specialist in the contemporary American West, writes for the Copley Newspapers. His newest book, *The California Syndrome*, will be published May 14 by Prentice-Hall.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Prelude to Portnoy

AMERICAN MOVIES have always been uncomfortable about portraying American-Jewish life on the screen and so we have gotten, mostly, the kind of soppy sentimentality characteristic, say, of *The Jolson Story* and, much more recently, *Funny Girl*. That is to say that Jewish mothers are always warm, lovable, and a little on the stout side; Jewish fathers poor but dignified; and Jewish children bound for fame, after many hard knocks, as prizefighters, singers, or violinists. *Goodbye, Columbus*, adapted by Arnold Schulman from the Philip Roth short novel, may change all that. And, by its very difference from previous practice, the film is uncommonly refreshing.

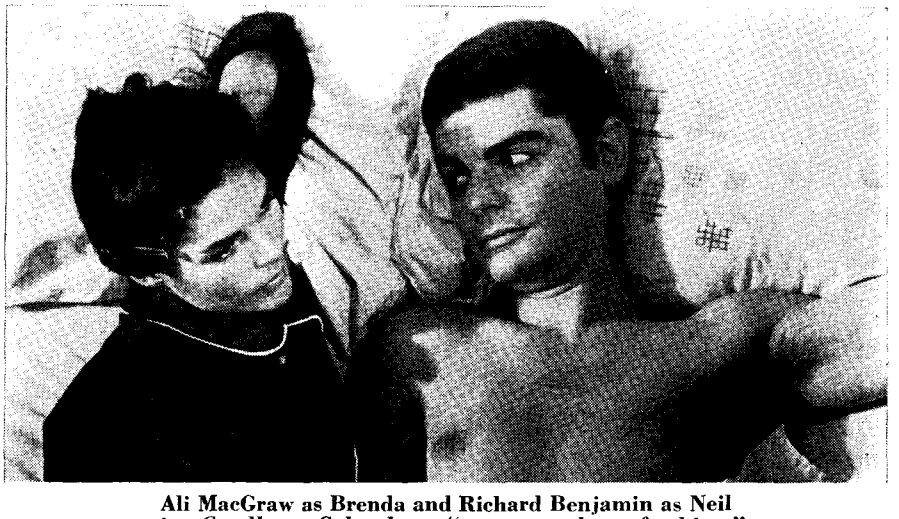
On the other hand, the movie does make *us* a little uncomfortable, because of its very singling out of a family of well-to-do suburban American Jews for something very close to satire. The appurtenances of suburban living are, after all, not the property of one class alone, one ethnic group. The Patimkins are, nevertheless, recognizable, and sometimes hilariously so; Jack Klugman as Mr. Patimkin is so real one would swear one had met him somewhere. He has distilled the Jewish father as someone who has struggled up from the slums into a nice house in Scarsdale or Pleasantville—hard as nails in his business role, but showering love on his family in the form of food, appliances, and clothing.

To this suburban tract of plenty comes Neil—sensitive, but poor, confined to a job in a public library, uncertain of what his future will be, attracted to the Patimkin affluence (and infatuated with the elder daughter, Brenda), and repelled by their surface materialism. Invited for a two-week visit to the Patimkin house, Neil slips into Brenda's room at night for a squirmy affair. Horrified to learn that she is employing no method of birth control, he prevails upon her to be fitted for a diaphragm. It is this diaphragm, discovered by Brenda's mother, that eventually brings the affair to a distraught conclusion. We have plainly come far from the days when cinematic love proceeded without the benefit or hindrance of sundries.

Much of the sharp detail with which Roth larded his story of Neil's encounter with love, sex, and the plush Jewish life has found its way into the film. In fact, this is about as faithful a transference of a literary piece to film as any yet done, and it is to director Larry Peerce's full credit that he has caught the necessary atmospheres so tellingly. The country club to which the Patimkins and other well-off Jews belong is perfect. The wedding of Ron Patimkin to a totally forgettable girl from Ohio (she's the epitome of the nice blah girl for whom the careful rearing planned by her family has taken, like a perfect vaccination) is staged so well it hardly seems staged. However, something has been missed, and I fear it is in the area of performances. Not that Richard Benjamin as Neil isn't competent and likable (he even bears a slight resemblance to novelist Philip Roth), but he is asked to do too much with pregnant silences. At times he gives the impression of a man who feels he is being unwillingly seduced into a marriage with a girl toward whom he is essentially snobbish. There may be a little of this in the Roth work, but it is certainly not all.

Actually, to the Patimkins he would be a nobody, and would be a somebody to them only if Brenda wanted him. In Roth's version, this was completely clear, but Schulman and Peerce have unaccountably added dialogue of their own to a scene in which Neil meets Mr. Patimkin at his place of business and is berated by Patimkin for what he feels to be Neil's disdainful attitude. Again, Neil at the country club has a moment when he makes his private fun of Brenda's usual crowd. It's almost as though the film-makers and Neil himself assume that someday he is going to turn into Philip Roth, and not into a mere library assistant who is nice to little Negro boys.

Nor does Ali MacGraw, as Brenda, quite give us all the clues we need for comprehending a girl who has been given everything, including a fixed nose. She is lovely and striking; she *looks* right, but (like Benjamin) she doesn't quite manage to get the most out of the character, with the result that we are left rather puzzled by an ending that, though much like Roth's, is somehow not as clear. Luckily, there is Klugman, and also Michael Meyers, a delight as Brenda's athletic brother Ron. Both help considerably in making a memorable film, one that tries to be true and that largely succeeds.



Ali MacGraw as Brenda and Richard Benjamin as Neil in *Goodbye, Columbus*—"uncommonly refreshing."

Not everyone will like High Hampton

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Sketches photographed by Frank Derbas.*

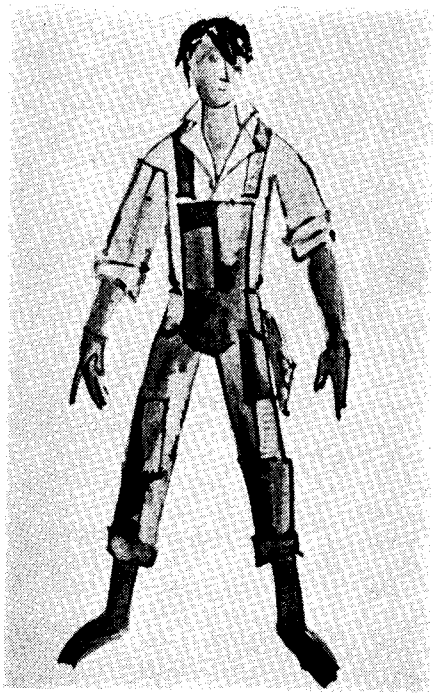
1, 2, 3—Raoul Pène du Bois's costume sketches for a new production of *Peter and the Wolf*. The characters shown here are the outsized Cat, Peter, Grandfather.

Prokofiev's Perennial "Peter"

THE BALLET *Peter and the Wolf* is one of those curiosities, which sounds better on records or reads better in synopsis than it usually looks on stage. Yet, it is always a favorite with children—or at least parents *think* it should be because it is partially instructive as well as cute—and it turns up in all manner of versions, some lavishly produced by professional companies and others by school children.

The best that I've seen to date is the newest, choreographed by Jacques d'Amboise of the New York City Ballet and performed eleven times recently at the City Center as a fund-raising affair for the Robert F. Kennedy Theater for Children. The oldest active *Peter and the Wolf* that I know about is the one which the late Adolph Bolm (of Diaghilev Ballets Russes fame) created nearly thirty years ago, and it has been in the repertory of the American Ballet Theatre ever since. I thought it was pretty dreary then—and I still do—but it goes on and on, year after year.

Oddly enough, this minor matinee item has called upon the talents of some young dancers destined to gain world fame. Eugene Loring, then well known created the role of Peter in the Bolm version; and William Dollar, who had been an important member of Balanchine's American Ballet, was the Wolf. But did you know that Nora Kaye and Alicia Alonso numbered the Bird among their first featured roles? That Michael Kidd, the celebrated Broadway and movie choreographer, was a later Peter? That Donald Saddler, choreographer



and associate director of the Harkness Ballet, was a frightened First Hunter? And that Jerome Robbins, in the corps, was just an ordinary frightened hunter?

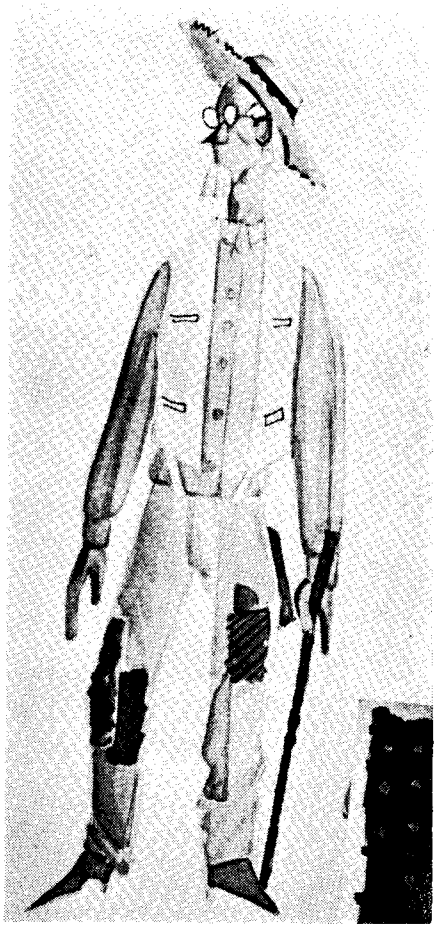
The Narrator is essential to *Peter and the Wolf*, on stage or on records, since he outlines the narrative and explains that each character is represented by a specific musical instrument (the instructive part of the affair). Eleanor Roosevelt, Sean Connery, Arthur Godfrey, Boris Karloff, Zero Mostel, and Beatrice Lillie, among many noted persons, have done this assignment for records. Lucia Chase, co-director of the American Ballet Theatre and a splendid actress-dancer, almost always narrates for her company's production. For Mexico she has narrated in Spanish, and for Canada in French. She is prepared to do it in Russian, if required, and avers that, as "a quick study" and "with script in hand," she could do it in any language.

The suave Cyril Ritchard (also on records) narrated this American Ballet Theatre production on the occasion when it served as a benefit for the American Children's Theater (now sponsor of the Robert F. Kennedy Theater for Children), and he has narrated the new d'Amboise production at the City Center.

The d'Amboise *Peter* uses, of course, the marvelous Prokofiev score. The composer's book, or libretto, is slightly different from other English translations, but not much. The really important innovation is that the setting by Raoul Pène du Bois is not only colorful, pertinent, and sturdy, but also choreographically functional (the tree, with its many branches, is perfect for climbing and clambering), and costumes (also by Pène du Bois) are just great. With the Cat and the Duck, he has done what the ice shows and circuses do in their production numbers for children, and that is to make huge costumes, with realistic, but still somewhat fantastic, masks. This may hold dance steps to a minimum, but visually it's a smash.

What can you do with Bird or, in this case, Bluebird? D'Amboise has her do all the fleet things within the vocabulary of classical ballet, but actually she should be flown on wires. However, I am happy to report that the Duck has her own portable pond which she unrolls, as if it were a rug, in the location of her choice.

For the Wolf, d'Amboise and Pène du Bois pulled a switch. It was a *she*-wolf and while she swallowed the Duck and spat out a mouthful of feathers at the



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audience with a sexy leer, she did get lassoed by her tail (as it should be) by Peter and strung up on a tree while awaiting a trip to the zoo. Gloria Govrin of the New York City Ballet (the dancers were from this company or its official school) was the Wolf, and whether the kids liked her or not, their fathers did. The balletomanes, in turn, were entranced with personable, high-flying David Castellanos (a brilliant student of the School of American Ballet) as Peter. Everyone loved Shaun O'Brien, wearing an absolutely inspired costume (it was as much fun rear-view or upside down as from the front), as the Duck. But all of the participants were admirable; still, for the youngsters, those with the best costumes came first. I'm with them.

I don't suppose it really matters who narrates, who choreographs, who stages, who dances *Peter and the Wolf*; it's inescapable and always will be. As dividends, it leaves memories of incipient stars on their way up—I recall seeing the incredible Niels Kehlet, as Peter, in a production by the Royal Danish Ballet—so it does have a sort of showcase virtue. But until a miracle is wrought, I'll settle, and happily, for the d'Amboise-Pène du Bois staging.

As a curtainraiser for the City Center series of *Peter and the Wolf*, the Merry-Go-Rounders—a well-established, successful dance theater for children, and one which uses audience participation devices most successfully—came up with a little horror, written and staged by Rhoda Levine, *Today and Now*. It, too, purported to be instructive, but unlike *Peter and the Wolf*, instead of informing, it got to preaching.

In its two story-episodes, it let us in on the big secret that war means that people kill people, and that oddballs, even hippies or minority groups, are sometimes looked at askance by neighbors. The intent was fine; the conception a big bore. In both, she had the key male figures played by girls, although there are good men dancers in the company, which is rather odd in itself. Secondly, I am quite sure that little boys have always liked to play soldier and will for some time to come, especially if there is an opportunity for a noisy BANG-BANG! somewhere along the line. And, thirdly, I'm not at all convinced of the validity of Miss Levine's child psychology. Even in the prayed-for warless age of tomorrow, I'm quite certain that little children will find wickedness much more interesting than goodness. In *The Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*, I think Miss Levine will discover that the vast majority of children prefer the rats and the witches to the good fairies. They always ask, at least the young fry I have taken to such productions do, if the Good Fairy will straighten it all out in the end. Meanwhile, they want mayhem.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Evenings with Davis and Boulez; The High Promise of Joyce Mathis

For a critic to complain of too much good singing in any performance at the Metropolitan would appear to be pushing his prerogative for being difficult to an extreme. But when the work is Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* in its first performance in four years, the relevant factor is not whether there is too much good singing but how much good singing is enough.

In a memorable commentary on his own work, Berg recognized—if such recognition were necessary—that he had not written a *bel canto* work, but thought that much of what he had written could be expressed in terms of *bel cantare*, or beautiful singing. However, he also stressed the importance in his creation of what he termed *bel parlare*, or beautiful speaking (a derivative, of course, from Schoenberg's *Sprechstimme*, in which a spoken line is articulated on specific pitches). It was the predominance of the *cantare* over the *parlare* which impressed me as a limiting liability of the performance directed by Colin Davis.

For the well sung to dominate the well spoken in *Wozzeck* tends to put the emphasis on the lyric rather than the dramatic in this compelling work. Too many vocal curves must, inevitably, not merely rub off the abrasive effect intended by Berg, but also diminish *Wozzeck*'s hypnotic effect in the theater. For my taste in Berg, the Davis treatment lessens the composer's identity with the eternally put-upon *Untermensch* Franz Wozzeck, converting him into a somewhat grotesque being who might have done better had he tried. How this would result in the act of passion in which he murders Marie (the faithless mother of his illegitimate child) and then drowns himself in a vain search for the lethal knife he has cast into a pond was not quite clarified.

Whatever the individual qualifications of the participants, they are penalized, collectively, by the overbright lighting of most of the scenes. As a result, when director Henry Butler, in an early scene of Act I, has Wozzeck give vent to his all-absorbing melancholia by saying, "See how the mist is floating above the grass there," and there is no sign whatsoever of mist (let alone the "dusk" referred to in the next line), one has to conclude that the "repertory" treatment of *Wozzeck* is, however flattering, also inadequate.

The choice of Geraint Evans to impersonate Wozzeck is also flattering to this fine artist's versatility, if somewhat overoptimistic about his adaptability. It is an admirable transition in values for a performer associated with Leporello in *Don Giovanni* to recast his thinking to the extent of mastering the Berg text, but he cannot quite recast his emotional involvement as a servant vis-à-vis a master. To my eye and ear, Evans remained the inevitably servile batman of the British military establishment rather than affiliating himself with the submissive but internally rebellious Teutonic underling. A small point, perhaps, but one that may decisively affect the performer-auditor relationship. His delivery of the English text was uncommonly distinct, if a touch British.

As Marie, Evelyn Lear has any number of possibilities not fully exposed in this performance. Not too suggestive in her makeup or costuming of the sluttish character projected by Berg, Miss Lear nevertheless put her vocal weight where it would do the most good. Certainly it should be not greatly difficult for her to come closer, visually, to the character who describes herself as "always so poor and wretched." Donald Gramm's fussbudget of a doctor has its dramatic point, though it is not as sharp as that of Karl Doench (the Metropolitan's enduring standard in this part). As for Paul Franke's Captain and the Drum Major of Robert Nagy, they barely skim the surface of the possibilities inherent in the places they occupy in the drama. Louise Pearl was Margret, with Richard Best, a strong-voiced performer of promising capacities, making a Metropolitan debut as the First Apprentice.

Taken altogether, the performance directed by Davis is closer to the essential *Wozzeck* than those the Metropolitan provided when it was last given downtown, but it was also well short of the standard achieved by Karl Böhm, with Eleanor Steber as Marie and Hermann Uhde as Wozzeck.

Across the Lincoln Center Plaza in the same time span, the New York Philharmonic was responsive to another *Wozzeck* conductor of renown as Pierre Boulez completed his guest engagement with a program of Purcell, Webern, and Stravinsky. The net of it all was the impression that subjects may change, but objectives—especially where conductors are concerned—do not. Just as a Wilhelm Furtwängler of the past would conclude

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a guest engagement with a Big Number (such as the "German Requiem" of Brahms), so Boulez concluded his guest engagement with a Big Number of his own. This was Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps*, which Boulez projects with more simplicity of manner, perhaps, than any conductor other than the composer himself, and a good deal more effect. If there were any rafters in Philharmonic Hall (and who knows? There may be under all those overhead "clouds"), they would still be ringing with the combined vibrations of what was heard and the response it aroused. The Purcell was a sequence of Fantazias for strings, diligently, cleanly performed, whose memory was somewhat effaced by the sharply defined statements that followed in Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments and the Six Pieces of Webern's Opus 6, (in their original massive orchestration). For this time, Boulez is the ideal guest conductor, whose like will not be heard until he returns.

Even a blind man could, from her sound alone, foresee a singular future for soprano Joyce Mathis, who was presented in the Carnegie Recital Hall lately under the aegis of the Young Concert Artists Series late in March. But those also sighted could add the visual impression of a slender, well formed figure to the dramatic appeal of an uncommonly well formed vocal production.

A product, recently, of the same Florence Page Kimball who shaped Leontyne Price to her original abilities, Miss Mathis was always on pitch, clear and true in such matters as three Handel items ("Se pietá," "Bel piacere," and "Tu la mia stella"). In these, as well as the Grieg that followed ("Solvejg's Lied" from *Peer Gynt*, "Im Kahne," "Ein Schwan," "To a Water Lily," and "Ein Traum"), Miss Mathis used her voice like a musician while responding to the suggestions of the texts with the soaring inflections of the born singer. There were interpretative insufficiencies here and there (as is inevitable with a singer of her relative youth and inexperience), but always within the context of well formulated conceptions intelligently articulated. A particular insight into future capacities was conveyed by her sympathetic effort with "Il m'est doux de revoir la place" from Benjamin Godard's dramatic symphony *Le Tasse*. It has the qualities, latently, of Charpentier's later "Depuis le jour" and somewhat the sound, in the Mathis performance, of Dorothy Maynor's way with that aria. Warren Wilson provided strong support at the piano.

The Theater

Henry Hewes

La Mama Complex

OF THE FIFTY odd off Off-Broadway groups currently performing in lofts, churches, and cafés, the most famous is Café La Mama, which along with its founder and moving spirit, Ellen Stewart, has just received the 1969 Margo Jones Award for developing new playwrights by performing their plays under workshop conditions.

La Mama's fame is international. There is a La Mama group operating in Bogotá, Colombia, and another being formed in Haiti. A film has been made of the La Mama production of Rochelle Owens's *Futz*. A West Coast project in which the La Mama Repertory Troupe will prepare Paul Foster's *The Tribe* first for the theater and then for television is scheduled to get underway this month, and La Mama will again act as host for the Brandeis Interact, in a continuation of the experimental theater festival inaugurated last summer at the Massachusetts college.

However, the Margo Jones Award is timed to coincide with the most ambitious and financially risky step La Mama has yet undertaken. For this month the company, which since its inception in 1961 has been using a rented makeshift studio theater on Second Avenue, has moved to a newly renovated building of its own at 74-A East 4th Street (between the Bowery and Second Avenue). The new home is a complex of two theaters, each of which is a large room capable of being arranged into whatever stage-audience relationship will best suit the material being performed in it.

Both theaters will be used by three groups. The La Mama Repertory Troupe will be led by Tom O'Horgan, director of the Broadway version of *Hair*, who has staged twenty-nine plays at La Mama since he joined forces with Miss Stewart in 1964. O'Horgan is the artistic director of the entire organization and, after *The Tribe*, will be faced with the responsibility of creating a repertoire of some of the more successful La Mama plays for the downstairs La Mama Repertory Theatre. It may include such items as Leonard Melfi's *Birdbath*, Sam Shepard's *Chicago*, Paul Foster's *Hurrah for the Bridge*, Jean-Claude van Itallie's *War*, Lanford Wilson's *The Rimers of Eldritch*, and Tom Eyen's *The White Whore and the Bit Player*.

A second group is the La Mama Ensemble, whose director is Ed Setrakian. The Ensemble will work predominantly with untried material at the upstairs La Mama ETC (Experimental Theatre Club). And feeding both of these groups will be the La Mama Plexus School of Body Dynamics under the leadership of Stanley Rosenberg and Joel Zwick. Plexus students will not automatically graduate into other groups, but the more talented will be encouraged to do so.

Like most new theaters, the renovation turned out to be more expensive and took longer than anticipated, and opening night constituted a triumph of Miss Stewart's indefatigable total dedication over all obstacles. Indeed, the lobby was unfinished, and the theater's ceiling was checkered with empty spaces. However, the leather upholstered seats were wonderfully comfortable, and, most important of all, the atmosphere of the old La Mama had been transplanted.

After receiving a standing ovation, Miss Stewart launched the first performance with her special combination of love and desperate economics that turns collecting of the nominal $2 dues into a religious event. Without in any way being an apology or a plea for charity, it prepares the theatergoer for the imperfections that are bound to be present in unedited and experimental new productions. No matter how we react to the play, we are in communion with its producer, its performers, and its author.

The first offering at the new downstairs playhouse was Tom Eyen's *Caution: A Love Story (about a certain Duke and Duchess)* with music by Bruce Kirle. This new musical spoof begins with an amusing parody of The Living Theatre, as the actors exclaim in exaggerated agony that they have just found out that they need a passport to travel. Also lampooned is the currently fashionable process of "audience torture." But after all this, the proceedings use a rather bland retelling of highlights from the romance between the Duke and Duchess of Windsor as an excuse for numerous songs and sketches. A few of these are related to the plot, and it is significant that the most memorable laughs occur in them. The abrupt scatological response of Edward's loving subjects to his plea that he remain King with a divorcée American commoner as his Queen aptly punctures their duplicity. And what could more hilariously launch a romance than to have Edward ask his hostess, "Who's your tall friend with the butch name and the haunting memories?"

But most of the show is a disorderly

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combination of high camp, in-jokes, and spoofs of various musical comedies, the bulk of which is disappointingly ineffectual. The songs sound vital and melodious, but are not always very pertinent. Indeed, the secret of enjoying *Caution* is perhaps a reckless surrender to its impertinence, which erupts in a takeoff on *Hair*. In it, the cast eagerly rushes onstage nude, only to have the electrician dim the lights.

Because Miss Stewart has run short by $16,000 of the amount required to complete her renovation, there is no soundproofing between the upstairs and downstairs theaters, which means that she has had to alter her plans for simultaneous performances in the two theaters. In order to play Julie Bovasso's *Gloria and Esperanza* the following night, the Eyen musical was forced to cancel its scheduled performance.

The Bovasso play turns out to be a very long and profound piece about a good creative man and his bad alter ego. As played by Jeff Weiss, the man—Julius Esperanza, a poet—seems to live in perpetual terror of anxieties only he is sensitive enough to see and hear. And Gloria, played by Miss Bovasso, is a sort of victimized whore forced by life into victimizing others.

The play is inchoate to say the least, and full of scenes that could easily be dispensed with. However, Miss Bovasso is remarkably gifted at writing short exchanges and dreaming up uniquely imaginative events. Particularly effective is a fairy tale vision in which God is represented as a French midget riding an 8-foot chicken. And later, an exchange between Esperanza and a psychiatrist, drolly portrayed by Leonard Hicks, is inspired comedy.

However, the play loses focus and meaning because of all the peripheral detail Miss Bovasso has felt compelled to include. Certainly Café La Mama ETC is the place for her to follow the dictates of her own imagination. But the word "experimental" also implies a testing of what is created with the hope of arriving at a workable result. And now that La Mama has its new, if not yet paid for, facilities, one would hope that some plays would be reworked many times. And *Gloria and Esperanza* is a play that shrieks for such reworking.

With two theaters instead of one, La Mama can now accommodate more members. The process of membership requires that the prospective member come to the theater, sign a book, and pay a modest $2 membership fee. Then, after a five-day waiting period, the new member is entitled to make reservations by telephone. Awkward? Perhaps. But we have come to recognize that there is a method in Miss Stewart's awkwardnesses that has resulted in the creation of an unpretentious theater spirituality that really works.

Campus Violence

Continued from page 25

metropolitan university during a student strike called by a small and rabidly fanatical minority to protest the dismissal of an administrator guilty of vicious anti-semitic incitement, a faculty group tried to get a resolution adopted pledging the university "not to call upon the police *under any circumstances*." Had such a resolution been adopted it would have given those who made a cult of violence assurances in advance that they could carry on as they pleased no matter what the cost to life, limb, and university property. It would have encouraged the very violence those who favored the resolution professed to deplore. "What's so tragic about the destruction of a little property?" one professor inquired. He only shrugged when a colleague sardonically added, "Or a little fire?" In the academy as elsewhere there is no substitute for common sense. As it was, fire hoses were cut, elevators jammed to a point where their operation was dangerous to life and limb and their operation temporarily suspended, and the auditorium in the student center set afire.

Some faculty members see truly, in the words of a perceptive member of the Columbia staff, that "the authority of a university is not a civil authority, but a moral one." But he mistakenly concludes that the disruptive activities of students "can only be contained by faculty and by other students, not by the police." This is a morality not of this world but of the hand-wringing, ineffectual spirit that leaves this world and its universities in possession of callow, ruthless fanatics prepared to threaten or use violence.

"Confrontation politics" in the moral academic community "is inadmissible," we are assured by those who love everybody and want to be loved by everybody. Excellent! But what if some students do what is inadmissable? What if they resort to pillage, vandalism, personal assault? What if the torch of learning in some hands becomes a torch of arson? To say that only other students can contain them, and not the police, is to forget that once we leave the world of the spirit, this is an invitation to civil war.

Wars of containment, as we know, can be quite bloody. The police may have to be called in to prevent students from containing (and maiming) each other. And like all sentimentalizing in this cruel

"Young man, we'd like you to know your underground film gave us as much pleasure as 'The Sound of Music.'"

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world, the fear of relying on the police in *any* circumstances to resist the militant politics of confrontation, which brutally scorns the rationalities of academic due process, is to rely upon the politics of capitulation. It is administrative and/or faculty cowardice masquerading as educational statesmanship. It receives and deserves the contempt with which the storm troopers of the SDS greet it as they prepare for the next phase in the escalating cycle of disruption and violence.

In the light of recent events on campuses and the reactions they have inspired, it should be obvious that the SDS is *not* a Trojan horse in American higher education. It is today the "armed warrior" of anti-education. It makes no secret of its desire to destroy American democracy and the universities that it considers as a faithful replica of that iniquitous society. No, the Trojan horse in American higher education is the rickety structure of doctrinaire thought that shelters the SDS even when it takes official responsibility for violent actions, gives it a free field for operation, retreats before the politics of confrontation, and either shrinks from applying fairly and firmly the rules of reason that should bind the academic community, or interprets them as if they had no more restraining force in times of crisis than ropes of sand.

The facts about the SDS are well known. It has the virtues of openness as well as courage. It takes public responsibility for its action of violence, and promises more to come. For it, the campuses are the front-line barricades in total war against American society. Persistent refusal to recognize these facts has prevented administrators and faculties from preparing proper defensive measures to keep the universities free. This refusal is sometimes undergirded by the odd belief that disciplinary action against an organization that officially organizes violence on campus is incompatible with the conception of a university as a "free market place of ideas." The conjunction of attitude and belief is a forerunner of educational disaster. This is illustrated by the pattern of events within the last two years at the University of Colorado. It culminated early this March in the most violent outbreak in the history of the University, when a guest of the University, President S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State College, was almost mobbed by bottle-throwing members of the SDS and their Black Nationalist allies to prevent him from speaking. Despite its previous actions of violence and the absence of any pledge to forswear violence in the future, the SDS had been reinstated on the campus on the ground that the University must serve "as a free market of ideas." The SDS promptly showed that its purpose was precisely to destroy the University as a free market of ideas.

"Yes, I do find a change in the public. Instead of reading their future they now prefer me to reminisce nostalgically over their past."

The detailed story is too long to relate here, but it can serve as a paradigm case of high-minded blunder, panicky ineptitude, and self-righteous obtuseness on the part of some regents, administrators, and faculty members who are convinced that true tolerance requires that we tolerate the actively intolerant.

IN the last analysis, it is the faculties who are responsible for the present state of American universities—responsible because of their apathy for what has developed in the past, and for missed educational opportunities. Despite what is said by outsiders, the faculties of most universities possess great powers which they have so far been reluctant to use. No policy in education can succeed without their support. Theirs is the primary responsibility for upholding academic freedom. Now that American higher education is at bay, challenged as it has never been before by forces *within* the academic community, the faculties must marshal the courage to put freedom first, and to defend it accordingly.

At the same time, as they move to safeguard the integrity of the educational process, faculties should, wherever they are not already doing so, undertake a critical review of all aspects of the curriculum and university life. Provisions should be made for the airing and public discussion of all student grievances. Students should be invited to assess existing courses, methods of teaching, the effectiveness of their teachers, and to make proposals for new courses.

It is a libel on American educators to imply that they are hostile to educational change. Most past criticism has inveighed against them for making curricular revisions too readily at the first cries of "relevance" by pressure groups. Educational crackpots, including some headline-hunting administrators, are now rushing to claim that had their curricular panaceas been adopted, student violence would have been avoided. They assiduously ignore the fact that the extremist student groups are trying to bring down bigger game.

John Dewey was fond of saying that in the modern world there is no such thing as the "status quo." Change in education, as in society, is inescapable. The only questions are whether the direction and content of change are sound, and what the rate and magnitude of change should be. Men of good will may differ about the answers. But no matter how profound the differences, they do not justify the resort to violence and the threat of violence to impose solutions. In a secular society, the places where human beings assemble to inquire and to reason together should be regarded as sacred ground. Whoever desecrates it, should feel the disapproval of the entire community.

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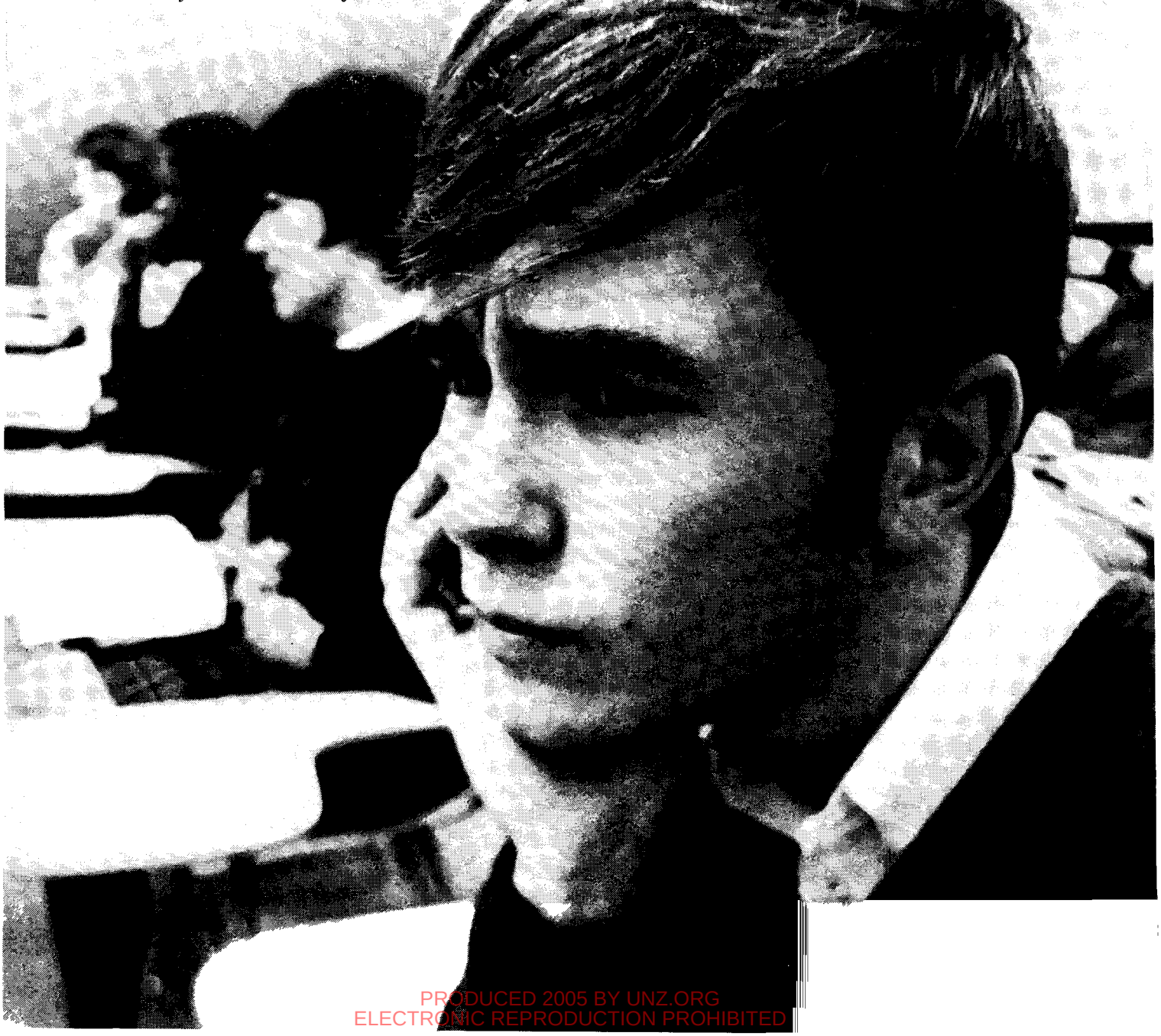

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Don't You Talk—Just Listen!

CHARGES of failure that are laid at the schoolhouse door are sometimes deserved, though certainly the schools are not solely responsible. The perennial poverty that we impose on our education institutions, the overcrowding that results, and the gnawing tensions of contemporary life as they are variously reflected in the classroom, all play a part. It is a wonder that the schools succeed as often as they do. Yet, the gap between the rhetoric of concern for the development of the individual student and the reality of authoritarian insistence upon unquestioning conformity to often arbitrary regulations, too frequently makes the school a human disaster area. As a result, many students feel that the objective of schooling is to find a way to beat The System.

A new documentary film recording life in a middle-class, predominantly white, large-city high school provides a terrifyingly intimate view of The System in operation. From the first long shot of the exterior, which shows the school as a forbidding, fortress-like building, to the interior shots of an administrator pacing the halls on the lookout for students without passes, it is clear that no matter what the school's intent, the function it actually performs is as much custodial as educational.

The shots of counseling sessions offer the clearest insight into the "logic" of The System, and the means used to enforce its dictates. A defensively stubborn youngster, who denies committing an infraction of the rules, is argued into submitting to detention because even if the teacher did make a mistake, "it's only an hour." And after he agrees to "take it," he is told: "It's time you showed a little character." An attractive young girl is lectured at length because she "insulted the school" by wearing a short dress to a formal dance. And a boy who claims he should be excused from gym because he is under a doctor's care is finally told: "Don't you talk—just listen! We'll decide what you do."

The film, entitled *High School*, is the work of the documentary film producer, Frederick Wiseman, who also produced *Titicut Follies*. It has not been released yet, but we may hope that it will be made widely available through such outlets as the National Educational Television network. For even in those classrooms where the teachers obviously were making an effort to reach the students, the unsparing eye of the camera shows how many of the students were tuned out. The film also seems to provide visual documentation for the charge made by Professor John I. Goodlad elsewhere in this issue (see p. 59) that "The schools are conspicuously ill-suited to the needs of at least 30 per cent of their present clientele," and the even more serious question he raises as to "whether our educational system serves even 50 per cent of its clientele in reasonably satisfying ways."

But the most frightening question that *High School* raises in one viewer's mind is: "How many of the nation's teachers and administrators could view the film—and see nothing wrong?" —J.C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

A Case of Obscenity

I WAS STUNNED by the article in your education section, "The Wellesley Incident: A Case of Obscenity" [*SR*, Mar.15]. In my disbelief I read and reread the article and felt it was necessary to reply to the irresponsible charges of the author, Thomas J. Cottle. As a resident of Wellesley for fifteen years, and one who has had an interest in community affairs, I recognize that Wellesley is a high-income suburb and, therefore, has not made rapid strides toward integration because of the economic and geographic factors and, I will admit, the resistance of some residents. However, to depict this town as a hypercritical, sheltered group of people with no concern for others is just not true.

Item: In his chastisement of Wellesley, Mr. Cottle neglects to mention that a year ago Wellesley (population 27,000) had seventy-five METCO students. The Wellesley citizens supported more in proportion (substantially more) than any other town involved.

Item: "Rumor has it, too, that a liberal school committee member will soon resign. If true, his resignation will be filed on top of the one already submitted by the superintendent." Mr. Cottle should check his facts. Two members of the school committee did not run when their terms expired. They had both served six years—neither resigned. The superintendent's statement when he tendered his resignation was that he had been in Wellesley fifteen years and that he felt it was time to leave. Mr. Cottle implies that these people were not continuing because of "The Wellesley Incident." If they decided not to serve on that basis, and that basis alone, it would seem as men of strong conviction they would so state.

Item: Cottle borders on slander in his criticism of the speech by the state representative intimating he did it for purely political reasons. I was at the meeting and closely enough tuned into the political tenor of the town to hear over and over again that our state representative had committed political suicide. Many of his friends felt he should have been quiet. He did not have to speak, and politically it would have been more in his favor to remain silent on the issue and not "become involved."

Item: The author claims that the majority of people in Wellesley wanted to press the court case against the teachers and dramatists. A small group brought the case, and it is my recollection that town officials tried to dissuade them from proceeding.

In summary, Mr. Cottle rebukes and chastises a town that is really trying. The tragedy of his irresponsible charges is that it only makes the effort more difficult. When the history of the 1960s is written the real culprit of the decade may not be the rigid liberal or the rigid conservative, but the destroyer of communication, the irresponsible journalist.

MRS. A. B. DODD,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

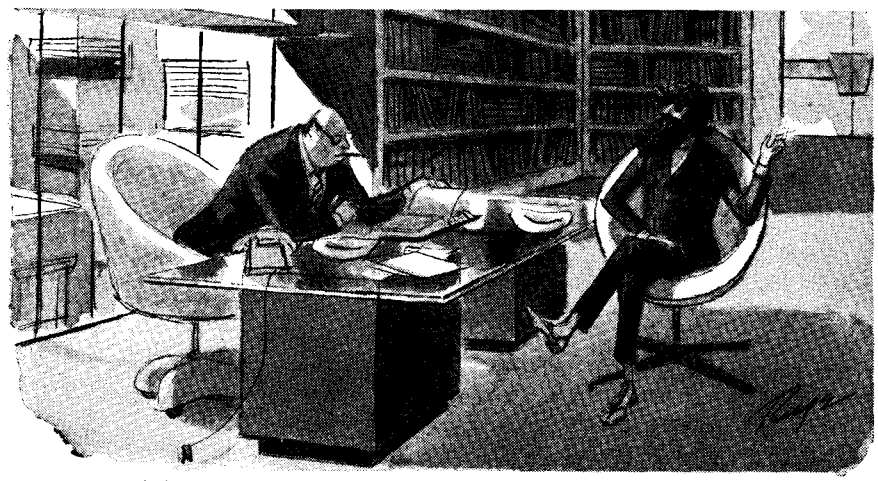
MAY I CALL to your attention the fact that in the article by Thomas Cottle a very pertinent bit of information has been omitted. The author states that a continuance of a court hearing was issued because "as a Boston newspaper reported it, one of the accused, a married teacher, was expecting a baby." Mr. Cottle should know, without quoting the paper, that the teacher was indeed expecting a baby, because she is Mrs. Kay Cottle, his wife.

MRS. FRANCES J. O'BRIEN,
Needham Heights, Mass.

"THE WELLESLEY INCIDENT" is a sad commentary on the average American parent. He confuses protection of his children with protection of his own preconceived ideas and narrow world. I don't understand how people can claim to love America and, at the same time, refuse to recognize and become involved in her needs and sufferings merely because they don't want to rock their boat of comfortable preconceptions.

I, for one, hope that the Wellesley students will continue to rebel against the narrow-mindedness and social immaturity of the good citizens of Wellesley.

COLLEEN DRISCOLL,
Philadelphia, Pa.



"While it does call for the total destruction of our social system, it does so in such a witty and entertaining way as not to give offense to the average reader."

THE HYPOCRISY of the community in "The Wellesley Incident" becomes somewhat irrelevant, when the editors of *SR* spell the so-called four-letter obscenity — — — —!

ALAN SEGAL,
San Francisco State College,
San Francisco, Calif.

EITHER YOU MISSED the point of the article or you are too hung up with keeping the "decent" people happy—as most Establishment publications are. *Your* hypocrisy is showing.

MRS. LESLIE MAYBURY,
Isla Vista, Calif.

Impartial Review

IT WOULD SEEM to me that the education editor, in choosing someone to review a book, as in Marilyn Gittell's "Chronicle of Conflict" [*SR*, Mar. 15], would attempt to find a person who is uncommitted on a particular issue, especially an issue as controversial as the recent New York City teacher strike.

Dr. Gittell, although a very capable educator and a knowledgeable authority in the field which Martin Mayer's book (*The Teachers Strike, New York, 1968*) treats, is by no means unbiased. In fact, during the strike, she wrote and spoke and acted on numerous occasions against the teachers and the UFT. She directly participated in Ford Foundation decisions in the distribution of funds to the experimental districts. Her review of this book, therefore, could only be painted with preconceived prejudices. It is really her own essay on the situation. At the very beginning of her statement, she refutes the validity of Mayer's account: "[the] book is oblivious to this larger social context," and proceeds with her negative attitude to pick apart Mayer's intent, his authority, his facts, and his conclusions. She only agrees that the strike "was a major disaster." Indeed it was—equally disastrous was your choice of a partisan to give an "impartial" review of a most sensitive and crucial issue.

LOUIS COHEN,
Chapter Chairman UFT,
John Bowne High School,
Queens, N.Y.

Everyman's Verse

I THINK I have never seen anything to compare with "Untaught Teachers and Improbable Poets," by Florence Howe [*SR*, Mar. 15]. The suggestion that non-college prep students have a capacity for enjoyment of poetry is startling because it runs contrary to the basic philosophy of the American high school with its neat categorization of students and curricula.

What particularly impressed me about the Goucher project was the teachers' recognition that their task was not to "expose" the students to poems, but to help them discover the poetry within themselves. The success of the project is evidence that high schools have an obligation to educate as well as train students on non-college prep curricula.

ANDREW KIVES,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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THE SCHOOLS vs. EDUCATION

By JOHN I. GOODLAD

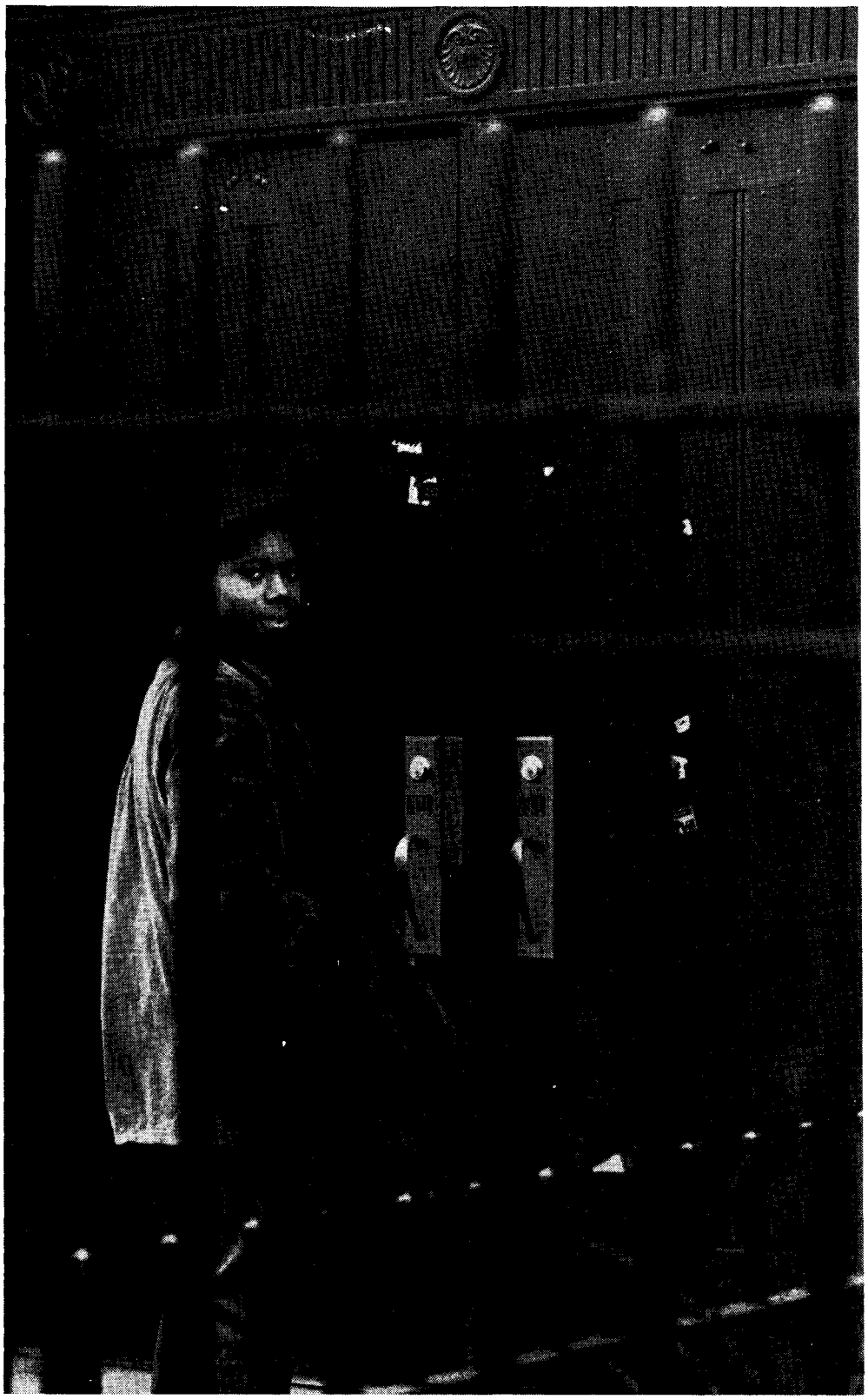
THE years from 1957 to 1967 constituted the Education Decade for the United States. It began with Sputnik and the charge to education to win the cold war; it ended with a hot war and the growing realization that education is a long-term answer to mankind's problems and must not be confused with short-term social engineering. The danger now is that we are becoming disillusioned with education, without realizing that we are only beginning to try it.

During the Education Decade, the school years were extended upward and downward, the school curriculum was revised from top to bottom, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 brought the federal government into education as never before, the schools became both a focal point for social protest and a vehicle for social reform, and schooling joined politics and world affairs as leading topics of social discourse. "Innovation" and "revolution" were used interchangeably in discussing the changes taking place in the schools.

But the education scene today remains confusing. Put on one pair of glasses and the schools appear to be moving posthaste toward becoming centers of intense, exciting learning, marked by concern for the individual. Put on another, and they appear to be mired in tradition, insensitive to pressing social problems, and inadequate to the demands of learning.

Where are the schools today? How widespread have been the changes during the decade since Sputnik? What kind of changes are needed in the 1970s, and what lies ahead for the balance of the century?

While conducting studies of new approaches to school curricula during the early 1960s, I visited many schools and classrooms. Although the Education Decade was well underway, the reforms it espoused were not conspicuously present. Was the sample of schools visited



—George Zimbel.

"The incidences of dropouts, non-promotion, alienation, and minimal learning reinforce our apprehension that the schools . . . are fast becoming obsolete."

John I. Goodlad is dean of the Graduate School of Education at UCLA and director of research and development of the Institute for Development of Educational Activities. This article is adapted from a longer essay, "Schooling and Education," that will appear in the 1969 edition of *The Great Ideas Today*, to be published in the fall by the Great Books division of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.

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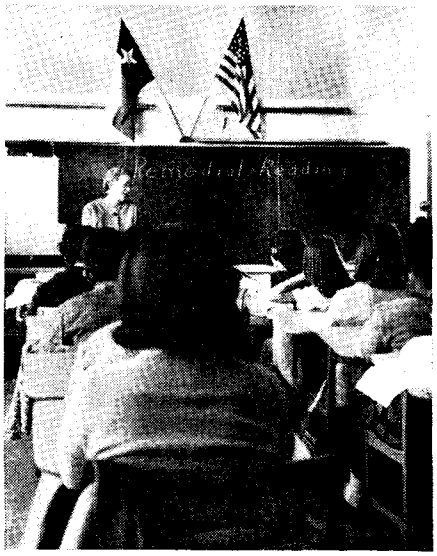
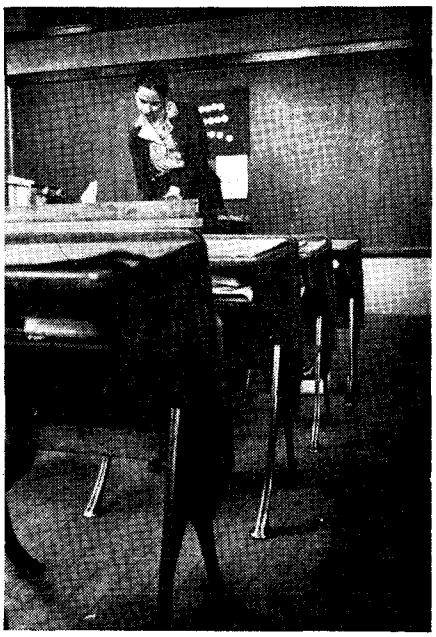


—Marc St. Gil, Black Star.

"One is forced to ask whether our education system serves even . . .

—George S. Zimbel.

. . . 50 per cent of its clientele in reasonably satisfying ways."



—George S. Zimbel.

inadequate, or were proposed changes losing their momentum before reaching their target? Several colleagues joined me in an effort to probe more deeply as we visited some 260 kindergarten through third-grade classrooms in 100 schools clustered in or around the major cities of thirteen states.

If the most frequently discussed and recommended educational practices of the Education Decade were already implemented, what would constitute a checklist of expectations? The following would seem reasonable. First, teaching would be characterized by efforts to determine where the student is at the *outset* of instruction, to diagnose his attainments and problems, and to base subsequent instruction on the results of this diagnosis. Second, learning would be directed toward "learning how to learn," toward self-sustaining inquiry rather than the memorization and regurgitation of facts. Third, this inquiry would carry the student out of confining classrooms and into direct observation of physical and human phenomena. Fourth, classrooms would be characterized by a wide variety of learning materials—records, tapes, models, programed materials, film strips, pamphlets, and television—and would not be dominated by textbooks. Fifth, attention to and concern for the individual and individual differences would show through clearly in assignments, class discussions, use of materials, grouping practices, and evaluation. Sixth, teachers would understand and use such learning principles as reinforcement, motivation, and transfer of training. Seventh, visitors would see vigorous, often heated, small and large group discussions, with the teacher in the background rather than the forefront. Eighth, one would find rather flexible school environments—marked by little attention to grade levels—and extensive use of team-teaching activities involving groups of teachers, older pupils, parents, and other persons in the teaching-learning process. And, certainly, it would be reasonable to expect to find innovative ways of dealing with special educational problems such as those presented by environmentally handicapped children.

Although these expectations seemed reasonable at the outset of our visits to schools, they did not constitute an accurate description of what we found. We were unable to discern much attention to pupil needs, attainments, or problems as a basis for beginning instruction, nor widespread provision for individual opportunities to learn. Most classes were taught as a group, covering essentially the same ground for all students at approximately the same rate of speed. Teaching was predominantly telling and questioning by the teacher, with children responding one by one or occasionally in chorus. In all of this, the textbook was the most highly visible instrument of learning and teaching. If records, tapes, films, film strips, supplementary materials, and other aids to learning were in the schools we visited, we rarely saw them. When small groups of students worked together, the activities engaged in by each group member were similar, and bore the mark of the teacher's assignment and expectations. Rarely did we find small groups intensely in pursuit of knowledge; rarely did we find individual pupils at work in self-sustaining inquiry. Popular innovations of the decade—non-grading, team teaching, "discovery" learning, and programed instruction—were talked about by teachers and principals alike but were rarely in evidence.

On a more general and impressionistic level, teachers and students did not appear to be intensely involved in their work. Only occasionally did we encounter a classroom aura of excitement, anticipation, and spontaneity; when we did, it was almost invariably a kindergarten class. This is not to say that classroom inhabitants were uninvolved but rather to suggest that it may be erroneous to assume that teaching and learning in the schools, more than other human enterprises, are characterized by excitement and enthusiasm. On the positive side, however, the teachers we observed were warm and supportive, and not sadistic as some polemicists have pictured them to be.

From the data, we were unable to differentiate practices in schools enrolling a high proportion of disadvantaged or minority group children from practices in other schools. Our descriptions of classrooms enrolling predominantly Mexican-American children, for example, were not distinguishable from our descriptions in general. Nor were there marked differences in our respective descriptions of classrooms in the inner city, on the fringe of the urban environment, and in suburbia.

IT is dangerous to generalize about something as large, complex, and presumably diverse as schooling in the United States, or even about the first four years of it. As far as our sample of schools is concerned, however, we are forced to conclude that much of the so-called educational reform movement has been blunted on the classroom door.

Yet, the responsibility for this situation does not rest entirely with schoolteachers and principals. The elementary schools were anything but the "palaces" of an affluent society. In fact, they looked more like the artifacts of a society that did not really care about its schools, a society that expressed its disregard by creating schools less suited to human habitation than its prisons. These arti-

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facts reflect the strange notion that learning proceeds best in groups of thirty, that teachers are not to converse with each other, that learning should be conducted under rather uncomfortable circumstances, and that schools proceed best with their tasks when there is little or no traffic with the outside world.

We had hoped to conduct sustained interviews with the teachers we observed, but there were rarely quiet, attractive places to confer. We held our interviews on the run or, more favorably, when we were able to have breakfast or dinner together. These teachers wanted to talk about education: what "good" things we had observed elsewhere; what we thought about current innovations; whether we had any suggestions for improving the teaching we had just observed; and on and on. Interestingly, those with whom we talked had a rather favorable image of what they were doing in the classroom; they thought they were individualizing instruction, teaching inductively, and encouraging self-propelled learning. Neither principals nor teachers were able to articulate clearly just what they thought to be most important for their schools to accomplish. And neither group was very clear on changes that should be effected in the near future.

BOTH our observations alone and those with teachers lead to several disquieting conclusions. Public schooling probably is the only large-scale enterprise in this country that does not provide for systematic updating of the skills and abilities of its employees and for payment of the costs involved. Teachers are on their own as far as their in-service education is concerned, in an environment designed for "telling" others, yet one that is grossly ill-suited to intellectual pursuits with peers. Teachers, we presume, can readily cast aside their old, inappropriate ways and acquire markedly different ones through some process of osmosis.

Sixteen or more years of schooling should educate teachers and others for self-renewal—and this frequently is the case. But general failure to do so for large numbers of people constitutes the greatest failure of our educational system. In the colleges as well as in the lower schools, the processes and fruits of human experience are so cut up in the curriculum and so obfuscated by detail that cohesiveness, relationships, and relevance are obscured.

Another aspect of our educational malaise is that an enormous amount of energy goes into merely maintaining the system. Studies have shown that administrators favor teachers who maintain orderly classrooms, keep accurate records, and maintain stable relations with parents and the community. Other studies reveal that middle managers in the educational system, such as principals and supervisors, tend to be recruited from among teachers who demonstrate these orderly qualities. Because they are rewarded for maintaining the system, administrators are not likely either to challenge it or to reward subordinates who do.

Just as teachers and principals appear to be uncertain as to what their schools are for, the communities they serve provide no clear sense of direction or guidelines. There is evidence to suggest that parents are somewhat more favorably disposed toward educational change than are teachers or school administrators, but legions of educators who push at the forefront of innovative practice stand ready to show their community-inflicted scars. Many parents are more interested in changes in the abstract or for someone else than in changes involving their own children. Social change is a formidable enterprise under the best of circumstances; schooling too often presents only the worst of circumstances, with resistance being built into both the setting and the internal structure.

It should come as no surprise, then, that comprehensive experiments in schooling are the rarest of all educational phenomena. Small wonder that teachers practice so little individualizing instruction, inductive teaching, nongrading, team teaching, or other recently recommended practices. They have not seen them. If teachers are to change, they must see models of what they are to change to; they must practice under guidance the new behaviors called for in the exemplary models. If teachers are to change, the occupation itself must have built into it the necessary provisions for self-renewal. The creation of these conditions is an important agenda item for the decade ahead.

Seers of bygone decades occasionally asked whether our schools had outlived their usefulness—and we laughed. The question is no longer funny. The schools are conspicuously ill-suited to the needs of at least 30 per cent of their present clientele: the large numbers of children from minority groups who live in harsh environments; the tens of thousands who suffer from crippling mental, physical, and emotional handicaps; and a few whose rare gifts separate them sharply from their peers. But the lack of "fit" between school and client extends into other realms until one is forced to ask whether our educational system serves even 50 per cent of its clientele in reasonably satisfying ways. Learning disabilities evidenced in the primary grades often go undiagnosed, persisting throughout life and seriously limiting human relations participation. Talents in music, art, and creative writing lie largely outside the school's scope and are usually brought to fruition in the home where parents can afford to, or not at all where parents cannot. The human models in these fields, so necessary to refinement of childhood talent, are inaccessible to the school because of teacher certification restrictions or sheer failure to recognize their powerful role in educating the young.

It is also questionable whether those students who appear to be adjusting well are acquiring desirable traits and repressing undesirable ones. Success in school seems to assure further success in school;

(*Continued on page* 80)

—*Bruce Roberts (Rapho Guillumette).*

"Rarely did we find small groups intensely in pursuit of knowledge."

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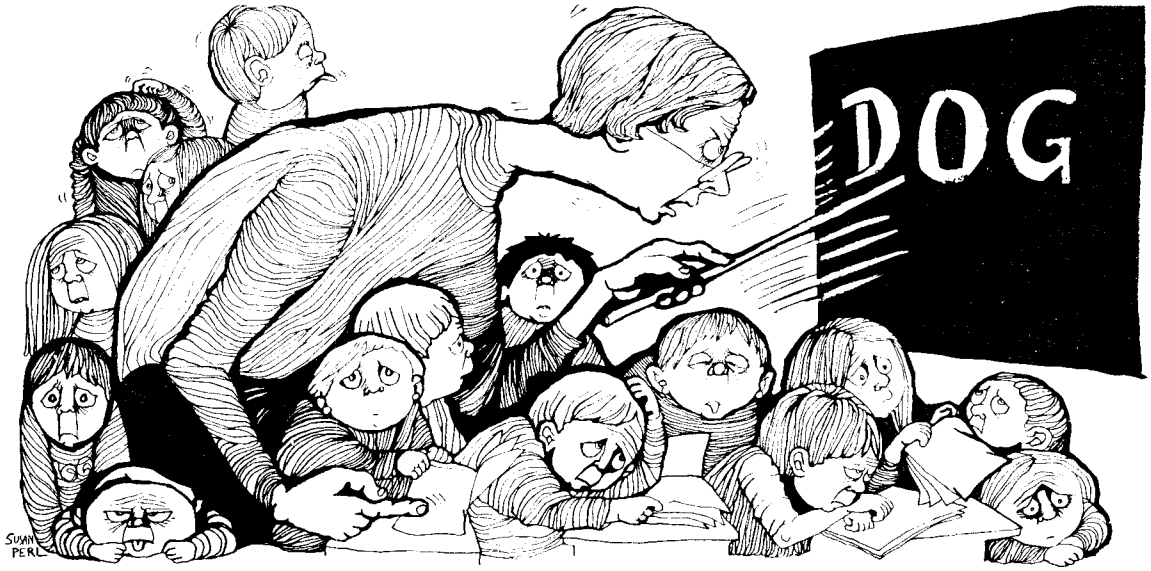

LEARNING AT RANDOM

By LESLIE A. HART

ONE of the basic concepts in American public education is that each student is an individual, differing from every other individual, and should be free to develop in his own pattern, to realize his abilities to the fullest. Almost everyone appears to agree to this proposition, at least to the extent of giving it lip service.

Unfortunately, our schools are enmeshed in a century-old system that was instituted for precisely opposite purposes. It treats students as though they were sufficiently alike to permit uniform teaching in fixed groups called "classes" —an arrangement that to a large extent assumed that students, under compulsion, would learn the same thing, in the same way, at the same time.

This assumption was preposterous from the outset. Happily, it seems at last to be under enough fire to do it in. Unhappily, however, it has strongly established a number of axiomatic approaches to instruction, based largely on lack of research, poor research, misapplied research, and folklore, which are roadblocks to progress because they are so widely accepted and so seldom examined.

One of these ideas is the necessity and desirability of *sequence* in instruction. Sequential instruction assumes that if certain material is taught in a given order, it will be learned in that order—a specific application of the notion, highly suspect, that "learning" and "teaching" are merely opposite sides of the same coin. A teacher works out a plan for a certain "course" of instruction. Two weeks is allocated for one portion, four weeks for the next, and so on. Within each segment, more detailed linear plans are made, down perhaps to the order in which material will be handled during a forty-five-minute period.

THE trouble is that this sequential approach does not work. Almost immediately, there will be those in the class who will not go along. They do not understand they have wrong ideas that get in the way; they do not master what is required; they forget; or they already know and in bored resentment will not cooperate. The linear plan collapses. As time and energy and determination allow, the teacher tries to patch up the situation by helping or pushing those who lag, and quite possibly holding back those who go too fast. It becomes clear, then, that no *one* program can fit more than a very few of the children in the class. To search for a *sequence* that will "fit better" is futile—one might as well hunt for a single garment that will "fit better" on all the children.

More perceptive innovators working on curriculum and methods have in some cases turned to "discovery" as a better approach. Results appear encouraging; but we must remember that if the traditional sequential way is as bad as suggested, *any* alternative approach should do better—especially if there is a Hawthorne effect to help out.

"Discovery," therefore, demands some hard questions. Insofar as it gets the teacher off the back of the student for at least brief periods, it may have immediate advantages. But is it a sequential approach in disguise? If independent discovery leads the students off in many directions, how is the class to be conducted? To keep the group a group, the discoveries must follow some sort of sequence. "Good!" thinks the teachers. "Most of them have discovered *this*. Now we can go on to *that*!" The sequence may be looser—but it is there. Students are not being driven down a predetermined path so much as being led down it. They may be happier and more responsive. But if we hold fast to our one solid foundation stone—*every child differs*—we see that we are still basically trying to find *one* approach and *one* sequence to fit extremely varied individuals.

BEFORE we ask whether there is an alternative, let us note that our avowed object is to produce *learning*. Also, let us beware of thinking of learning as all of a piece. A simple and convenient breakdown can serve well: 1) *Skills*—ability to *perform;* 2) *Content*—ability to *recall* information; 3) *Concepts*—ability to *comprehend*, with insight. To foster learning in all three categories requires ideally *different* approaches, methods, and groupings—greatly inhibited by the classroom and grade situation. Not having much choice, the classroom teacher tends to lump all three together. However, just as animals in captivity behave and respond quite differently than in their natural habitat, so children learn in a quite distinctive way outside the prison-like, thought-control classroom.

Leslie A. Hart is a business consultant in special fields and has had a long-standing interest in education. He is the author of *The Classroom Disaster* (to be published shortly by Teachers College Press, Columbia University), a critical examination of school organization, its effects, and possible alternatives.

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We must suppose this "outside" way is more natural; and obviously it works much better.

At the age of a year or so, a child may learn to walk. If we observe many such children, we can detect a general pattern; but if we watch a single child, we see he is a law unto himself. He learns to walk (almost purely a skill) his own way, at his own time, at his own speed. Fortunately, his youth protects him: even the most pressing parent hardly ventures to tell him how to move his limbs and shift his balance. He learns despite hundreds of jarring, painful, and frustrating failures—and normally he learns very well indeed. *How* he learns depends, it seems, partly on his environment and partly on pure chance. He tries this or that, progresses, reverts, changes, accepts proffered help or rejects it. Overall, the approach is *random;* but it works. What helps most appears to be the encouragement and close attention of those around him—but he makes clear that *he* will handle the learning.

Soon he is learning how to talk, a fantastically difficult achievement involving complicated skills, content in the form of vocabulary, and such staggering concepts as that everything, even actions and wants, can be represented by sounds. The child, we know now, does not merely imitate. He builds his own syntax for temporary use—an amazing feat. Again, his approach is not sequential, but utterly random. Again, he insists on running his own show. The parent who exerts pressure, or coaches, or tries to "steer" can easily discourage the child, or produce a severe speech problem. Acceptance, applause, and attention seem to work best.

For many children, reading, a skill that rests on both concept and content, comes about in a similar fashion. Cereal boxes and television, street signs and playthings, along with whatever books may be present, serve as instructional materials in a fortuitous, haphazard, *random* fashion. We know only that there should be *enough* exposure and encouragement with very little teaching volunteered to produce the best results. By report, some English schools are having success with a program that skips all formal or organized reading instruction. Nor can we overlook the results achieved using the Edison Responsive Environment, or "talking typewriter." The child is allowed an utterly random and personal approach. Though various phases are introduced, there is virtually nothing we would recognize as "sequence." It works phenomenally well.

Consider a few twelve-year-olds and their mastery of baseball. This hideously complicated game involves a long list of skills, a collection of concepts, and a good deal of content that the interested child may swell to encyclopedic scale. Yet this impressive learning achievement results from wildly random exposure. Were baseball taught from second grade on, it would be broken down to "logical" sequences. Great debates would ensue on whether base-running should be taught before fly-catching. Base-running would then be reduced to terminology, theory, projects, and drill. A textbook would be needed, of course, which would further embalm the "only proper order." In time, oldsters would insist that kids don't learn baseball like they used to, because the "fundamentals" aren't taught first, with lots of "discipline." Also, of course, boys would *hate* baseball, and play only under threat of a zero or complaint to their parents.

HOW blind can we be? Random learning works; sequential teaching doesn't.

Random learning lets the individual child take the prime responsibility for his own learning. He should, because the younger children are, the less they can tell us "where they are" in the process of learning. No teacher, even one who has time and tries, can divine more than a glimpse of the state of the child's digested and undigested input of what he knows, what he thinks he knows, what he knows that's wrong or garbled. The skeleton, the supporting structure of learning, is *concepts* as they mesh and connect and interweave. The grasp of concepts depends on the moment of insight—that sudden, thrilling flash of understanding. When it will occur, and why no one can say. A sequential approach, producing anxiety and desire to appease the teacher by "right answers," may block it and usually does. A random approach, without pressure, without timetable, will achieve the desired understanding far more certainly, and probably sooner.

Does the random approach mean the individual child will be under no guidance, obliged to attain no preset goals? Not at all. Remember we do not set goals now in sequential teaching and demand that they be achieved. We merely require the child to suffer through the sequence a certain fixed length of time! A random approach *would* set real goals—but no timetable. How and when each child attains his goals would be an individual matter on which wide latitude would be permitted.

Is a random approach practical administratively? At first blush, it may sound like a recipe for permanent chaos. But on examination, and with familiarity, it tends to seem simpler than the present system, which is incessantly wrestling with the head-on conflict between a philosophy that children are not alike, and a structure created to treat them as if they were. To use the random approach importantly, we do not have to throw out all sequence—we merely have to regard sequence as pretty meaningless in itself and subject to change for any good educational reason.

We *do* have to throw out practically all of the administrative garbage that has been accumulating for a century; and that includes the class, the classroom, grades, annual promotions, fixed groups, marks, most examinations, report cards as they now exist, subjects, courses, and a good deal else that has little to do with *educational* needs.

AT the same time, we can rationalize and simplify the job assignments of the staff so that their responsibilities are not impossible to discharge.

So long as we have classes and classrooms, we will have sequential instruction, with all its evils, its boredom, its stupendous waste. But if the class is an administrative device that now seriously restricts and impedes education, why cling to it? We will work far harder trying to compromise with its imperatives than we will replacing it. And, as a hundred years of effort have shown, the compromise always fails. Children's differences, their natural ways of learning, will not lessen or "go away" because we suffer an anachronism to persist.

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THE ECONOMICS OF INEQUALITY

By DAVID K. COHEN

IT is hardly news that some schools are rich and others poor; nor is it a surprise that the rich ones are likely to be found in well-to-do communities, and the poor ones in less affluent places. The news is that efforts are now underway to eliminate such differences in school expenditures.

During the past three or four decades, many states have sought to reduce financial disparities among school districts through "foundation" or "equalization" programs that provided aid to local districts. But large inequalities persisted. In recent months, however, lawsuits have been filed in six states that seek to compel the states to assume responsibility for eliminating differences in per pupil expenditures among rich and poor districts. These court actions raise a number of fundamental issues, both economic and educational.

The disparities around which all this activity centers are considerable. In Arkansas (the state with the lowest average expenditure for public schooling), the highest-spending 10 per cent of the districts in 1961 devoted $160 or more per pupil to the education of their charges, and the lowest 10 per cent spent $99 or less per pupil; in New York (the state with the highest average outlay for schooling), the top 10 per cent of the districts spent $465 or more, and the lowest 10 per cent spent $333 or less on each student. Studies in individual states since then show that such disparities persist.

Local tax revenues, which cause part of the problem, are unequal for two main reasons. First, the central cities usually experience more than average competition for tax dollars; they have more problems which local taxation is supposed to alleviate (poverty, aging, ill health), and they provide services for people who work there, but live elsewhere (fire and police protection, sanitation). Thus, a smaller proportion of the average property tax dollar is available for spending on schools in central cities than in their neighboring suburbs. One recent study showed that although central cities raised more than $90 per capita in property taxes to their suburbs' average of more than $70, the suburbs spent an average of $60 per capita on schools excluding capital outlays, while the cities spent about $50.

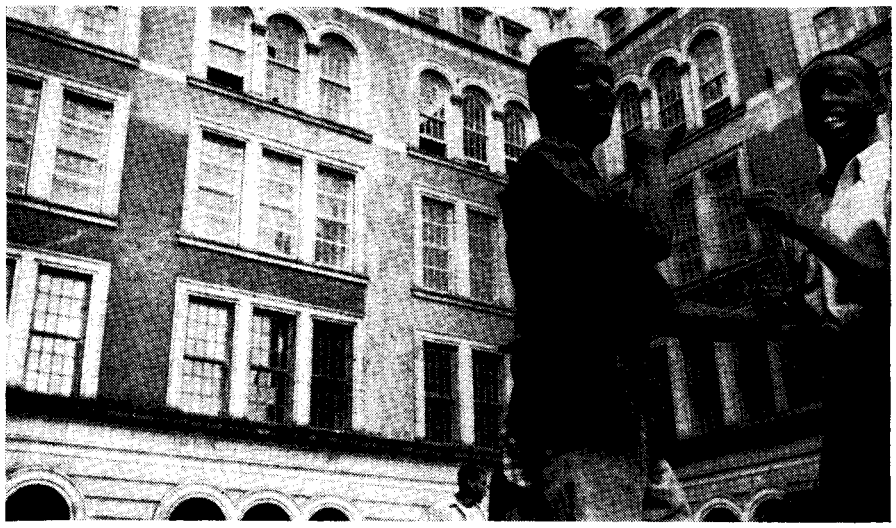
But even if municipal overburden did not exist, the same tax rates would not raise the same amount of money in all communities. Those with more rundown and unproductive land tend to have lower assessed valuations than communities with more well-kept and productive property. Many communities of the first sort are rural (with depleted farmland and underpopulated hamlets), but many others are urban, replete with slums, decaying business districts, and industrial wastelands. The problems of a weakening urban tax base often are compounded by fear of losing the existing jobs and tax revenue entirely.

In any event, when communities with different assessed valuations are taxed at the same rate, the per capita revenue yield varies; communities with the lower valuations raise less even though they make the same tax effort. And when the lower-assessed valuations are found in communities with the greatest poverty and social decay, the result is devastating. For instance, the average affluent homeowner in a well-to-do community is required to sacrifice a smaller proportion of his income to pay his share of an $800 annual per pupil outlay, than would a less well-off homeowner in a central city or depressed rural area. Affluent communities can raise more money for schools at lower tax rates than poor communities can at higher rates. Add to this the heavy burden of municipal services, and the fiscal problems of city schools are compounded.

Programs of state foundation and equalization aid could eliminate these local differences, but generally they do not. The reasons vary from state to state, but a few basic ones are similar. In many states, the aid formulas were designed decades ago to help finance the nonurban districts, which at the time were disadvantaged. Over the years, many of the rural areas became affluent suburbs, and many of the cities grew relatively poor. The state aid formulas, however, have not always been updated. In many metropolitan areas, state school aid programs deliver more dollars per pupil to suburban than to central-city schools. In 1964, for example, Detroit received $189 per pupil from Michigan, while the average suburban receipt per pupil was $240.

But even in those states where efforts have been made to reverse these trends the remedies are only partly effective, because state education departments are reluctant to equalize completely the tax burden among rich and poor districts. It is still easier to raise money for schooling in suburban places like Brookline than it is in Boston. The reluctance to correct this situation, of course, is political. State education departments are answerable to legislatures, which in turn must account to constituents. Parents and schoolmen who are relatively well-off may pay lip service to the idea of equal educational opportunity, but they also will use the political process to protect their advantage and that of their children.

The disparities, then, result both from



—Eugene Anthony (Black Star).

"Affluent communities can raise more money for schools at lower . . .

David K. Cohen teaches at the Harvard Graduate School of Education and is co-chairman of the Harvard Center for Law and Education.

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variations in the wealth of local communities, and from the historic tendency of state education departments to adjust only partly for these local variations. The current burst of activity aimed at eliminating these disparities rests on a few common ideas. One is that levels of support for public schools should not follow such systematic lines of social division as race, wealth, or residence. A second is that the agency best able to remedy differences among districts within states is the state government itself. But it is generally agreed that state government is not likely to resolve fully the issue through the political process, and there is little reason to be any more hopeful about the Congress. Therefore, it is not surprising that the third common idea is that the existing inequalities may violate the Fourteenth Amendment.

The long process of court action has only begun, yet, it appears that if ever there were an idea whose time had come, this would seem to be the idea and ours the time. Since the mid-Fifties, American law and politics have been increasingly occupied with problems of inequality. The concern with intrastate school financing disparities is only the most recent extension of this trend. There is, however, another less apparent reason for its appeal. The last decade of struggle over schools saw efforts at desegregation founder on white resistance and bureaucratic inertia, and programs of compensatory education produce nothing more useful than debates in the liberal press. Lacking any noticeable improvements in either the quality or outcome of slum schools, many of the interested parties (parents, teachers, semi-professional school reformers, and community activists) are abandoning past cooperation in seeking more money or other improvements; instead, they increasingly have fallen to fighting among themselves over who should manage the educational enterprise. This has had a number of disquieting consequences for liberals; they are ideologically fragmented over the question of separatism or integration. Whatever other drawbacks the new lawsuits may have, they are blissfully neutral on the question of who shall control what in the cities.

All of these factors augur well for the proliferation of lawsuits, research, and organizations concerned with intrastate disparities in expenditures for public education. But if the existence of the differences is admitted on all sides, there is no such agreement on whether—or how—they should be eliminated.

The rationales for eliminating the inequities boil down to two. The first is that differences in school expenditures cause differences in the quality of education, and these in turn harm children's achievement, and thus their chances for success. The second is that irrespective of damage to anyone's education, the state has no business making distinctions based on such educationally irrelevant considerations as race, place, or community wealth, as is currently done in nearly all the aid formulas.

The arguments against eliminating the differences follow roughly the same lines. One is that the state aid programs do provide a minimally satisfactory education, and that high-expenditure districts offer not discrimination but leadership. Without beacons of educational excellence, general upgrading of the educational system would be impossible. The other is that neither courts nor legislatures have any business meddling with how much money parents choose to spend on their children's schooling; this is held to reflect an individual's ability and willingness to pay taxes, his concern for education, and his taste in the style of education offered. Any effort to eliminate the differences would infringe individual liberties.

What does the available evidence sug-

(*Continued on page 76*)

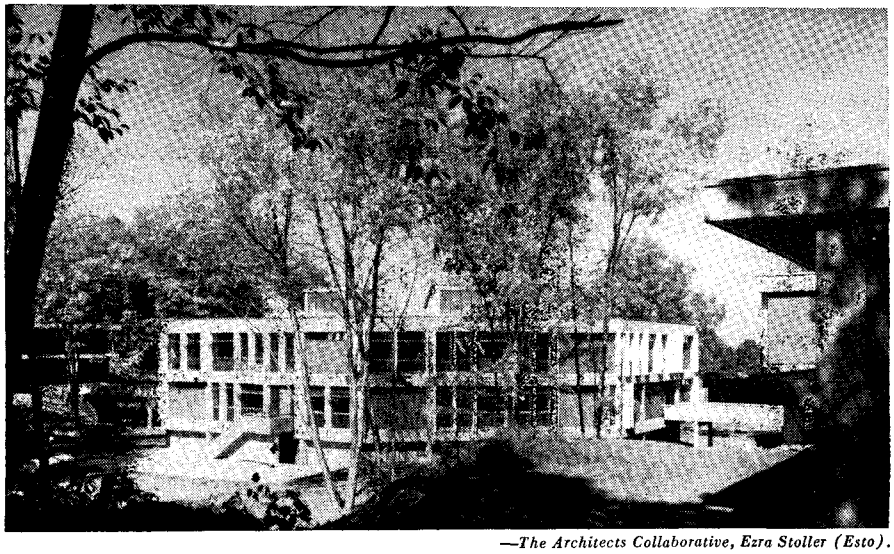
On March 25, 1969, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision in *MacInnes vs. Ogilvie*, the first of the new equal-protection suits to reach the high court. The case was on appeal from a three-judge U.S. district court in Illinois that had dismissed the suit, on the grounds that there was no course of action, and the Supreme Court upheld this ruling.

Is the issue now dead?

The lower court's decision is not entirely clear, but it seems to be based on the notion that the remedy asked by the plaintiffs is unworkable. The remedy requested was that state funds be allocated to local school districts on the basis of educational need; the Court argued that this concept was so cloudy as not to be open either to definition or enforcement by the courts. Educational need, it held, was not a "judicially manageable" standard; lacking that, there was no cause for action. This rejection of the idea of educational need is the *most* that the Supreme Court's affirmation of *MacInnes* could mean. The issue was somewhat muddied, since the lower court went on to argue against the idea that spending equal dollars in every district is a remedy for existing disparities. But this issue was peripheral to the decision.

What is more important, the decision in *MacInnes* reveals that the Court —to say nothing of the plaintiffs—saw only two possible remedies: absolute equalization of dollars paid by the state to the local districts, or state funds allocated according to local need. The idea that equal amounts of local *effort* should be rewarded by equal dollars to spend on schools nowhere appears in the decision.

Thus, this crucial notion has not at all been tested and, although the ideas of equal dollars and need have been dealt a considerable blow, no doubt they will crop up again and again in lawsuits. The decision in *MacInnes* was the first round in what will surely be a protracted series of legal and legislative actions; the outcome is still unclear. —D. K. C.



—*The Architects Collaborative, Ezra Stoller (Esto).*

. . . tax rates than poor communities can at higher rates."

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Schools Make News

—Photos by Wide World.

Secretary of HEW Robert H. Finch (left) confronts Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina in the battle over desegregation guidelines.

Tension on the Guidelines

SOUTHERN POLITICIANS have brought enormous pressure to bear on President Nixon and his Administration to make good his campaign promises and ease the federal guidelines demanding full school desegregation by September 1969. Under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, any school district not complying with these guidelines will lose all federal support.

Although Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert H. Finch promised civil rights leaders there would be "no erosion of the guidelines" and already has initiated cutoffs of funds to several districts, Southerners have found reason to hope. During his campaign, Richard Nixon said publicly that he believed the Government had gone too far in attempting to enforce desegregation, and he persuaded such prominent segregationists as Senator Strom Thurmond, the powerful Republican from South Carolina, and Senator John G. Tower of Texas to campaign for him. Thurmond, Tower, and other Southern leaders are now demanding the expected changes.

Last month, Secretary Finch, in an interview in *U.S. News & World Report*, stressed "quality of education" over desegregation and suggested that the guidelines might be changed to be "more responsive and realistic in terms of what is happening in education."

A few weeks later, the man expected to become the No. 1 lawyer for HEW, Robert C. Mardian, urged in a Department memo a quiet relaxation of the desegregation guidelines without any public announcement. Mardian, a conservative Californian Republican who campaigned for Goldwater and later for Nixon, is said to be Nixon's choice for HEW general counsel, a position that would effectively give him legal custody of the guidelines.

Finch quickly disavowed Mardian's memo. His office has talked, however, of placing more emphasis and money on Title IV of the 1964 act, which provides expert federal assistance to districts under orders to desegregate. In the past, Title IV has been starved for funds; of nine regional offices only four have Title IV help.

The South has interpreted these incidents as signs of change, and outright defiance of federal school desegregation demands have increased markedly in recent months. More school districts than ever before are flatly refusing to file acceptable desegregation plans, and a small but increasing number are withdrawing plans filed earlier.

"The outcome," remarked one civil rights official, "is that Finch is going to have to cut off funds to a lot more districts than if he'd made clear what the districts have to do."

How to Handle Rebels?

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION appears to want to take some firm federal action to halt disruptions on college and university campuses, but as yet has not hit on just the right plan.

When the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh of Notre Dame issued a statement to his faculty and student body denouncing student disorders, President Nixon acclaimed his "forthright stand" and directed Vice President Agnew to seek a strong statement from the nation's governors who were meeting at their annual conference. Governor Reagan of California suggested a federal investigation, but most of the state chiefs took a softer line.

A letter from Hesburgh, requested by Nixon, stressing the University's right to deal with its own problems, helped produce the governors' final statement that merely reasserted university autonomy and pledged to support campus administrators in resisting "lawless acts."

Since then, the Nixon Administration has been trying to articulate a harder line. The President spoke of enforcing the Congressional ban on federal loans or scholarships to students involved in campus disruptions. But surveys have found that few students involved in campus disorders receive federal funds, and in any case, colleges and universities so far have not taken action under the ban.

Recently, however, Attorney General John N. Mitchell declared that he intends to authorize prosecution of "hard-line militants" who cross state lines to incite campus disturbances. The FBI is said to have prepared, at Nixon's request, a report on campus disorders that reveals evidence of a "conspiracy" in at least some cases.

Mendicant Church Schools

CATHOLIC ELEMENTARY and secondary schools, which educate approximately one of every nine American school children, are in deep financial trouble. Across the country, parochial schools are closing, enrollments are dropping, and pupils are being shifted into the public school system.

The Archdiocese of Detroit will close eleven and possibly forty of its 315 schools this year. Chicago will shut at least eleven of its schools, and Milwaukee will close eighteen.

The problem stems largely from the shortage of nuns and priests who used to make up the majority of the schools' teaching staffs, receiving only about $1,600 a year. Lay teachers are paid salaries competitive with those of the public schools—about $5,500 to $6,000 a year. The numbers of lay teachers employed in Catholic schools have risen dramatically in recent years. In Michigan, they rose from 20 per cent in 1958-59, to 34 per cent by 1963-64, and to 48 per cent this year. In Iowa, 50 per cent of the parochial school faculty comes from the laity, and in Cincinnati the proportion has risen over the last twenty years from 3 per cent to 52 per cent.

To meet the rising costs, not only of teachers but of facilities and teaching materials, many schools have reduced enrollments or raised tuition, driving out many pupils who cannot afford the increased expense. At the same time, many Catholic families have joined the rush to the suburbs, leaving city schools with a poor, inner-city clientele.

Churchmen are seeking state money for their schools, thus reviving the church-state debate which was so carefully circumvented in the compromises

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of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Both the Maryland and Michigan legislatures have bills pending that would grant funds to non-public schools for such secular subjects as mathematics, science, modern languages, and physical education. Pennsylvania passed a similar law last year, which will go into effect next September, at which time it may face a challenge in the courts.

Advocates of state aid to non-public schools stress primarily that it is cheaper for the taxpayer to pay part of the parochial school costs than to pay the full cost for all the pupils if the parochial system closes down.

They also argue that there is a need for alternatives to the public schools to provide diversity and freedom to experiment. Some stress that the schools serve many children in the inner-city ghettos. Few, however, would go so far as the Very Rev. James C. Donohue, director of elementary and secondary education for the United States Catholic Conference, who has called for new priorities for Catholic schools, making their prime purpose schooling of the most deprived.

The Starving Arts

THE STATE of the arts is poor; financial crisis is a continuing fact of life and has put the arts in danger of collapse. Thus warns W. McNeil Lowry in an essay in the Ford Foundation's annual report.

Mr. Lowry, the Foundation's vice president for the humanities and the arts, declares the famous "cultural boom" has been "largely an explosion of words." Agencies such as the National Endowment for the Arts have never received enough funds from Congress to represent a national commitment to the arts or to provide the artist with a normal place in our economy. Yet the "climate of *anticipation* . . . has led the managers of artistic enterprises into unattainable plans for development, forcing them into helpless acceptance of rapid inflation of costs."

Lowry warns against "illusions" that new funds will suddenly appear whenever the Vietnam war ends. "There will not exist an effective public policy for the arts until they are treated as important in their own right," he states. "A change in the national attitude in support of the arts is needed to help alleviate the erosion of our cultural resources and of the personal vitality of many key artistic producers. . . . Costs are now on a scale that cannot be met by the devotion and self-sacrifice of individuals."

They Said It

MARGARET MEAD: "Once the fact of a deep, new, unprecedented, world-wide generation gap is firmly established in the minds of both the young and the old, communication can be established again. . . . No path need be repudiated. No former way of life need be forgotten. But all must be seen as what they now are: curtain-raisers on the future."

Notes

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION, faced with a dispute over the control and character of the Head Start program, is considering the establishment of a new agency to operate it and many other federal efforts for young children. . . .

HEW has ordered Pennsylvania to desegregate its state college system within 120 days or face loss of federal funds.

This is the first such action against a Northern state. . . .

—B. B. S.

A Set of Attitudes

TWO YEARS AGO, a group of Enfield (Connecticut) High School rebels, sensing their real educations lay in the oases of their lives—clubs, hangouts, sports—set out to transfer this honest atmosphere to the classroom. They found a friend on the faculty, Frank Gross, head of the social studies department, who, with the backing of a courageous administration, gave them the quiet direction, seasoned insight, and solid trust necessary to effect their plan. Thus began that school's social studies laboratory, a powerful argument for student participation in the high school.

A student entering the lab opts for an established subject or one of his own invention ("The Genesis of a Slum," "Israeli Youth," "Conservation—Do You Want Your Kids to Live in an Asphalt World?"). He then joins a student-teacher team and strikes out on his own "line of inquiry," using any research method conceivable (interviewing the Israeli consul, attending a Black Muslim meeting in Harlem, phoning presidential candidates, as well as combing publications, tapes, slides, movies, and records on hand). Controversy is courted in the lab, and the students seek a wide spectrum of opinions and viewpoints. After completing the unit, using a special case study method evolved by Mr. Gross and student lab members, the student makes a visual presentation of his findings to the class, using whatever technique he wishes—slides, poetry, guitar music, videotape. He becomes, therefore, responsible not only for his own education, but for a portion of his peers'.

Lab students draw their own budgets, consult with salesmen, handle disciplinary and curricular matters, evaluate program effectiveness and their own performances, create new ways to teach and learn, and provide professional-quality visual aids for other classes.

The lab has generated enough excitement to swell its membership to 200 daily participants, who come during study hall or after school (night classes are in the offing and an extra room is now used to handle overflow). Forty lab-tech students take responsibility for the project and spend up to fifty hours weekly running it. The school principal, Joseph Cabera, has offered academic credit to lab students, but they politely refused his offer, preferring "not to sell the course that way."

A $1,000 state grant bought the bare necessities for equipping the lab. The boys completed the job, fitting the lab out with carrels, headsets, projectors, recorders, TV set, cameras, a materials-analysis center, and a collection of multi-media research materials (books, magazines, film strips, records, tapes) gathered and evaluated for accuracy, bias, and content by the students in connection with their projects. Enfield students helped local architects design a similar facility in a new school; recently discovered a town-owned island in the Connecticut River, which they'd like to appropriate for a school wildlife center; and have just put to press the first issue of a new journal, *Contact*, a dialogue on "what education can be," for educators around the country.

Teachers from as nearby as next door and as far away as Oregon have visited the lab, to learn how and why it works. But as Bruce Phillips, a student founder said, "A lab is not a room. It's a set of attitudes." The Enfield attitude is that education, a joint venture, is meaningless unless it makes students aware of their individuality, makes them self-directing, and involves them in honest inquiry. "The trick," says Phillips, "is to get people into a different frame of mind so that they accept the idea of personal, active effort—digging deep, asking questions, getting off the bench and into the ball game."

—KAREN BRANAN.

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A View from the Campus

Paul Woodring

"Intervisitation"

A GENERATION AGO, when a boy called at a girl's dormitory for his date, he announced his presence to the housemother and then sat primly in the front parlor while waiting for the girl to come down the stairs. When the couple returned, they might be allowed a few minutes for a good-night kiss behind a pillar while the housemother looked the other way, but that was about all. The result, as any alumnus can recall, was that many couples retreated to the woods for "blanket parties" or parked their cars on lonely roads. Parents and college officials pretended not to know what was going on.

Today's students are contemptuous of such hypocrisy. They want the right of "intervisitation," which is campus jargon for the right of college men to visit the dormitory rooms of their girl friends, and the right of the girls to return the visits. The number of students who want this privilege, and who see it as an essential part of the end to *in loco parentis*, is much larger than the number demanding the right to smoke pot or to overthrow the administration. And they can make a better case.

Students insist that a dormitory room is a home during the college years and a man's home is his castle, to use as he likes. They want the opportunity for members of both sexes to study together, listen to music together, and to talk quietly without fear of being overheard. They concede that some of the dates may terminate in more intimate activities, but they contend, with impeccable logic, that nothing can happen in a dormitory room that has not been happening for years in less comfortable places.

A few of the more permissive private colleges have been allowing intervisitation for the past two or three decades, but in most cases only during restricted hours, and often with the understanding that the door will be left ajar. More recently, the hours have been extended and the doors have been closed. Within recent years, and particularly during the current academic year, many state colleges and universities have come to accept the practice; the topic is now under discussion even in some church-related colleges. The current question is whether the visitors should be required to leave at 10, at midnight, or at the students' discretion, opening up the possibility that some visitors may stay for breakfast.

The nineteenth-century notion that young couples should meet only under some degree of adult supervision went out with the invention of the automobile. Unsupervised dates have been the rule for at least three generations. Today, in most homes, a girl can entertain her date in the living room, or the game room, with the understanding that her parents will keep out of the way. It is still rare, however, for a girl to take her date to her bedroom and a dormitory room is, among other things, a bedroom. But, when this fact is pointed out, students respond that such a distinction is just one more example of middle-class, middle-aged stuffiness. The presence of the bed, they insist, alters nothing except for evil-minded people such as parents and deans of women.

Since dormitory rooms are not spacious, and most of them are occupied by two students, roommates present a special problem. If one has a visitor at a time when the other wants to study, what is the studious one to do? She can go to the library, of course, but what is she to do after the library has closed? The usual student answer to this question is, "We'll work it out some way."

Intervisitation, unlike the use of psychedelic drugs, is not illegal, and hence may be permitted by college authorities without any change in the laws. But what about the mores? They are changing, of course, but have they changed to such an extent that a college dean can admit to parents, alumni, and trustees that he makes no effort to prohibit "intervisitations" that last into the wee hours? When parents are consulted their answers are conflicting. Some say, "Yes." The majority seem to say, "College students are adults and should be allowed to make these decisions for themselves. Anyway, there is nothing we can do about it, because they quit listening to us years ago." But some parents vigorously disapprove. Last month, when Vassar College allowed students in each dormitory corridor to decide by vote whether they wanted to restrict the hours of male visitors, the parents of one student brought an injunction against the college to halt the move toward greater permissiveness. Whether a college enrolling students under the age of twenty-one can legally renounce *all* its responsibility for the out-of-class activities of those who live on campus is a question to be resolved by the courts.

No matter what the courts may rule, the pressure of public opinion—from which institutions of higher learning are not nearly so immune as students seem to think—will make it necessary for most colleges to restrict the hours for visits. It is unlikely, however, that anything that either parents or college authorities can do will stem the tide toward greater freedom in the use of dormitory facilities. If a college continues to rule that dormitories are completely off-limits to members of the opposite sex, many students will move to off-campus apartments. If this right is denied them, some will transfer to more permissive colleges.

The long-range solution may be the further development of coeducational dormitories such as are now being built on a number of campuses. These provide separate sleeping quarters for men and women (usually in different wings of the building or on different floors), but the spaces provided for study, recreation, and social activities are used by both sexes. Since this arrangement offers students approximately the same amount of freedom as is available in the homes from which they come, it is not likely to meet with protest from many parents.

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Rx for Discontented Youth

College Curriculum and Student Protest, *by Joseph J. Schwab (The University of Chicago Press, 303 pp., $4.95), finds the roots of student rebellion in the style and substance of university teaching.* ***The Spirit of May,*** *by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber (McGraw-Hill, 115 pp., $4.95), attempts to analyze the causes and direction of the French student revolt. Frank G. Jennings is an SR editor-at-large.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

PROFESSOR Joseph J. Schwab has written a tough-minded, analytic, and prescriptive book that is more humane and more generous than any apologia of student protest now in print. There is not a university president, or member of a board of trustees, or senior faculty member hiding behind his diminishing grants, or junior faculty member fearing both freedom and liberation, who can afford not to read it and to study it. Perhaps, in place of a few of the academic hegiras planned for this coming summer, it might be more profitable, and far less costly, if a few beleaguered (and some of the as yet untouched) institutions were to build student-faculty seminars around the text of *College Curriculum and Student Protest.* Professor Schwab has produced the definitive handbook for creative academic revolution.

Affairs on campuses around the world are at once more complex and more specifiable than they would appear to be in many current analyses. Contrary to the old Socratic injunction, you cannot see the whole of life if you hold it too steady, too long. One needs the tragic sense of the tension between existent chaos and the urge toward order. One needs the courage to be able to confront the consequences of choices acted upon and the nasty fact that the decisions we make, however trivial or awesome, affect and afflict others.

Schwab examines the college curriculum and student protest in a brilliant essay of diagnosis and prescription. Many of the ills students are suffering from are curricular ills, the results of academic malnutrition too long unheeded. He analyzes "the style, the expression, and some of the content of student protest as presenting symptoms of evils of their education; student ineptitudes and ignorances indicating distortions and mistreatments." The book also offers a cogent survey of collegiate resources available for treatment of these curricular ills, and a series of specific prescriptions that make use of these resources and that demonstrate how some of these ills may be alleviated. These prescriptions are operationally defined and described.

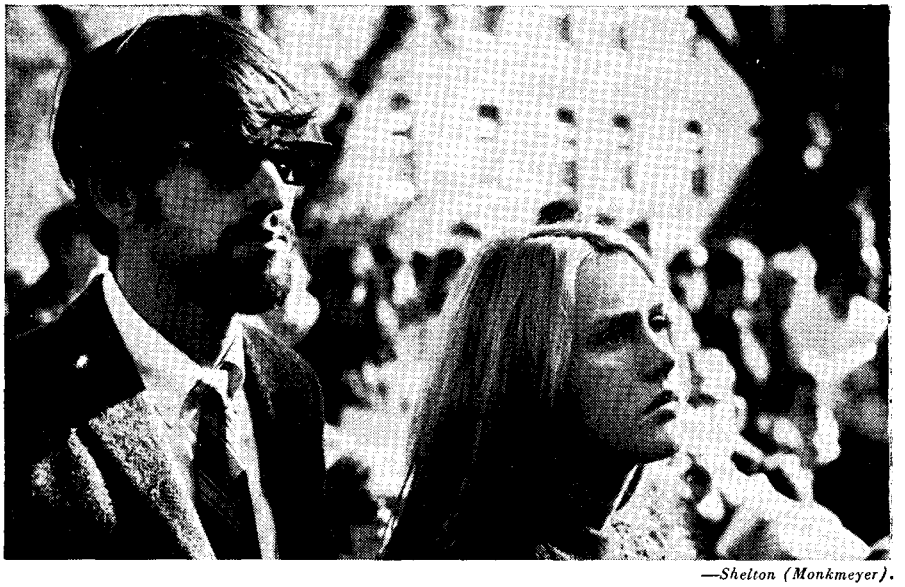
Schwab is not interested in damping student protest. Rather he seeks to make it specific. He wants students to "become a more demanding and discriminating clientele, better able to distinguish the better from the worse among alternative actions and proffered arguments." He is concerned with the "silent many" even more than with the highly audible protestant few. He warns those faculty members and administrators who have the "supermarket view of the university" and who take satisfaction and assurance in the conviction that the "majority is silent," that it is "the 'silent' coronary thrombosis which kills."

Schwab is no apologist for all student activists. He does not, like some loose-minded pseudo-libertarians, assume the mask and stance of late adolescence hoping to recapture his own misremembered youth while doing penance for his academic sins. He attempts to detail possible lives in achievable collegiate communities and to suggest how both may be made and at what cost to whom.

"Student activists," he says, "like many assistant professors, do not know who makes decisions. They do not know how decisions are made well." The students, says Schwab, have been mistaught. They are victims of specious freedoms such as "constitutional" student government; they are hemmed in against thought by a plethora of opaque "elective" courses; they are forced to make early (and often meaningless) commitment to a "major." Worst of all, the students suffer from a poverty of models of mature men and women professing their disciplines and living lives that are visibly productive and satisfying even while they are occasionally disturbed, confused, and frustrated by disorder and nastiness in the only real world we can know.

In the absence of such models and before a constricting and sterile academic community, Schwab notes that a tiny percentage of the student activists become "vicious junior demagogues and corn-belt storm troopers bent on attaining a following by kicking their father surrogates in the teeth. . . . They combine ignorance of worldly conditions, handicaps of appearance and manner, considerable native ability and equally considerable interpersonal incompetence in such a fashion as to produce an enormous greed for power and prestige, an infinite capacity for generating righteous indignation, and the entirely correct conviction that only the destruction of public faith in legality and the shattering of social order will produce the success to which they are sure they are entitled."

SCHWAB'S description and analysis of the student demagogues is precise, brief, and salutary: They do not gain followers, they create imitators. They do not read, except for reassurance. They do not think, except to support their received beliefs. They are loud mainly in their puerility, and they eschew the practical arts in favor of short-lived "issue-defined" activism. Consequently, they have no ordered sense of community, even in their "communes" and "families." Such associations provide occasions for *feelings.* They will report such encounters as "a religious experience" to be remembered a lifetime. Yet,



—*Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"The students suffer from a poverty of models of mature men and women professing their disciplines and living lives that are visibly productive."

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they are incapable of specifying the quality of these experiences.

There is much that is wrong with the curriculum. There is much that is meeching and mean in the academic atmosphere. There is assertible evil in the world's societies. The university must be the source of destructive and recreative criticism of itself and of all its encircling communities. It must be a community which is "first and last, but not always, a collaborative community." It must be a society "with a place for students and a society in which they give (to faculty, to institution, to fellow students) as well as receive; it is a society in whose operation students have a voice commensurate with their powers to speak and increasing as their powers increase; it is a community in which students exist and interact in their corporate identity with faculty in their corporate identity." Thus, the college must be always a community of human beings, not mere role-players, not mere power-users, not domesticated seekers after safe truths. The collegiate community can never be a safe community, for it is centrally concerned with adventures with ideas—and ideas always have consequences, for we live in a necessarily collaborative world. Schwab notes that "the problems we face can rarely be solved by people singly but require a multitude of talents hardly obtainable within the compass of a single skin." Therefore, "the notion that education is a survival course, and that our task is to judge the student's capacity for sole survival, is also obsolescent."

Activist and "silent majority," the students must be helped to acquire their social and intellectual franchise. They must be helped, through appropriate curriculum design and use, to gain and maintain their citizenships. They must participate appropriately and with skill. They must be taught how to learn, how to judge, how to act upon decisions. They must be enabled to think toward purposes. They must discover that an important aspect of maturity is the ability to tolerate deferral of hopes, to confront even shattering failures, and to know that courage is an acquired and dangerous skill.

For some people, but certainly not for Schwab, there is a saving grace in the belief that our contemporary dilemmas have historical precedent, and that their resolution is somehow assured by society's performance charts. Thus, in *The Spirit of May*, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the urbane publisher of *L'Express*, compares the present turmoil within the French university and society to the turbulence of the fifteenth century that culminated in the Renaissance and was distinguished by the introduction of new technology. "This caused such changes in people's lives and their environment that they needed a new definition of society. . . . This second Renaissance, coming 500 years after the first, has bypassed an indifferent Europe. Not only has the baton of power been passed on to the Russians and the Americans, but gradually so have the science of invention itself and the art of organizing talent, the model on which our modern civilization is being molded."

M. Servan-Schreiber's analysis of student protest and rebellion has a quaint, fusty, almost social-gospel accent: "Nothing is so intimidating as outraged youth. When the young shout and rebel against society, few people dare to take them on, which is as it should be. . . . Education can no longer be authoritarian either in the family or the school. It must be based on a new form of *dialogue*."

Behind much of what Servan-Schreiber writes there is a sense of richly earned guilt, a recognition of a deserved inferiority complex in the French, which also suffuses his earlier book *The American Challenge*. Yet even in his flimsy, little volume, *The Spirit of May*, there is a romantic hope that the young will once again rescue *la patrie*.

France must be dragged into the modern world and taught to live as an equal —and no more than that—among its sister states of Europe. Local autonomy, genuine participatory democracy, and the ardor of youth must serve as "bell, book, and candle" to perform the rite. The power of decision-making must at long last be ceded to the people. They must liberate themselves from Paris. "Whether the subject be education, housing, urban planning, the water supply, or recreational equipment," Servan-Schreiber writes, "the municipalities have had virtually no freedom." Thus, a new society is called for, one that will not be "simply a pacifier to console the poor in their impotence," but one that would "begin by raising the lowest incomes (not just nominally), increasing the opportunities for secondary education for children of peasants and workers, and industrializing backward areas."

Servan-Schreiber, the social visionary, sees that the French "are now in one of those rare moments when the mentality of an entire people is going through tremendous change. It is up to the new generation to direct this movement toward real issues, and not toward dead ends." And that "what the French want is not a batch of limited, localized concessions but a coherent plan for decolonizing the country that will allow them to deal directly with the new and pressing problems of today's world." Considering the problems of the universities, Servan-Schreiber observes: "(they) are not going to be revitalized by the Minister of Education, even though he may be capable, but only if major decisions are made on the spot by those who come into contact with real situations every day."

For American readers there must be a *déjà vu* quality to much of the foregoing. They have seen something like this so many times in recent years. But there is a patchwork unsteadiness to the pages of *The Spirit of May*. It is a collage of interviews, old editorials, and a slab of Servan-Schreiber's earlier book, *The American Challenge*. The students' protests are made to serve as an unstable carrier wave for a familiar social message: "Society must be rebuilt." They, and we, deserve more respectful treatment from a commentator possessed of such skill as Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber.

We cannot afford the romantic luxury of either being intimidated or titillated by "enraged youth." We have the responsibility for bringing them into informed collaboration on the unfinishable tasks of our open society.

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The More Things Change...

The Irony of Early School Reform: Educational Innovation in Mid-Nineteenth Century Massachusetts, *by Michael B. Katz (Harvard University Press, 325 pp., $6.95), argues that the creation of modern public school systems was essentially a conservative response to rapid industrialization and massive social change. The view that the schools have their origins in an enlightened working class led by humanistic reformers is a myth, Katz contends, and this myth has hindered reform. Paul Lauter was the first project director of the Adams-Morgan Community School project in Washington, D.C., and is currently completing a book with Florence Howe called "Rebellion and Service" for the Macmillan Company.*

By PAUL LAUTER

ALMOST all of us subscribe to a belief in the overwhelming importance of schools and formal education both for individual children and for the future of our society. In New York City, for example, the black community, the teachers' union, the Board of Education, and *The New York Times* agree on little—except that it is disastrous for the kids to miss classes. For individuals, we insist, schools provide the knowledge needed for jobs. Or, if we are a little skeptical about how much knowledge schools transmit, we maintain that at least they teach behavior and provide the contacts and credentials necessary for advancement. Few of us could live with conscience or neighbors if we refused the chance to send our children to a school guaranteeing entrance to Harvard.

For the nation, schools are to play even more important roles. Sputnik, one recalls, taught us the need for effective and ever more advanced schooling if our science and technology are to keep us strong and free. Education—from Head Start to Upward Bound—is also our main tool to "break the poverty cycle." And if it is national policy to develop an integrated society, why then, integration of schools is the most painless and practical way of achieving that goal.

Such are the myths of education. Like all myths they accrete around grains of truth. The agreement among warring parties in New York about how vital it is to keep the schools open suggests how compelling such myths are. They often have been in our history. A hundred years ago schools were being touted as the key for ending poverty and social discord and for accelerating economic development. Massachusetts between 1840 and 1870 seems idyllic and remote from the ugly struggles that have spilled over into our cities' streets. In fact, however, many of the urban problems faced by the people of that time are kin to our own; their success, or lack of it, in dealing with such problems through education can be instructive to those struggling today for control of the schools. Indeed, the realistic look at their aspirations and controversies with which Michael B. Katz has provided us suggests that those struggles are about far more fundamental issues of social policy.

The Irony of Early School Reform examines with painstaking and even superabundant care the claims for education of mid-nineteenth-century American reformers. These claims, so similar to those educators now make, Professor Katz compares with the results schools achieved and with the real interests being served by innovations such as the founding of high schools and reform schools, by new methods in teaching and teacher education, and by compulsory school laws.

The favorite claim made by those urging establishment of high schools in Massachusetts, Katz tells us, was that education "fostered the impressive economic progress of the commonwealth." The newly industrializing society required young men to advance beyond elementary schools; if they did, they would themselves be rewarded with the wealth and social mobility held out by expanding manufacture and trade. It was true, of course, that industrialization brought with it major social problems: shifting population, poverty, disease, delinquency, class conflict. But education spoke to these concerns, too. Those favoring high schools, for example, also argued that this new form of public education, by catering to the poor as well as the rich, would become an "antidote to the stratification, strife, and social disintegration" of growing mill towns. High schools would also raise the "tone of the community" and be a means "for overcoming . . . parental apathy," which stood, so the reformers claimed, as a main block against the schools succeeding in their crucial social tasks. In short, Katz writes, "the high school was simultaneously to foster mobility, promote economic growth, contribute to communal wealth, and save towns from disintegrating into an immoral and degenerate chaos."

But the reality, as Katz's study of Lawrence, Massachusetts, suggests, was different. Education was by no means the driving force in industrial development. And one need hardly point out that the mid-nineteenth-century war on poverty, of which schooling was a mainspring, failed to deal with the problems of industrialization. They are still with us. Moreover, Katz says, "the diffusion of a utopian and essentially unrealistic ideology that stressed education as the key to social salvation created a smokescreen that actually obscured the depth of the social problems it proposed to blow away and prevented the realistic formulation of strategies for social reform."

If it did not deal with the problems of poverty and urbanization, educational innovation nonetheless ministered to powerful social interests. High school, for example, hardly served the poor, since comparatively few of their children attended. But it provided the minority of boys from the middle class with status and an entree into business. For middle-class girls, it was the track to teaching, practically the only occupation open to women outside work in the mills or on farms. "Thus, the fable that the high school served the entire community," Katz writes, "was naturally attractive to middle-class parents because it justified having the entire community support an institution most useful to the middle class."

Similarly, our colleges are heavily subsidized, even if they are private, by the state and federal government, yet they serve an overwhelmingly middle-class clientele. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education recently reported that only 7 per cent of college students come from families in the lowest-income quarter; and children from

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families in the top half of national income have three times the chance for a college education as those in the bottom half. One of the fundamental issues in the bitter dispute at San Francisco State College seemed to be the enormous contrast between the high percentage of black and poor students in the San Francisco school system and the relatively tiny percentage enrolled at the college. From San Francisco to Brooklyn the pattern today is as it was in yesterday's Massachusetts high schools.

EVEN what the schools taught served distinct social interests. Urban, industrial society produced pernicious effects on personality, schoolmen argued—stubbornness, looseness, self-indulgence. The schools, they proposed, should counteract these effects by inculcating *restraint*. Thus, at Katz reports, the emphasis "on restraint focused the work of the schools, and educators repeatedly stressed the associated virtues of 'concentration' or 'fixing the attention,' 'earnestness,' 'control,' and 'self-discipline.'" Not surprisingly, among those most responsible for such educational processes were men who were also leaders of the industrial growth of Massachusetts. They recognized in the schools one means of disciplining the work force. Nor was this consonance in the goals of educators and the interests of manufacturers merely coincidental. A writer in the *Massachusetts Teacher*, quoted by Katz, claimed that "the habit of prompt action in the performance of the duty required of the boy by the teacher at school becomes in the man of business confirmed; thus system and order characterize the employment of the day laborer."

Katz's study makes it less than surprising that schools have continued to work as instruments for controlling and pacifying working-class children. A. Harry Passow's study of Washington's predominantly black and poor school system, for example, found that "children in the elementary schools . . . were having abundant opportunities to overlearn passive conformity." The report continues, "The child spent most of his day paying the closest possible attention to his teacher, following her directions, responding to her questions, and obeying her rules. . . . And the sad fact is that in spite of all this, the children don't really learn to read." What is true of Washington is, of course, true for every urban school system. No wonder, then, that high school students in New York rebel against spending forty-five minutes additional each day—to make up for time "lost" in the strike—in "educational processes" which seem calculated to restrain, regulate, even demoralize, but not to *educate* them. What is disturbing in the face of contemporary realities and the history Katz presents is that ghetto parents seem to remain caught in an ideology that presents schools as the key to social salvation.

The New York strike has perhaps made more vivid another of Katz's conclusions, that among those served by such an ideology are the educators themselves. In the nineteenth century, as so often before and since, teachers had to try to compensate for low social status and worse pay. They fastened to a theory about the vital social function of education, rejecting evidence that the schools did not fulfill such an elevated social role. They organized normal schools to impart the increasingly sanctified mysteries of the teaching "profession" and to exclude interference by non-professionals, notably parents. They won certification laws to keep out "quack pedagogues" and amateurs. Their associations imparted their version of the truth. Teaching, according to Katz, "acquired a core of career professionals—high school principals and administrators—that would expand in size until it controlled all aspects of local school affairs except the committees themselves. Soon teachers would have a machine so large that they would be able to talk only to each other." Thus educational reform became a vested interest, able to command public resources, but resistant to change. So it was a century ago, and so it is again.

Some have argued that the failure of schools to respond to new imperatives was a function of ossification, tired blood. If that were true, an elixir as potent as Title I funds should have produced real differences; in fact, however, federal support has mostly permitted schools to go on doing what they were doing, with more money and power. *The Irony of Early School Reform*, in documenting the exaggerated hopes for social transformation through education and the kinds of interests schools have really served, helps explain what has been dramatized in the cities: that change will be far harder to come by. Indeed, the book suggests that whether schools are to serve the needs of America's black and poor communities—whether, for example, they are to help cultivate in black children a sense of their own past, their own values and culture—will depend on more than rhetoric and pious good will. For Katz's history demonstrates that what the schools do largely depends on who controls them. And as the decentralization struggle goes on, it becomes increasingly clear that control of the schools is not separable from questions of control over welfare, housing, and especially local police. Whether such a strategy for social change will be more successful than that of the educational reformers remains to be seen.

New Books

Developing Nongraded Schools, *by Sidney P. Rollins (Peacock, 269 pp., $5.50),* contends that teachers talk too much. It pleads for a child-centered curriculum, a technologically augmented teacher force, and an architecture pertinent to individual differences and intellectual flexibility. And, somewhat wistfully, it envisions a twenty-first-century utopian, computer-assisted, machine-recorded school system. Some of the terminology will doubtless be strangely familiar to old-line twentieth-century progressives—laboratories for learning, democratic principles, learning experiences, freedom, learning needs, and so forth. Reported research prevents mere polemicism, however, as do appended learning activity packages. This is a thoughtful book clearly presented by an experienced educator.

Drugs on the College Campus, *by Helen H. Nowlis (Anchor Books, 144 pp., $ .95),* and ***The College Drug Scene,*** *by James T. Carey (Prentice Hall, 210 pp., $5.95),* provide differing but worthwhile perspectives on a topic of widespread concern and interest. As social psychologist and expert on the "psychopharmacology of drug action," Dr. Nowlis combines clarity and precision in her discussion of the physical, cultural, and legal implications of drug use and the reaction of colleges to them. Her section on selected drugs, "written with great reluctance," stresses the unpredictability and complexity of drug effects (including aspirin and alcohol) on different people. Writing more discursively, criminologist Carey emphasizes student involvement in drug colonies, pushing, recreational use, and dependence. Thumbnail student testimonials on these and other phases of the drug scene should prove especially interesting to anyone seeking to understand the world view (not to mention the nomenclature) of the young drug consumer.

The New Idea in Education, *edited by J. A. Battle and Robert L. Shannon (Harper & Row, 199 pp., $3.95),* inquires into the nature, objectives, and techniques of teaching and the process of becoming. It is somewhat staccato in rhythm and full of wise saws, and it ranges indiscriminately from Socrates through John Gerson of Paris to Marshall McLuhan. Thus, some new ideas turn out to be old ideas. Should you be looking for a quotable quote to launch your own paper, though, you're sure to find an appropriate one somewhere in here.

Students and Politics in Developing Nations, *edited by Donald K. Emmerson (Praeger, 444 pp., $9.50),* is a collection of scholarly essays analyzing

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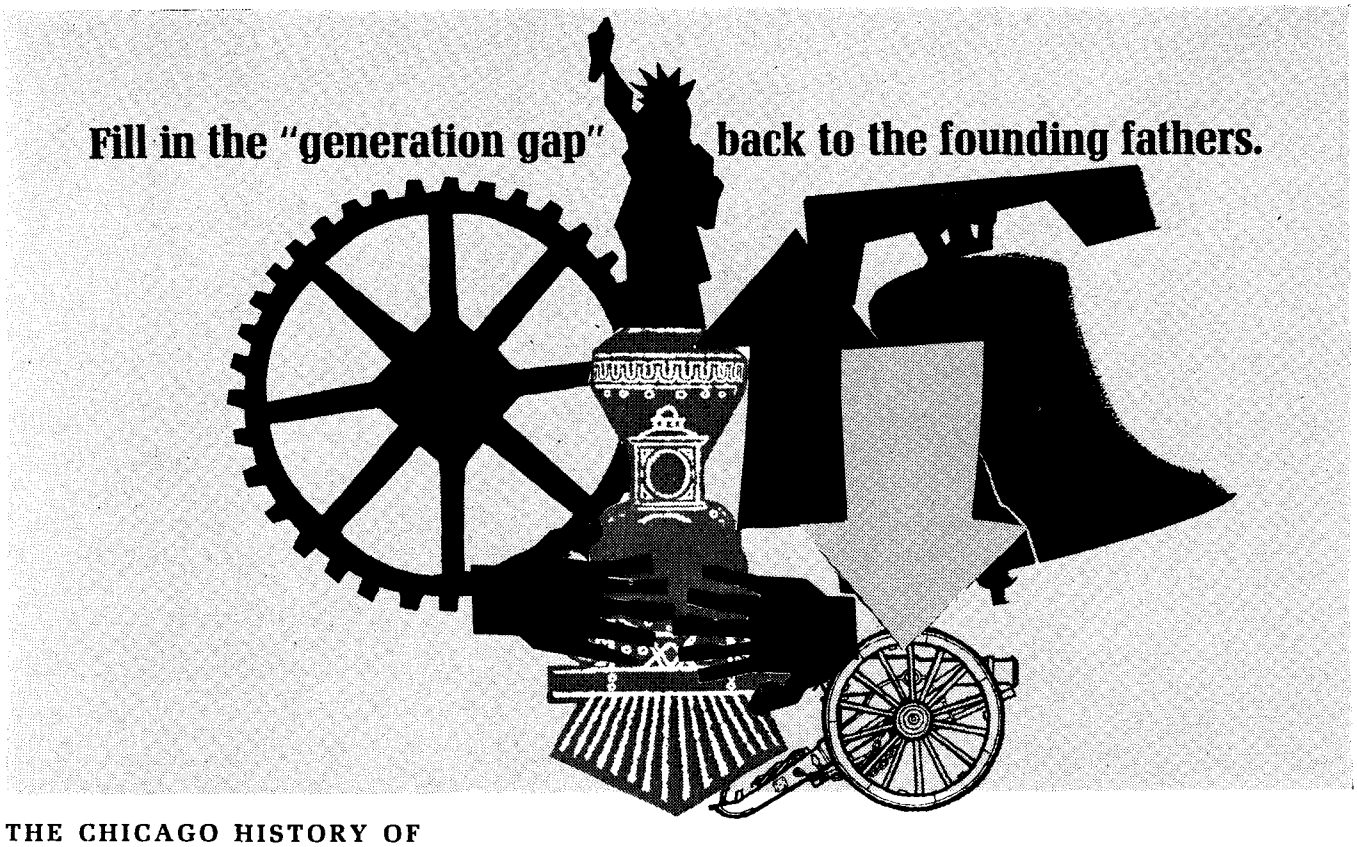

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student political activities in African, Latin American, and Asian lands. Emmerson's concluding paper warns of exaggeration in assessing the real extent of student activism, radicalism, and inducement for governmental change evinced by populations under discussion. Student political influence emerges rather as a trigger mechanism for change —a means of breaking the silence surrounding injustice and oppression. The book is well planned and executed, the contributions even in quality, and the documentation extensive and meticulous. This is a very good edition for comparative educators and political scientists.

Technology and Innovation in Education: Putting Educational Technology to work in America's Schools, *prepared by the Aerospace Education Foundation (Praeger, 149 pp., $15.00),* has evidently not put technology to work to produce a handsome or an inexpensive book. B. F. Skinner's disappointingly choppy foreword set in unjustified type scarcely justifies that faith in teaching technology it calls for. Lloyd Homme's contention that we know enough about the learning process already to benefit widely from behavioral engineering has a deceivingly optimistic ring about it. And James Evans's labored quintuple pun about "transporting gulls across a staid lion for immortal porpoises" and his ironic remarks about behavioral objectives intrude into an already fragmented work. The academic, business, and government communities for which the "Special Studies" series is intended will need to brush up on their jargon for this one.

Danger in Washington: The Story of My Twenty Years in the Public Schools in the Nation's Capital, *by Carl F. Hansen (Parker Publishing Company, Inc., 237 pp., $6.95),* relates the frustrations of a well-intentioned man. In this rejoinder to criticism leading to his much-publicized resignation, Hansen attempts to justify his opposition to decentralization, his condonation of authoritarianism in time of crisis, and his argument that concern with reducing de facto segregation impedes a more pressing quest—the battle against ignorance. Cryptic observations abound. "It would help," insists Hansen, "if white supremacists could find it in their hearts to give up their conviction that Negro children will automatically benefit by being in the same class with whites." Similar conceptual blurring punctuates this classic tragedy about overwhelmed officialdom.

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Economics of Inequality

Continued from page 65

gest concerning the merits of these positions?

If one argues—as Arthur Wise seems to, in *Rich Schools, Poor Schools*—that *all* intrastate differences in outlays for schooling must be eliminated, the "beacons of educational excellence" argument becomes a formidable obstacle. The supply of money available for public education is distinctly limited; compelling all districts within a state to spend roughly the same amount would be more likely to level them toward the mean, than to raise all of them up to the top. But the opposition between "beacons of educational excellence" and equalization is not inevitable; it exists only if educational excellence is identified as maintaining the advantages that current school financing arrangements extend to private wealth. One could as well argue that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with spending more on some children than others, as long as the difference results from the free choice of their parents and neighbors. From this view, government is not obliged to make all districts spend the same amount, but only to eliminate any dependence their spending may have upon such things as the personal income of parents, differences in communities' ability to raise taxes, or the formulas under which states aid local school districts.

Remedy, then, would consist of reducing to zero the correlation between measures of community wealth and school expenditures. This would make it as hard for affluent suburbs to spend $800 per pupil per year as it presently is for poor cities or depressed rural towns. Taxation and revenue distribution would have to be a good deal more redistributive than they are, but there is no inherent necessity for sameness. This would doubtless increase fiscal pain in the suburbs and reduce it in the cities, but equal pain in raising money is not the same thing as educational leveling. The second reduces variety; whereas the first only means that it comes no more easily to the wealthy than to the poor.

We can show that irrational disparities can be eliminated without suffocating variety—as is commonly found within American school systems—but it is another matter to prove that this does not infringe liberty. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to prove this point, for the simple reason that equalizing expenditures would indeed infringe liberty. The liberties in question, however, appear to consist of the freedom of those who *have* more to *get* more for less effort, through a system of government taxation and revenue distribution. Thus, the issue is not whether liberties are infringed, but whether they are the sort of liberties that can be allowed to permeate the workings of government.

It is hard to find very poor people who support the liberty of the rich to get more for less effort with the help of government, and it is nearly as difficult to find affluent people who take the view that they should be so taxed as to eliminate the very advantages over less fortunate folk which they either inherited or struggled most of their lives to attain. For this reason, when serious redistribution is sought (whether it be in votes, access to criminal justice, or school finance), it is found mainly through the courts. And the courts have become increasingly skeptical of liberties attained at the expense of others when a) the others are systematically disadvantaged in the economic or political struggle for equality, and b) when the relative disadvantage seems to have obvious and substantial support from agencies of government.

Therefore, it would be no great surprise if the egalitarian revolution were extended to intrastate variations in public school support. But assuming the courts found existing schemes of school support unconstitutional, what would be put in their place?

ALL the litigation presents dollar disparities as the chief evidence of evil, and there is consequently a profound bias toward conceiving good as the absence of dollar inequalities. Much of the litigation suggests such a remedy. One expression of this view has been proposed by John Coons, which he calls power equalizing. The idea is roughly as follows. A state decides that it wants to divorce variations in expenditures on education from differences in community wealth, and make them depend instead upon community interest in schooling. It decides to use local fiscal effort—the rate at which each community taxes itself for education—as the most convenient indicator of interest in schooling. The state then computes the average assessed valuation (making sure it is assessed uniformly) and determines the state average support for schools. It then arranges the formulas for collecting and distributing aid to education in such a way that districts that tax themselves

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at or above the state average rate, but fail to raise the state average expenditure per pupil, will receive aid sufficient to make up the difference. Districts that tax at the state average effort (or below) and raise *more* than the average revenue per pupil will turn back some of the excess dollars to the state.

For every bit of effort a district makes above the state average, it could either receive or contribute to state matching funds depending on its wealth. Thus, consider two hypothetical districts—one rich, one poor—both taxed at one mill above average. Let us say the poor one raised $10 per student with its extra effort, and the rich one raised $20. The state would adjust aid so that (in effect) $5 per student was taken from the rich district and assigned to the poor one; equal effort to attain above average schools would be rewarded with equal dollars to spend toward that end.

Of course, this example involves only one possible application of the idea that spending on schools should not be a function of local wealth. The system could as easily be keyed to the highest districts as to the average (which would simply raise all expenditures more), and state reimbursement for above average effort could provide greater or less encouragement of school expenditures by varying the level at which the state matched funds raised by above average local effort.

What is more, dollar equalization would not be irrevocably tied to local tax effort. States could decide to eliminate the local property tax entirely and fund education through state revenues. Or, they could devise some combination of local and state funding, under which individual districts would raise only a statutory minimum, and the state would supply the remainder up to some mandated maximum. In theory, at least, there are many alternative schemes for eliminating the association between community wealth and school expenditures.

There are, however, two substantial objections to any dollar-equalizing scheme. They have both been raised in the cases filed against the Michigan and the California State Departments of Education. The California suit hints that providing equal dollars to districts within a state is no guarantee that equal resources can be purchased, because prices vary from place to place. And both complaints suggest that educational resources should not be allocated on the basis of dollar equality, but educational need. Just as the cost of educational goods and services varies among districts, so does the need for education. Districts where costs are higher, or needs greater, should get more money.

Can variations in the cost of education be adequately measured and priced? Can education be provided on the basis of need? Measuring the cost of anything is no more or less precise than the calculations that lie just behind the dollar signs. It would, for example, be easy to measure interdistrict variations in the cost of teachers, if all we cared about was their height, weight, years of experience, tenure, or certification. But the teacher attributes that produce better student achievement are mysterious. Educational research shows little relationship between their experience, certification, tenure, and salary, and their students' achievement.

THERE is some evidence that teachers' expectations for their students' performance may influence how well the children do, but this presents other problems. We haven't the faintest idea of whether teachers with more productive expectations cost more; we don't know what a "more productive expectation" actually is; and finally, even if the solutions to these puzzles were as clear as daylight, there is no system of attitude measurement that is both sufficiently precise to single out those teachers whose expectations are the most productive, and sufficiently discreet to avoid the moral and constitutional problems

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that might attend rating employees of the state on the basis of their attitudes.

Thus, the objective characteristics we can easily measure and price seem of dubious educational value, and the subjective attributes—which may have some causal connection with achievement—provide no handles for effective measurement or pricing.

These conclusions bear directly on the notion of providing state aid on the basis of educational need. The great public concern about poverty has accustomed us to the notion that poor children require more education than the children of the well-to-do. Since more of anything costs more, this notion translated into the idea that effective education for the children of poverty means more money for their schools. On this basis Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act and hundreds of similar state and local programs have been organized and funded, and it is on the same basis that attorneys in Illinois, California, and Michigan have argued that city schools should receive more money than districts with mostly advantaged children.

Because poor children are thought to need more education than other children in order to do as well, the more-than-average education is seen as a condition of producing average achievement. Therefore, the notion of assigning funds on the basis of need is simply a different way of saying that school districts should have some common performance standard.

However, educational research suggests that the present differences in schools' quality produce little difference in their students' achievement. And the recently instituted programs of compensatory education seem only to confirm this finding. Of course, in most cases the variations in school quality are small, and hardly provide a full test of the notion that schools could make a difference. But to a court or a legislature seeking to decide whether (or how) to allocate state funds on the basis of need, these research results might well have a mystifying and disquieting effect. They suggest, simply enough, that schoolmen and researchers haven't much evidence about the educational techniques that might satisfy a need criterion, or how much they might cost. Such news is bound to dampen judicial or legislative enthusiasm for such a criterion of resource allocation.

Finally, all of this assumes that there is something special about school achievement. Although that idea received almost religious attention in the late Fifties, the system of achievement-worship may be breaking down. No one has shown that student achievement is the sole useful criterion of schools' accomplishments. To do so we would have to a) demonstrate that achievement strongly affects adult occupation, income, etc., and b) secure some consensus that these things are more important than such other presumed outcomes of schooling as independence, creativity, or social integration. But the evidence that school achievement adds to the impact of preschool ability upon adult status is slim, and there is a growing agreement that performance on middle-class-oriented achievement tests is not the sole important outcome of schooling.

This leaves educational and political taste as the basis on which to select criteria for measuring school quality. Lacking agreement on the outcomes, we will fight about what's important to measure, and in the absence of measurement systems, we will have no solid basis on which to rest state aid formulas.

Of course, the absence of precise knowledge has never paralyzed state legislatures and school agencies before. They have been organizing and regulating education on the basis of insufficient knowledge for generations. Legislators could decide that it was important to allocate more money to teachers' salaries in rural areas, or to poor schools in cities. The point, however, is that this would be an act of political wisdom or mercy, not educational expertise.

There are other questions, which have little to do with the technologies of educational or social measurement. There is, for instance, no compelling evidence that state money should go to school districts instead of parents. Such a system might introduce more competition among schools, while increasing the alternatives to families, and in turn, this might result in greater efficiency and differentiation among schools.

A more difficult and complex question that arises is whether the equalization schemes discussed here really would make it as easy for the poor to purchase quality education as it now is for the affluent. There is, after all, more to poverty than the assessed valuation of a person's house; the fact that a given amount of tax effort produces the same dollars for education does not mean that they are equivalent for the poor and the rich. If, for example, the property tax takes a larger proportion of the personal income of the poor than the rich, then the rich still would be less constrained in extending above average effort. And even if aid formulas could take this into account, it would still be easier for the rich to invest around the margins of public education—for books, tutors, etc. It is not clear that the state could compensate for this situation since it would be necessary for the family, not the school dis-

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trict, to be the unit receiving state aid. But none of these points mean that remedy is either unreasonable or unfeasible. They suggest that a dollar-equalization scheme is probably feasible, but that its effect would be limited.

The only question that goes to the heart of the matter is whether dollar equalization would make any difference. An affirmative decision in these cases would set loose profound changes in our system of public finance; the courts would be less likely to take the step if they thought that the only point at issue was discrimination which had no educational impact. Unfortunately, it is not clear whether eliminating existing disparities would produce much change in schools or children. My earlier examples showed that the dollar difference between the lowest- and highest- spending 10 per cent of the school districts in Arkansas was no less than about $60 per pupil per year, and in New York no less than about $130. The evidence from children in programs of compensatory education which cost about that much is that their achievement was no better than that of comparable children who had no more money spent on them. And some programs (such as the More Effective Schools program in New York City) have invested much more—up to $500 per pupil per year; the evidence there is mixed, but even the most enthusiastic reading indicates that it reveals only a small achievement gain.

Of course, these programs often have been done badly, quickly, and many have not been sustained. It is conceivable that the same amount of money applied more steadily, over more years, might have better results. It could be that more money would offer a basis for innovation and experimentation, which might lead to better schools and higher achievement. It is possible that if equalization were keyed to the highest spending district rather than the average, the greater money would produce greater achievement. But if the available evidence does not controvert such statements, neither does it provide much support or encouragement.

Since the evidence is so mixed, and Americans are such devout believers in the efficacy of schooling, litigation to reduce the dependence of school expenditures on district wealth may well meet with success. If it does, many useful results would follow: the existing irrational and discriminatory inequalities in school support would be reduced or eliminated, which would provide a sound basis for federal efforts to reduce wealth-related disparities among states; it also might help build judicial barriers against the use of federal revenue sharing, or bloc grant schemes, to perpetuate or magnify existing intrastate inequalities. Finally, were any or all of these to occur, a more solid and equitable floor upon which to build compensatory efforts would have been constructed.

ALL these results would be positive. But there is no clear evidence that they would meet the two central problems of public education in our time—its organization along racial lines and its apparent inability to reduce racial and class disparities in school outcomes. In fact, it seems apparent that much of the interest in intrastate fiscal disparities arises precisely from despair over the evident failure of efforts to resolve these central problems. It is more than a little ironic that fourteen years after *Brown*, after years of struggle to improve achievement in slum schools, the newest dimension in efforts to secure equal educational opportunity reminds us as much of the *Plessy* doctrine of separate-but-equal as anything more recent. In a way, of course, that is unfair: these suits do represent a new dimension, undreamed of in the world of *Plessy*; they begin to reach beyond race to the economic determinants of school quality. But in another sense it is not unfair; it reminds us that this new dimension of equal educational opportunity seems to touch the school problems which presently preoccupy us in only an oblique and incomplete fashion.

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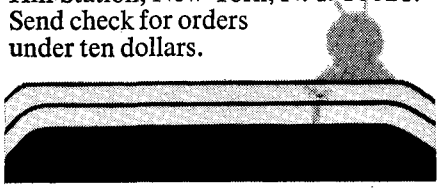

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Schools vs. Education

Continued from page 61

good grades predict good grades. But academic success neither assures nor predicts good work habits, good citizenship, happiness, compassion, or other human virtues. The incidences of dropouts, non-promotion, alienation, and minimal learning reinforce our apprehension that schools have become or are fast becoming obsolete. They appear to have been designed for a different culture, a different conception of learning and teaching, and a different clientele.

The task of rehabilitating the schools, then, is indeed formidable. We dare not ask whether we *should* rehabilitate our schools, although this is a good question. Impotent and irrelevant though much schooling may be, the schools are at present the only educational institution deliberately created and maintained for inculcating something of man's heritage, for developing the basic tools of literacy, and for instilling some powers of rational thought and criticism. Although our civilization abounds in educational institutions and media, from scuba-diving school to television, none is centrally committed to this basic, cultural role. By seeking to rehabilitate the *educational* role of the school, rather than its various ancillary functions (baby-sitting, social stratification, economic investment, etc.), perhaps we will keep the meaning of education before us, experiment with improved means, and ultimately transfer the process to new and better institutions should the schools fail us and we them.

A brief analysis of television serves both to illustrate what I mean by rehabilitating the *educational* role of the school and to project us into the varied possibilities of an electronic educational future. Some of us still remember those wonderful evenings of intellectual discourse with friends, before that glass-faced monster took over. At first, exposure to the glass face meant only a few hours' diversion each week, watching the favorite programs we had only heard before. But now there are "hot" and "cool" stimuli, Marshall McLuhan's non-linear communication, and a television generation. From birth to high school graduation, today's young man or woman spends an average of 15,000 hours before television sets and just over 12,000 hours (1,000 hours each year) in school. I do not believe that these hours of schooling provide anything like an antidote for the formidable array of violence, cruelty, dishonesty, prejudice, and inhumanity to man provided by newspapers, magazines, movies, and television.

Our schools have not adopted television; nor has television adopted the schools. An occasional educational television program becomes a "tack-on" to the curriculum. During the Education Decade, a national network occasionally found it mildly profitable to feature a "special" on the schools. Meanwhile, however, television has gone about its

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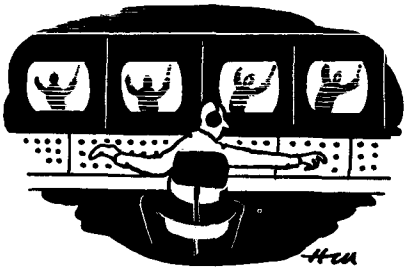
business and the schools have gone about theirs. Television has not yet taken on the essentially educational function of humanizing the content of experience for teaching and learning. It seeks only to entertain, to hold the viewer. But neither have the schools been markedly successful in producing an intensely human environment in which children are caught up in man's adventure, whether in the arts, politics, the sea, or outer space.

Herein lies our dilemma. On one hand, a powerful medium has caught the attention—indeed, the very lives—of our children. But it lacks significant substance to nurture a civilization and appears to care not, despite its protestations, whether it uplifts or debases. On the other hand, the only institution charged specifically with the performance of educational functions fails to grip a significant portion of its clientele. Unfulfilled educational promise lies between.

In schools run by humans, we have not succeeded in developing intensely humanistic learning environments—not in process, not in content, and not in perspective. The schools do not, in general, foster man's most creative traits, nor grapple with his great ideas, nor relate these ideas and talents to the contemporary environment where man's dramas are continuously re-enacted. The schools are bogged down with routine, trivialities, and the lesser literacies. In the rat race to cover what is in the textbook, schooling has lost sight of education as an end in itself and has become instrumental to the next textbook, the next grade, higher education, and the Gross National Product. And now—at a



critical time in the history of schools, education, and man—an electronic teacher of great power, the computer, comes into this human-based environment. The instructional era now on the horizon is one of man-machine interaction. Will the computer dehumanize learning and teaching even more? The choice is ours.

On an experimental basis, computers are demonstrating their usefulness in teaching spelling, mathematics, reading, and a host of cognitive skills. Tapes, video-screens, records, and other devices are combined with computer memory to produce a unique instructional system of sight, sound, and touch. Current writings on computer-aided instruction present a picture of instructional efficiency and the freeing of human teachers to do those truly *human* educational things. But what are these things? And have teachers been prepared to engage in them?

Already it is clear that computers, unlike television, are more efficient by far than humans in performing routine instructional tasks and in assuring error-free performance on the part of learners in those basic skills to which teachers devote so much time. It is clear, then, that computers have a viable, albeit threatening, role in the schools. The critical problem is how computers and people are to live together productively in the school environment. If educators continue to confuse instruction in the basic skills with education, then teachers will merely monitor the computer and, in time, become its servant. Under such circumstances, in due time, there would be no need for schools as other than custodial agencies, since computer terminals might more readily and profitably be placed in homes. State and local budgets, together with some transportation problems, would be substantially relieved.

A happier alternative, however, is that there will be a separation of those instructional tasks most appropriate for electronic teachers from those educational activities most appropriate for human teachers. Efficiently taught in the basic tools of their culture, young people would have much more time than is now the case to pursue education as a way of life. With the processes of providing these tools freed from the restraints of the human time and energy for teaching them, they would become readily accessible to all. But this alternative, too, destroys or drastically changes the school as we have known it.

The tireless computer is fully capable of working twenty-four hours a day every day. It can recall the same material and teach the same lesson over and over,

WIT TWISTER #108

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When one's — — — — — —,
Time loses half his force:
Days may — — — — — — or
years reverse their course.
And for awhile, all fantasies conspire
To — — — — — — one's
deepest unfulfilled desire.

(*Answer on page* 82)

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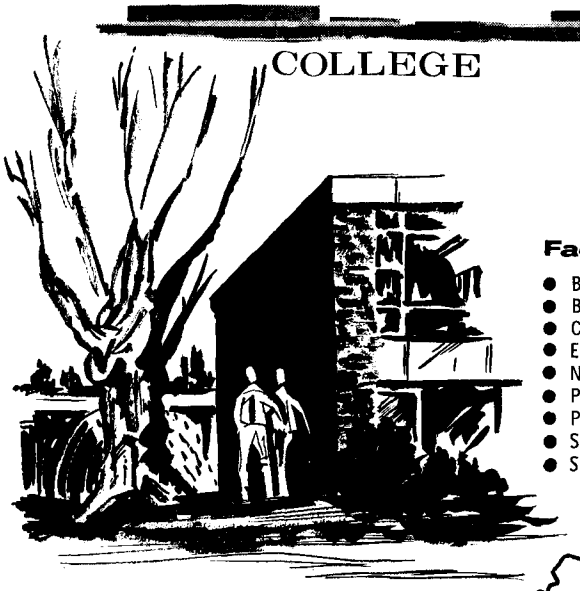

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and it can provide subject matters singly or in various combinations and sequences. No need, then, to confine teaching to the hours between 9 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon; nor to delay certain subjects until high school or college; nor to complete sixteen units of work in four years. Suddenly, we come to realize that schools as we know them are largely the product of limitations and conventions in the use of human energy. Introduce a new source of instructional energy and learning is unshackled.

But still to be accounted for in schooling are "those educational activities most appropriate for *human* teachers." Their human character demands libraries, seminar rooms, museums, studios, art galleries, courts of law, government offices, airports, housing developments, fields, ponds, counseling centers, hospitals, quiet study corners, work experiences, visits with exemplary models of accomplishment, and on and on. Take the educational environment beyond school and classroom and learning can be humanized.

With fundamental learning effectively taken care of, perhaps we can then correct our myopic perspective that equates education with schooling, and go beyond the utilitarian boundaries we have set for both ideas. We can then tend to the urgent need to value education for its own sake, to grapple with education's first question: What kinds of human beings do we seek? But even before looking toward where we want to be, perhaps we should ask fundamental questions about where we are. To what extent is each individual being provided with opportunities to develop his unique potentialities? To what extent is each individual developing a deep sense of personal worth—the kind of selfhood that is prerequisite to self-transcendence? To what extent are our young people coming into critical possession of their culture? And to what extent are our people developing a mankind identity—an identity that transcends all men in all times and in all places?

Answer to Wit Twister, page 81: asleep, elapse, please.

Book Forum

Continued from page 33

that right just as a builder has the right to set the bathroom directly in the middle of the dining room"—and the builder could make a good case for doing so because both rooms serve human needs!

And just as a builder's rights and a writer's rights are broad, so are the rights of those who look at life with a critical intelligence. Constructive critics have a right to say of Roth that out of fairness, he should examine not only his rights to express himself but also the consequences of his art.

If the consequences of *Portnoy's Complaint* augment the distorted image of the Jew in the public mind, then Mr. Roth does such a serious disservice to his people and to himself that his masochism stands out as though it were a carbuncle on his tormented spirit.

S. Michael Gelber,
New York, N.Y.

I must admit to being irked by Roth's secular squatting on the entire genito-erotic manipulation fantasy field, leaving the *goyim* no resort—not even a small country—in which to resolve their own quandaries.

However, it is my guess that Roth has liberated more men from ancient thralldoms than the Emancipation Proclamation, and from guilt, to boot.

Howard Gossage,
San Francisco, Calif.

Philip Roth has befouled the Jewish people; he has befouled sex, and he has befouled his God-given talent to write a clinical report of a disgusting, degenerative disease of an insatiable sex glutton.

If this is the best literary fare offered to American readers, God help us.

Helen Watson,
Newark, N.J.

Philip Roth should know that the *Silver Cord* was not written about a Jewish mother.

William Pinsker,
Paterson, N.J.

Fact

Considering the many months she spent checking facts for her history of the Palace Theatre, *The Palace*, I think Marian Spitzer would be somewhat appalled to see her book listed as fiction in *SR* March 22.

Leah Gadlow,
New York, N.Y.

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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NYC. Spacious home. Quiet neighborhood. Near everything. July-August. Write Gilbert, 73 Greenway North, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

SECLUDED, ACCESSIBLE COUNTRY MANOR. Terraced into hillside. Magnificent view. Near lake. Built by famous writer. All conveniences. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, fireplaces. Freedom, New Hampshire. $4,000 June-October. Longer terms avaliable. SR Box M-775.

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FARM, 65 MILES NYC. 4 bedrooms, all conveniences. Brook, acreage, swimming. References required. 212-691-6479, 212-MU 8-3200, Ext. 101.

MAINE HARBOR HOUSE—View. Swimming, sailing, fishing, birdwatching. July. Box M-740.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

HAMPTON BAYS, LONG ISLAND—Secluded dwelling near ocean, bays. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $600 monthly, June or July. Box M-762.

THREE ACRE SECLUDED ESTATE overlooking Setauket harbor, Long Island. 5 bedrooms. Completely equipped. Swimming pool. $2,000 for season. Call 516-751-3204.

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HOUSE WANTED

Furnished

ESTABLISHED ARTIST, relocating East coast, desires large residence or what have you. Lease or option to buy or babysit your place. Prefer close to Manhattan. Need soon. Call Robert Watson, 203-226-3780.

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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LONDON, ENGLAND—3 bedrooms, sleeps 5, beautifully furnished flat 15 minutes Hyde Park, excellent transportation. Available June 20th through July 17th. $500. SR Box M-730.

DISTINGUISHED, OPPOSITE HARVARD. Radcliffe. Air-conditioned 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, June 15th-September 15th. $450 monthly. Tel: 617-547-6249.

EAST SIXTIES. Beautifully furnished 3½ rooms. June-October. Monthly $250. 212-TE 8-3561.

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JUST FINISHED AND SOLD 15 Condominium Apartment Buildings. Am now planning another complex for a retirement and vacationing clientele in Education, Arts & Sciences. For more information, please send name and address of friends who might be interested. Herman H. Sohn, 1354 North 12th Court, Hollywood, Florida 33020.

APARTMENT WANTED

Furnished

NEED COMFORTABLE, reasonably priced 1-2 bedroom apartment July and August, midtown Manhattan. Airmail details: Dunn, Apartado del Este 11010, Caracas, Venezuela.

APARTMENT/HOUSE WANTED

3 BEDROOM APARTMENT or house, in or near Manhattan, furnished or unfurnished, from August 1969 to August 1970, for American diplomat. Box M-754.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms— inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

HIDDEN COUNTRY PARADISE. 40 acres. Beaver pond. Modern 6 room ranch, fireplace. Streams, lakes. Area near Rt. 91 and 20, Huntington, Massachusetts. Other properties available. Mutter Real Estate, 351 Pleasant Street, Northampton, Massachusetts. 413-584-3382, 413-527-4493.

VIRGINIA RETIREMENT or summer home and farm. Secluded plantation house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen and plumbing, 5 fireplaces, original outbuildings, 208 acres. No neighbors within sight or sound. 22 miles northeast of Charlottesville. $100,000. William Speiden, Somerset, Virginia. Phone 703-672-2596.

PROTECTED FOR BEAUTY and privacy. Chunks of our panoramic 134 acres, Kirby Mountain, Vermont. Write A. Martin, 10 Post Office Square, Boston, Massachusetts 02109.

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MAINE RETREAT. Rural, abandoned farm or usable house in need of repairs, plus acreage. View essential. Describe fully in first letter. Box K-527.

SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472.

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 29th-August 10th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

FUN AND ADVENTURE for boys 7-18 . . . Adirondack Woodcraft Camps. Six groups. Two lakes near Old Forge. Mountain, Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sciences, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

YOUNGER BOYS ONLY. Day Cho Lah Camp. Green Lake, Wisconsin. Specializing 8-12 year boys, with dedicated leadership. 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Consider Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. Ranch-travel-work program, boys 13-17. 23rd summer. Separate western travel program, girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

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BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls. Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184.

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CAMPS

HIKING CAMP—Boys, 10-14. Interested? Write: T. Bean, Randolph, N.H. 03593.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

ALPINE MUSICAMP—near Aspen, Colorado. Band, orchestra, choir. Hiking, riding, etc. Ages 9-16. June 22nd-August 3rd. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

WANTED: 20 boys, 12-15, with pioneering spirit, as first campers in unspoiled tropical wilderness of Long Bay, Virgin Gorda, B.V.I., setting up Camp Seaforth. Swim, snorkel, sail, hike, explore uninhabited islands with gorgeous beaches. Build trails in 500 acre forest on Gorda Peak. Know another race. Sample English culture. Write: Kenneth S. Webb, Plymouth Union, Vermont—or Farm and Wilderness Camps Office, Woodstock, Vermont. Phone evenings: 802-422-3444.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18 Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archaeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious Key Colony Inn. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis 120 Acre Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS—Free directory of approved camps by American Camping Association, located in midwest states. Write: 1889 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

BOYS HIGH SCHOOL AGE—St. Francis Xavier University offers three weeks leadership training; start July 5th. Seamanship, navigation, firearm safety, expeditions, etc. Seashore campsite. $225. Write Lieut. Commander D. J. Loney, St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

CANADIAN HOSPITALITY. Summer vacations par excellence at Ontario's distinguished golfing resort in famous Muskoka Lakes district. Windermere House, Box R, Windermere, Muskoka, Ontario.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

ISLAND LIVING on mountain wilderness lake. Your own log cabin, open fire, central dining, sandy beaches, trails, fishing, great for families, pets O.K. AAA. Attean Lake Resort, Jackman, Maine 04945. 207-668-3792.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

WHITNEY'S . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston. White sand beaches, warm water swimming, golf, exceptional boating facilities, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

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A REAL RANCH, remote from noise, crowds and smog. Peace and quiet, comfort and beauty, in an area so far untouched by the developers. Accommodations for a few guests, boarding, housekeeping or combination. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191D, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

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PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

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SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $135 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $70 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

BAYFRONT COTTAGES—Spacious grounds, fishing dock. May to December. $75.00 week. Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

(Continued on page 88)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 87)

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

STAY COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake at this family non-housekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Water skiing, canoe trips, fishing, entertainment, lobster bakes, sauna. Pets allowed. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

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SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

MIGRATING? College women past fifty: Enjoy cooperative summering northeastern countryside. Box M-299.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $14.50-$18.00 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $10.00 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. David R. Bell, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Private oceanfront home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Weekly rates. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, complete furnishings. Share use of 50' heated swimming pool, Uni-Turf tennis court, bicycles, sailboats, kayaks, fishing gear, with small property group. Daily maid service available. For full information, call or write exclusive owner's agent, Edwin Gaeta, Box O, Boston Post Road, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn and motel on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

EXCITING NORTH WOODS meets man-made luxury at resort lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf. Excellent meals, cocktails. Airstrip adjoins Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

RESTFUL BUT ACTIVE RESORT nestled in the Green Mountains. Same management 31 years. $98 weekly up per person including meals. Golf, tennis handy. Swimming pool, shuffleboard. Little Theatre. Dorset Inn, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

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BRAND-NEW "Guide to Study in Europe" answers all your questions about college, graduate, postgraduate, professional schools abroad—plus scholarships, teaching assistantships available. $6.95; paperbound $3.65. Dept. CB, Four Winds Press, 50 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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"I TOOK THE ROAD less traveled by. And that has made the difference." . . . Explore Anthropology in Chiapas, Guatemala, Yucatan; Art in San Miguel . . . Living Theatre in London . . . cruise to Leningrad. YOUTH TRAVELS to MEXICO and EUROPE, 47 S. Stephanmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 516-GE 7-7514.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY of Jerusalem Summer Courses 1969. Courses given in English July 8th-July 29th, August 5th-August 26th. Introduction to the Archaeology of the Holy Land • The Archaeology of the Negev • The Archaeology of Jerusalem • The Dead Sea Scrolls • Religion • Introduction to Biblical Literature • Biblical Wisdom Literature • Modern Hebrew for Intermediate and Advanced Students • Special Course in Biblical Hebrew • Arabic • Seminar on the Middle East Today • The Contemporary Middle East • Israel's Political Institutions and Foreign Affairs • Israel's Society—Kibbutz and Moshav. History and Structure of Education in Israel • Israeli and Near Eastern Musicology • Arts of the Jews • Introduction to Yiddish Literature • An Introduction to Yiddish Language and Jewish Culture. Office of Academic Affairs/American Friends of the Hebrew University/11 East 69th Street/New York, N.Y. 10022/212-988-8400.

EUROPE BY STUDENT SHIP. Attend shipboard language classes, art lectures, international forums, travelogues. Enjoy deck sports, movies, jazz and folk festivals. Low fares; 9 all-student transatlantic sailings June-September. Write: Council in International Educational Exchange, 777 United Nations Plaza, Dept. SR-10, New York 10017. Telephone 212-661-0310.

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SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th. Music-Dance-French-Art History. Paris American Academy, 269 rue Saint Jacques, Paris 5, France.

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IRELAND OFFERS summer college students exceptional academic experience. Write Ireland Program, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

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COLLEGE ART STUDY ABROAD—Paris. Studio instruction—Art History—Tours. Distinguished American faculty. Year-round. Brochure: Roger Barr, Director, CASA, 261 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®, 19th season. $195 and $245 at University of Madrid, Barcelona, Florence, Rome, Palma, Paris, Salzburg. 3 week and 1 month sessions start June 29th, run through August 31st. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of course in art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $195 and $245. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-661-8900.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1828

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Slacken (2 wds.)	15 19 24 31 34 65 93
B. Marshalled again, as troops	96 102 104 109 151 165 169 175 206
C. Gold and silver, for instance (2 wds.)	29 60 73 90 95 155 164 177 180 222 10
D. Contemporary Russian journalist and novelist ("The Storm", "The Thaw")	26 30 35 55 69 74 86 112 166
E. Escorted	200 11 156 183 192 204 5
F. Go first (3 wds.)	40 41 54 57 97 121 129 159 167 187 208
G. Tralee is its capital	100 106 212 218 2
H. Woman Volunteer in Red Cross Medical service (2 wds.)	63 85 89 120 17 38 43 125
I. Furnished	126 130 149 162 4 27 36 70
J. Book of the Old Testament	115 185 37 59 88 8 16
K. Water nymph	142 199 201 13 113
L. Laurel useful as a flavoring and a medication	137 50 67 80 98 33 58 110 157
M. Advancing (3 wds.)	170 176 182 190 207 62 64 117 158 178
N. They have no social standing	181 191 128 210 146 194 216 219
O. Remotest possibility (4 wds.)	173 197 220 20 44 75 82 116 189 215 79 145 21 122
P. Conservatives (2 wds.)	23 52 135 223 87 138 7 76 101
Q. Savory, tasty	163 119 68 124 150 51 6 12 91
R. Edward L. Stratemeyer's creative creation (full name)	108 81 77 83 103 131 66 143
S. Vainglorious conduct	153 186 14 92 114 196 25
T. Adorn; deck; make finer in quality	134 172 168 46 99 56
U. "———in a Montreal lumber room." (2 wds., Brooks, "A Psalm of Montreal")	47 132 111 193 154 148 1 18 123 213
V. Close together (2 wds.)	217 202 71 221 107 133 136 49 28 39 53 152 139 61 188
W. In a measure, somewhat	32 3 203 94 144 22
X. Tackle, apparatus	179 184 171 141 84 174 160 42 214
Y. Innovations (2 wds.)	205 147 198 209 78 72 105 211 127
Z. ———plum: red mombin	48 140 9 195 118 161 45

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

							1 U		2 G	3 W	4 I	5 E		6 Q	7 P	8 J		9 Z						
10 C	11 E	12 Q	13 K	14 S	15 A	16 J	17 H		18 U	19 A	20 O		21 O	22 W	23 P	24 A	25 S	26 D						
27 I		28 V	29 C		30 D	31 A	32 W		33 L	34 A	35 D	36 I	37 J	38 H	39 V	40 F		41 F						
42 X	43 H		44 O	45 Z	46 T	47 U		48 Z	49 V	50 L	51 Q		52 P	53 V	54 F	55 D		56 T						
57 F	58 L		59 J	60 C	61 V	62 M		63 H	64 M	65 A	66 R	67 L		68 Q	69 D	70 I		71 V						
72 Y	73 C	74 D	75 O	76 P	77 R		78 Y	79 O	80 L		81 R	82 O		83 R	84 X	85 H	86 D	87 P						
88 J		89 H	90 C	91 Q		92 S	93 A		94 W	95 C	96 B		97 F	98 L	99 T	100 G	101 P	102 B						
	103 R	104 B	105 Y		106 G	107 V	108 R	109 B	110 L	111 U	112 D	113 K	114 S	115 J	116 O	117 M	118 Z	119 Q						
120 H		121 F	122 O	123 U	124 Q	125 H		126 I	127 Y		128 N	129 F	130 I	131 R	132 U	133 V	134 T	135 P						
	136 V		137 L	138 P	139 V	140 Z		141 X	142 K	143 R	144 W	145 O	146 N	147 Y	148 U		149 I	150 Q						
151 B		152 V	153 S	154 U		155 C	156 E	157 L	158 M	159 F	160 X	161 Z		162 I	163 Q		164 C	165 B						
166 D	167 F	168 T		169 B	170 M	171 X	172 T	173 O		174 X	175 B	176 M		177 C	178 M	179 X		180 C						
181 N	182 M	183 E	184 X	185 J	186 S		187 F	188 V	189 O	190 M	191 N	192 E		193 U	194 N	195 Z	196 S	197 O						
	198 Y	199 K	200 E		201 K	202 V	203 W	204 E	205 Y	206 B	207 M	208 F		209 Y	210 N		211 Y	212 G						
213 U		214 X	215 O	216 N	217 V	218 G		219 N	220 O	221 V	222 C	223 P												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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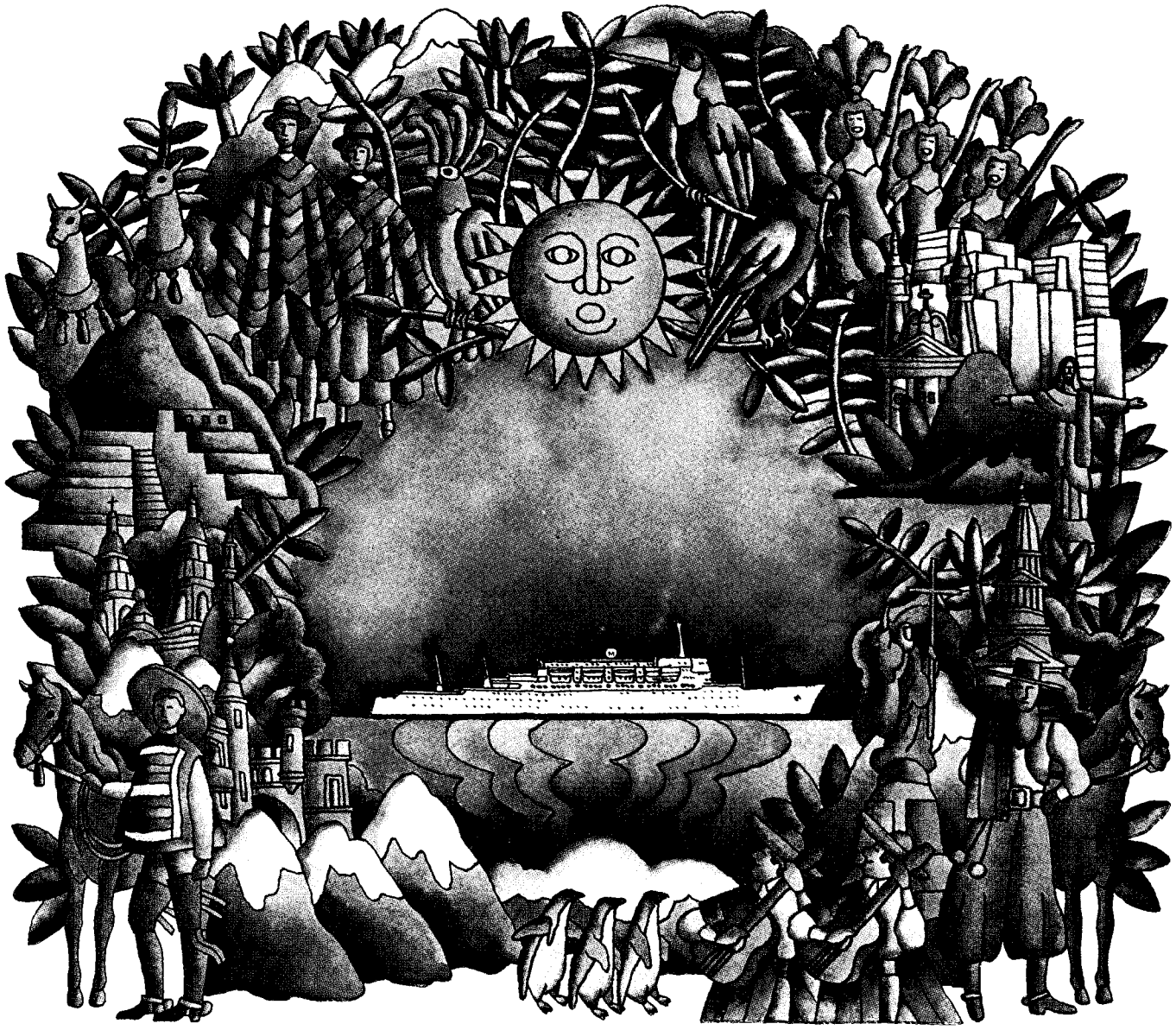

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